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THE MIRROR

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Editorial Reflections

This space, in past issues of *The Mirror,* has usually been reserved for pleas to potential writers or for stern commands demanding *Mirror* contributions. Every year the problem remains; it is only the approach that has differed.

I must say that I am slightly less than experienced in the field of editing a literary magazine! Perhaps better phrasing would be experienced in the field of editing"—period. Or, better yet, just plain "experienced on the field" (have you ever seen me try to catch a pass?). At any rate, my problem in writing this editorial was the correct approach to get people to write for *The Mirror.*

As previously suggested, there is always the pleading approach: "*The Mirror* needs you —please contribute, for we are desperate (sob). Even the briefest story will make us more than overjoyed." At this point the gypsy starts playing the violin and the sobs continue *ad nauseam.*

There is also the mathematical—statistical approach for those who want to be impressed: "In the year 1854, the year in which the first *Mirror* was published, a mere .05% of the student body contributed. One century later, the percentage had increased sharply, arithmetically, to the phenomenal figure of .0501%. The derivative or limit of this progression, commonly expressed as f' (x) or dy/dx, is .06. Therefore, by mathematical induction, we can prove that because the (n plus 1) st term (1961) is the same in respect to n plus 1 as the nth term (1854 plus 100) is in respect to n this year .0599% of the student body will contribute to *The Mirror.* Therefore . . ." But this approach seems to be futile, too, especially as most of the people who understand this sort of stuff can't write worth a damn.

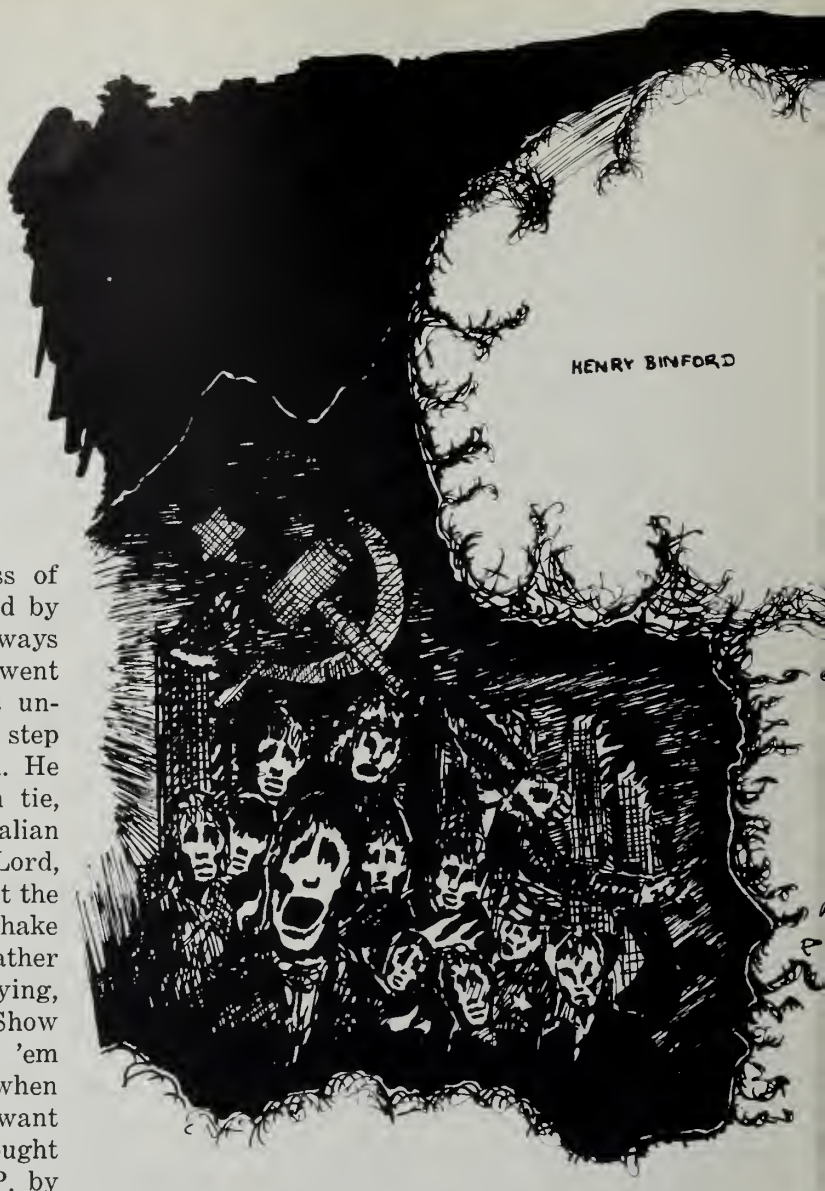
A sometimes successful editorial is the appeal to the playboy. "Impress your girl; obtain the status symbol of being intellectual by writing for *The Mirror.*" This approach has promise, but there is the serious drawback that it doesn't work i.e., "Oh—by the way—did you know I write for *The Mirror?*"—"The what?"

Perhaps a potentially successful method would be what I call the Charles Atlas approach: "Do muscle men laugh and throw sand in your face at the beach? Then, you, too, can be one of the many who have overcome physical incapacity by writing for *The Mirror.*" Just why writing for *The Mirror* stops someone from throwing sand in your face I don't know. Rumor has it that Steve Most, last year's editor, was beaten up twenty-three times on a California beach last summer . . .

I seemed to have reached a blind alley; the only approach left is lack of approach. Perhaps this is a good thing because I have all the necessary qualities to complete a lack of approach—lack of skill in particular.

A friend of mine came up to me the other day and asked, "How's your magazine?" I said, "Fine," but the real answer that it's not *my* magazine. It's not even Rod Young's magazine. It's the school's magazine; your magazine. You should be proud of the school literary magazine even if you aren't a particularly good writer, just the way I'm proud of the football team even though I can't play football. I'm not about to get out my nose flute and play "The Phillips Hymn" now. All I'm saying is that I hope you enjoy *The Mirror* (any criticisms you have are welcome), and that if you like to write or draw, I hope you'll write or draw for *The Mirror.*

DQ



Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind . . .
Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Matthew Arnold—"Rugby Chapel"

Coming out of the timbered dimness of the church, Tom was momentarily blinded by the full sunlight. "Dammit, why do they always make churches so dark?" he thought. He went down the granite steps carefully, almost unconsciously adding a little spring to his step for the benefit of the girls who watched. He was wearing a pin-tab shirt, pencil thin tie, olive-green suit, and, of course, black Italian loafers. He shook hands with the minister. Lord, how he had practiced that grip, getting just the right degree of firmness; after all, a handshake made a big impression on people. His father had told him that. Tom could hear him saying, "That's the way you make contacts, son. Show 'em you're a man. Be dynamic. Impress 'em right away and they'll remember you when that fat promotion comes around and they want a real hotshot to fill the job." His father ought to know. He hadn't become executive V.P. by bribing the chairman of the board. That was obvious.

He stopped at the sidewalk and soaked in the summer morning sun. He had the contented feeling he always got after church. The service made him feel good. He always got a laugh (mentally) out of the choir's off-key efforts, and he loved to tacitly debate the minister, tearing down his sermon as he gave it and smiling at the awkward pauses when the white-haired man forgot his text. But most of all he liked the awed looks he got from people who knew he was Thomas Brighton, heir to one of the city's biggest fortunes.

These things gave him the contented feeling he had as he lit a cigarette, fanned out the match, and exhaled smoothly. He waved to Sharon and Liz and walked toward the car, savouring the smoke and the sound of traffic on Carnegie Boulevard. He spotted his Chrysler a block away, and he was glad he had left the top down. The red upholstery looked good against the mirror-black finish.

He glanced at the headline of the paper in the rack on the corner. One hand in his pocket, the other holding the cigarette like a syringe, he bent to skim the first paragraph of the lead. It said something about the peace talks collapsing amid threats and walkouts; and the country being on the brink of war.

The brink of war! America had been on the brink so many times in Tom's life that he dismissed the article and walked on toward the car.

In the convertible he thought about Linda. God! What a girl she was. She was that rare combination of beauty and intelligence and kindness and selflessness and he didn't know what else. He thought of their date the previous night. He had worked around to the same ques-

tion he always did. And her answer had been the same. No. Had it been anything else, he would have been disappointed. Someday he would marry Linda, of that he was sure, for he thought of her as perfect. He was almost right.

A woman in a Chevy sedan cut in front of him, breaking his thoughts. Four black streaks appeared on the pavement, and the big car hesitated like a man stubbing his toe. Tom leaned on the horn, muttered an oath, and guided the car onward.

* * *

Summer evenings in a city are times of inexpressible beauty. That evening was one of particular splendor in Tom's home town. Perhaps fittingly, considering what was to come.

The twilight brought a welcomed coolness to the city, and its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants mopped their brows for the last time that day.

Down along the riverfront, the rented boats pulled in and Sunday fishermen joked and bragged about their catches. Sailboats and drifting canoes moved soundlessly, their interiors dark, their occupants thankfully isolated from sight by the rosy dusk. The bridges across the river were thick with red tail lights and white parking lights in oozing lines as some went home, others went out for nighttime fun.

The skyscrapers were dark trunks against the glowing west, stretching into the deep blue-purple overhead. Thousands of jewel windows pricked their sides, and at their feet the flashing, multicolored neon undergrowth began to come alive. Lines of couples formed at theaters, and people came and went from restaurants and gaudy nightclubs.

Out in the residential areas, tentacles of quiet slipped between houses and trees, over patios and blue-smoking barbeque grills, around lighted screened porches. Tired children grew quiet, dogs went to sleep, traffic was muffled.

In the slums, tired people ate meager dinners and went to bed. Some prayed, some got drunk, some stood on street corners and talked.

Countless sailors caroused. A man was knifed, a purse snatched. A woman raped. Small things these are, insignificant things normally. But on that evening each act had a tremendous significance, for that was the last time they would ever be done quite that way in this American city and in many others.

At nine o'clock it happened. At eight forty-five the sirens had started. But when you're in a crowded, smoky nightclub with your car seven levels up in a parking garage, or when you're drifting in a canoe in the middle of a suddenly very big river, you can't go very far in fifteen minutes.

No one saw the glowing warhead. It came far too fast for that. Not even the people on the downtown streetcorner where it hit ever saw it.

In a microsecond the intersection was vaporized. In two microseconds a block was vaporized. In a second everything within a mile of that corner was gas, a twisting, glowing fireball two miles across and a mile high. Glass, aluminum, steel, concrete—everything went. On the edges of the fireball oozy masses of

metal, once cars and trucks, bounced and turned in the molten, bubbling streets like chunks of meat in a hideous mulligan stew. Farther out, houses were reduced to flying brick and glass in the flick of a camera's shutter. Streetlamps and telephone poles and mailboxes and corpses hurtled down streets at bullet velocities. And people, unarmed soliders in a modern war, died in platoons and companies and armies in a single city.

Tom Brighton was lucky. He was driving along a side street with the sirens wailing in his ears when the bomb hit. This particular street happend to be perpendicular to the blast and several miles out, in the fancy neighborhood where he lived. Between him and the bomb was a row of Victorian houses closely placed. The first thing he saw was an all-enveloping light that obliterated the blue of the sky and the rose of the sunset and reduced all to one unendurable white, he slammed the Chrysler over to the curb and went for the floor. The blast dumped the Victorian houses into the street and rolled over them, over Tom and his car.

He arose slowly, shakily, and wiped a smear of blood from his face. He stood and gaped at the rubble around him, at the slowly settling dust clouds and the little wisps of smoke from a thousand fires. He was surprised to find that his car's engine was still idling with the gearshift in neutral. His next thoughts were of his parents, a fact which later puzzled him. He was only a few blocks from his home, and he began to pick his way along the street in the car, between pieces of furniture and bricks and paintings, and other things that turned his stomach.

When Tom was still a block from his house he knew what had happened. The Brighton house was, naturally, prominent. It stood on a hill and had caught all of the blast. In its place Tom now saw a raging fire consuming everything around.

Convinced that his parents were dead, he thought for the first time of Linda. Her name went from his mind through every nerve, and he bolted for the car. He squealed through streets that were rapidly filling with fleeing people. He was only half-rational, but he was far more sane than the people who now poured from the city. These people were the survivors, half the city's populace, driven by pain and fear to utter, complete madness.

Linda had also been lucky. She was the daughter of a middle-class lawyer who had early foreseen the rush for suburbia and had purchased land beyond the city limits, but safely away from probable development areas. Linda's house was practically untouched. It was here that Tom came, dirty, bleeding, and half mad. The Italian loafers were long gone. The tie had been ripped off and hurled through the window of the speeding Chrysler ten minutes before. The olive green suit was grease-smeared and bloodstained.

Linda's father was in the front of their house, holding a .30-.30 in sweaty hands and watching the lane leading to the house from the main road. He had already killed two maniacs, and when he saw the convertible slice from the road into the lane on two wheels with the engine screaming, he prepared for another. When he recognized the car he relaxed somewhat, but when he saw the wild-eyed look on Tom's face and the blood on his hands and suit, he almost fired.

The girl half walked, half ran to the door, and her father followed with the rifle. Tom stopped, panting, and sweat drops rolled down his cheek, cutting little paths through the dirt and blood. Linda was wearing a green sweater and skirt. Her hair was unkempt and she was barefoot, but her face was calm. The weird light of the firestorm in the city revealed her features almost like moonlight, and the madness vanished from Tom's face. She even smiled slightly, wanly, as she walked to him and said only, "Hi, Tom."

Somewhat later they were standing alone watching the fire storm, the huge tower of flame, thousands of feet high, incredibly hot, devouring all. Tom knocked the ash from his cigarette nervously. "Linda, look. We'll probably never get married now. We may not even live out the night." He gestured toward the flame, "Look at that thing. It won't spread out here, but think what its doing to those mad mobs who survived. Look at those woods, over there by the fence. Look at the bushes. They'll be here. They could overrun us. There's no policeman now, Linda. No cops on the corner, no one to call, no one to protect us." He paused. "I love you, Linda. I think you love me, so what's to stop us from doing what we would have done anyway?"

Linda stared at the fire a long time before answering. "I've said no to you before, Tom. But—It was different then. You expected it and I expected it. It was kind of a game, But, is it really so different now? I mean, just because we may be about to die? We could have

(continued on page 22)

by R. S. Chapman

The year was 1939. Jacov Strepolski raised his head out of the sewer main. As he glanced about, he realized that nothing had changed since yesterday, or, for that matter, since a month ago. The tanks were still in the street, and Nazi soldiers were still roaming the ghetto, firing occasional shots into ravaged houses. This had been his world for over a month, and each time he saw it, he remembered how it had been before hell had come to earth.

He remembered hearing the news from his father that the Germans were coming to Warsaw and that their family must prepare for immediate flight from the ghetto. But they had heard the news too late, for on the next day the tanks had rolled into the city and the soldiers had marched into the ghetto to take the Jews away. His parents had resisted the soldiers and had been shot in the street. Jacov had run away then, and by the greatest luck had ducked into a sewer main before German bullets could hit him.

All this he remembered, pictures at first etched vividly on his mind; but whose edges grew hazy after a month of living in a sewer. The memories were no longer as brutal as they had been in the beginning; he no longer cared deeply what became of him or his comrades. He was sustained by two things: molded bread found floating in the sewer, and overpowering hatred for the Nazis. Hatred fed his heart and gave strength to his wiry muscles.

He and other sewer-dwelling youths used their strength well. Boys and girls alike would emerge at night in groups of two to harass German patrols. One of each group would make himself visible for an instant to a German, thereby drawing his attention, and the other, having crept behind the soldier, would leap on him, stealing his gun, and both would then strangle the man as quickly and quietly as possible.

Such an existence had made a smile an unattainable luxury for Jacov and his comrades. His twelve-year-old face looked twenty, and was hardened always into a tight-lipped, emotionless expression. His great eyes had become accustomed to taking a full field of vision and comprehending it in a single glance, for in the year 1939 the life of the remaining Warsaw Jews was one of constant watching. The words Jacov spoke were few, and he considered it a privilege to snatch two hours' sleep in as many nights.

Night was on the city now, and, as often, the boy found the stench of the sewer too much for his nostrils to bear. He raised himself out of the huge pipe and sat silent and alert in the street. His previous life was becoming harder and harder for him to remember, and tonight he wanted badly to remember it. He knew that as a small boy his life had consisted mainly of running and shouting in the streets with his friends. He could never forget his family's trip to the country. He could never forget the tremendous expanses of green, broken only by trees and lakes. The smell of fresh grass he would always remember. The ecstasy of swimming in clear water set itself in sharp contrast to the knee-deep putrescence that covered him every time he lay down to sleep in the sewer. This thought, as all thoughts, brought his present world flooding back into his mind, a world of rotting excrement and vomit, a world without food, without sleep, a world where

one's only friends were fellow guerillas, united solely by frenzied desire to kill Germans.

And then he saw that he could stand that world no longer. He knew that he could never again set his feet into the sewer's mire. Activated by this realization, he jumped up screaming and dashed through the demolished ghetto. Gutted houses and pitted streets flashed by him, testimony to past happines now unnoticed in the light of his present mission. His eyes blurred with hate, and when at last he found the German headquarters, his throat exploded into an exultant roar. He was at the hatch of a tank before anyone inside realized what was happening. He burst into the cockpit and with flying hands and feet tore into any human flesh within his reach. The smell of German blood strenghtened his rage. His fingernails became knives, and within instants had killed four men. He raised himself triumphantly to the top of tank, but before he could make any retreat, he was levelled by a sentry's bullets.

As he lay dying in the street, he looked up and saw row upon row of tanks and field guns rising high above. So enormous and numerous were they that Jacov could see only one tiny patch of sky directly above his head. He saw lights glinting on the cold steel of the guns and knew that they came from what had once been his temple, but what now was a Nazi barracks. He heard the soldiers laughing and talking inside, and in this brief instant, knew he had been fighting the wrong battle. His cause and that of his comrades had been hopelessly confused. Somehow they must find out, as he had just then, the nature of divine power.

And so, in a last painful effort, Jacov looked along a gun barrel to the sky and breathed a prayer asking forgiveness from his dark-haired, mustachioed God.

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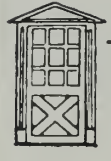
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THE MAN AND THE THIEF

by Jeremy Heist

The old man set his pipe in the ashtray on his left, then pulled himself forward in his easy chair until he was sitting on its edge, leaning forward slightly toward the young man he was addressing. "It rather shocks me," he said, "when I hear you mention the considerable amount of stealing that's tolerated by the people at your school. You always seem to refer to it with resignation, and, as far as I can see, you don't feel much revulsion, if any, for the people who do it." He hesitated. "In my opinion," he mused, "the thief has always been the world's most under-rated menace."

The young man sitting on a couch across the room, had been rearranging himself as he listened. He now rested on the sofa's edge with his head on the backrest and his feet stretched out in front of him. He looked up at the ceiling as he spoke.

"Well . . . look, grandpa, I never said stealing was 'tolerated.' I don't know just what you mean by that. Nobody likes it. They sure don't encourage it. It's just something that happens whenever you get that many people living together in one place. There's nothing you can do about it."

"But what has anybody there ever *tried* to do about it?" the old man persisted. "Has anyone ever really approached the matter with the seriousness it deserves?"

The young man looked uncomfortable. "Well . . . what the heck do you suggest, grandpa? Maybe I should call in the F.B.I. to track down a raincoat lifted from the cafeteria, or a five-dollar bill taken from my bureau drawer? You see, the point is we don't have time to mess around with things like that. They give us enough work to keep us more than busy, and if we figure out any way to cut down the time *that* takes, they start hitting us with pressure to join outside activities. In short: one way or another, we've always got something we have to be doing, and that doesn't include running around dusting for fingerprints." He paused. "This 'revulsion' you talk about is the same story. Anybody who lets it get to him that some of his classmates are thieves, and starts brooding about it—or about anything else, for that matter—well . . . that fellow's going to start screwing up his schoolwork. Now you'll agree there's no point in that. Education's the only thing a place like my school has to offer;I don't care what they say in their catalogs about 'making boys into stalwart young gentlemen, ideally prepared for facing the future.' You can well imagine the sacrifices involved in going to a boy's school. After someone makes these sacrifices, they don't feel like messing up their studies, the only excuse for their being there, by worrying constantly about something that doesn't just suit them." "After all," he added vaguely, "there are lots of other things a guy could sweat about if he let himself."

The old man had settled back and now paused, considering what his grandson had said. "You misunderstand me," he said finally. "I'm not suggesting some cops-and-robbers outside activity for you to add to your other ones, and I'm not saying that you should make the cult some people do of contemplating the world's wickedness. I'm only trying to make you aware of the significance that this particular crime of stealing has."

As if regaining some of the vigor he had lost while the young man spoke, he again leaned forward out of his chair, warming to his subject. "You see," he explained, "whether you've ever considered it or not, thievery, at least when it has no more justification than it does in this case—when practiced by someone as wealthy as the poorest boy in your school—when it has no more excuse than that, why . . . why it strikes at the very roots of civilization."

Clearly becoming wrapped up in his idea, the old man began to talk somewhat more rapidly, tapping his fist lightly against his palm. "Yes, I mean that," he said, "it strikes right at civilization's roots; when a person can't be sure of what he owns or will own the next minute, he is deprived of organization, and organization is the very essence of civilization. Thievery is truly a blow struck against civilized society, one that we must do everything in our power to obstruct." Here he paused for a moment, then his bony knuckles smacked his hand a little harder than before. "Yes," he repeated, "We must. It's our duty to do so. We owe it to the countless and anonymous people who, directly or indirectly, some consciously, but most ignorant of their cause, sacrificed them-

selves to the development of civilized society. Our civilization has been the product of too many martyred souls; too many people have suffered too much, knowing only in their happiest dreams a society as perfect as ours. Don't you see, boy, that we can't allow such an achievement to be threatened, even to the slightest degree? Don't you realize what an unspeakable crime against humanity that would be?"

The young man had remained in his elongated position throughout his grandfather's speech, but what had never been a very convincing display of nonchalance was now quite unmistakably a forced and uncomfortable attempt to disguise his embarassment.

"Look, grandpa," he said, "I'm not trying to defend stealing." He sat up, leaned forward, and stood up. "You don't have to convince me that it's undesirable. I just don't see what you're saying I'm supposed to do about it. Sure it's a darned nuisance—one there's no excuse for—and maybe it's as potentially dangerous as you contend; but even supposing you catch a classmate red-handed—supposing he's always seemed like a good man—what are you going to do? You're never going to respect him again, sure, but, besides getting back whatever you caught him stealing, what else can you do that really makes sense?" He turned and moved past the couch toward the door.

"I really don't know," said the old man in response to the rhetorical question last posed by his grandson. "I guess I really don't know for sure." He was silent a moment, then began to speak in a soft voice. "Many years ago, long before you were born, I saw a movie about the French Foreign Legion. In that movie, two soldiers caught a third rifling their packs. Legionaires are men trained to do unhesitatingly what they think necessary," he explained, a note of apparent admiration creeping into his voice. "These two stretched the thief out on two benches, and crucified him with bayonets through his hands and feet." He was again silent for a moment. "I suppose that was the most effective course to take," he resumed. "I mean if you couldn't tolerate thievery and had to show you meant business, I suppose that was definitely the thing to do."

The young man had turned slowly to face him, and the grandfather searched his face for signs of agreement. The young man's face revealed nothing, but he said "Yes, I suppose it was," and took two steps backward out of the room.

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by Michael Beard

Fear is a basic motivation in human behavior. Life is fear: fear of death, fear of pain and fear of life. For life ultimately is death. Every second of life brings the unknown closer; and the unknown is implicit in fear.

On this particularly bright Saturday morning, Kevin knew fear. It collected on his forehead and rolled down his collar as he sat and listened to the droning of the doctor and the whimpering of his little sister. Shoppers walked by merrily in the sunlight, unaware of the glistening hypodermics and chubby bottles, full of ominous colored liquids, sitting right inside the ground floor window. One of those needles had been under his sister's pink skin, and what a commotion had ensued in getting it there! Now his sister sat, pouting but contended, done with her ordeal. Soon Kevin's mother would take her home: her, but not Kevin. He soon had to face The Test, while his sister, forgetting the insignificant stab of pain she had undergone in the doctor's office, would frolic happily until scared once more by a snail or by the sight of blood. Lucky kid! she had nothing to worry about in her little life, yet she did worry. Still, Kevin knew in the back of his mind that living his childhood over again would have been torture.

He wished he knew more about The Test, which he would soon take, but no one ever talked about it. It was something that every boy underwent during puberty, and to take it was a mark of maturity; but boys who had taken The Test never bragged about it or even mentioned it, no matter how many other tabooed subjects they discussed freely.

There was to be a half hour between the time his mother left and the time Kevin was to take The Test. When she left, he sat down in the waiting room and tried to read, but he couldn't begin to interest himself in the magazine. He looked around the room at the other patients: a lady with a broken leg, a stout young man with a patch over his eye, and a wizened old lady with no apparent injury. Was she there for an examination, or did that wrinkled skin and cheap dress hide some infirmity too gross to contemplate? The Test, The Test . . . Anxiety gnawed at him until he was too nervous to remain seated.

He walked self-consciously to the receptionist, an unattractive woman whose face showed stifled good nature, and asked "When will the doctor be ready for my appointment?"

"Are you the one taking The Test this morning?"

"Yes . . . " He spoke awkardly. "Say . . . ah, do you know anything about The Test? I mean, just what do they do to to you in it?"

In what sounded like a memorized answer, she replied "Oh, don't worry about it. In no part of The Test is there any physical pain involved." She didn't look as if she meant to say more, and he went back to his seat.

He tried to piece together scattered bits of information he knew about The Test. His father, a doctor, had been as evasive as the receptionist that morning. Come to think of it, he too had said "Don't worry about it." He had not, however, said "There's nothing to worry about," though this certainly would have relieved Kevin more.

Kevin had looked that morning in one of his father's medical books for an explanation of The Test. He had found a short reference to it, written for a reader assumed to have taken or administered it many times. The text had said that often a maimed or grossly injured person is brought in, and the boy's reactions tested. And there had been a photograph, a terrible photograph, on the facing page: a picture of a doctor and a boy in a doctor's office, the boy standing next to a man in a wheelchair. Worst of all, Kevin had not been able to detect the injury of the man in the wheelchair no matter how carefully he looked, though he knew that the injury must be a horrifying one. He finally had given up, sweating and glad the room was well lit.

He looked at the door to the doctor's room, now an Orwellian horror in his mind. The receptionist scribbled on her pad. The other patients read magazines and stared blankly around the room. The clock on the wall sent resounding ticks into the hollows of his mind. He was so alone, and so helpless, and waiting.

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FRANNY AND ZOOEY

J. D. Salinger

Published 1961. Boston: Little, Brown and Co.

REVIEW: *by Jeremy Heist*

Since the publication ten years ago of *The Catcher in the Rye,* J.D. Salinger, the novel's author, has been immensely popular among young Americans of prep-school and college age. Even many of those who are avowedly insensitive to literature apparently feel they have found in him a literary spokesman, a unique author who deals with their own experience and feelings. To such readers, and to the literary world in general, the recent publication of Mr. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* has been a momentous event.

The book consists of two stories, in close chronological sequence, concerning a crucial psychological phase in the life of Franny Glass, youngest child in the Glass family. Franny, as did Holden Caulfield, has reached a stage of extreme disillusionment with her world. She has taken refuge in a doctrine of Christian mysticism as set forth in two obscure little books about a Russian pilgrim. This pilgrim, after spending most of his life inquiring after the way to pray without ceasing, learns of the Jesus Prayer, "Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on me," which, if repeated often enough, will supposedly become an automatic function, corresponding to his heartbeat.

Clutching one of these books, and doing her best to eliminate the repugnance life has recently acquired for her, we see Franny, in the first story, disembarking from a train for a football weekend with Lane Coutell, her Ivy-League boy-friend. Except for this meeting at the train, the rest of this relatively brief story takes place at a restaurant where the couple goes to lunch. Lane, for reasons prep-schoolers will readily sympathize with, has been looking forward to this weekend with chief thought to the amount of sex he can schedule. Despite what sympathy we may have for Lane's motives and resulting frustration, Salinger's savagely destructive portrayal of him leaves us with contempt and disgust for a smug, stupid, insensitive, but otherwise unobjectionable young man.

After Franny has been unable to eat, been sick once in the ladies' room, fainted, and been carried into the manager's office, a final touch is given to Lane's characterization as he suggests to the barely conscious Franny that, if she feels better later in the afternoon, he can sneak up a back staircase into her hotel room.

Zooey, the second story, takes place on the following Monday, in the Glass family's New York apartment. It qualifies in length as a short novel, but it is really just a prolonged and retrospective episode, containing three important dialogues:

J. D. Salinger

First is a conversation, in the family bathroom, between Zooey Glass, the youngest Glass after Franny, and his mother, Bessie. Throughout perhaps fifty pages of arguing, Zooey alternately tries persuading his mother to leave him in privacy for his bath and discouraging her, by his uncooperativeness and gentle insolence, from drawing him out in discussion of the family problems, specifically Franny's breakdown. When Bessie finally gives him privacy to come out from behind his shower curtain, Zooey finishes his toiletries and goes into the living room, where Franny has been sleeping since she was brought home to recuperate.

Here a long argument between brother and sister forms the second major dialogue. Zooey is trying to jolt Franny out of her attempted withdrawal from life, and his tone is rather harsh. He accuses her of seeking, from the mystical experience of the Jesus Prayer, an ultimate reward no less contemptible than any material one would be. He claims that she is trying to store up spiritual treasure as avidly as any miser tries to accumulate gold. In closing his attack, he labels her thinking, her religion, and even her breakdown, ten-rate. Predictably enough, this violent approach meets with little success, and Zooey leaves the room.

He goes into the room that has once been occupied by two older Glass brothers, Seymour and Buddy. Seymour is dead, and Buddy is an English teacher at some remote women's college. Both have exerted considerable influence in the intellectual and emotional development of the two younger children and Zooey sits, for about half an hour, thinking about them and perhaps how they would deal with Franny's breakdown. Finally, using Buddy's old phone, he calls the family number, and disguising his voice, tells his mother he's Buddy and wants to talk to Franny. Summoned by her mother, Franny begins the story's third and most important dialogue. She takes the call on a bedroom phone, and, thinking she's talking to Buddy, describes Zooey's blast against her prayer. Zooey sympathizes and keeps her talking for several minutes before she realizes who he is. She doesn't hang up, though, and Zooey explains that he only called to tell her that her prayer is her own business. He goes on to say, though, that for someone who's perhaps searching for God, she's letting an awful lot of everyday religion slip through her fingers. He tells her how, when all the Glass children were quiz-kids on a radio show, Seymour always used to have him dress neatly and shine his shoes, although nobody would ever see them, "for the Fat Lady." Franny then recalls that Seymour used to tell her to "be funny for the Fat Lady." Zooey's closing words are:

"There isn't anyone anywhere who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. Don't you know that? Don't you know that goddam secret yet? And don't you know—*listen* to me, now—*don't you*

ayes

CVRCVLIO:
"Apage istam caniculam"*
ACTUS QUINTUS

Photo: Heyworth

"OFF WITH THAT LITTLE BITCH!"

*WRINKLED EPIDAURUS

Epidaurus rugosus*

T. MACCI PLAUTI

CVRCVLIO

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know who that Fat Lady really is? . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy." Franny smiles blissfully and falls asleep.

Even from these brief summaries, perhaps many Salinger enthusiasts can see that *Franny,* like *Catcher,* is a highly destructive piece of writing, and that *Zooey,* like no other story of Salinger's is *con*structive. Furthermore, if the two stories in this volume are said to form a novel—as their immediate sequence would make feasible—even the destructive power that the first has when standing alone is negated later by Zooey's doctrine of detachment and pity.

It must be admitted that we are basing our discussion on the assumption that Zooey must sometime have known, and overcome, the same disillusionment with life and his fellow man that Franny, Holden, and many sensitive people experience. Although in this story he never expresses any such personal disenchantment, he is able to understand Franny's, and give her its best solution, as nobody who had never suffered from it could do.

That solution is a difficult one to interpret. A part of it, one that Zooey states in so many words, is "Maintain detachment," the point being that refusal to feel deeply and vitally involved in anything worldly is the only way, paradoxical as it may seem, that one can continue thinking sanely. By far the most significant part of the idea, however, and the difficult part to state, can perhaps be expressed: "Life on earth may be without meaning—it may all be absurd—but here you are. The people around you many seem intolerable, but none of this is their doing . . . and here you are among them. Here you are; you can't win; but you might as well play the game. Seymour's Fat Lady is 'Christ Himself, buddy,' if Christ is what *you're* living for, buddy. The Fat Lady is whatever *you're* shining your shoes for, whatever *you're* playing the game for."

We mentioned earlier that Mr. Salinger's novel and early short stories have won him many followers from the ranks of the non-literary, and also more widespread general admiration than is at all common for writers to receive. All these writings had a message opposite *Zooey's.* They said "Why accept life?" They pointed the easy way out of situations many people knew; and the easy way out looked attractive to many people. It will be interesting to see what these people think of Mr. Salinger now that he advocates playing the game.

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

by John Steinbeck, Published 1961
Viking Press

THE NEW MORALITY VERSUS THE NEW STEINBECK

REVIEW: *W. Morehouse*

American morality is changing: we can all see that. Essays and editorials appear daily on the subject, foreigners tell us gravely about the slipping of the American moral standard, and several scholarly studies have appeared analyzing and drawing conclusions from available statistics on the matter. Finally a worthy contemporary novelist has published a work with this change as its theme. Steinbeck is to be commended for attempting such a universally difficult theme—whether he is to be commended for manner in which he has treated the theme is another question, however.

Those of you who have admired Steinbeck for his previous works will find yourselves in for a shock. The setting of his latest novel is not Salinas Valley, California: it is not even in the West, but rather is a small, well-established town in New England, located on the Atlantic shore. The characters are not the uneducated and downtrodden heroes of *The Grapes Of Wrath,* but rather are well-schooled members of upper-class society. Two of Steinbeck's characteristic writing techniques also seem to be missing in this work: his symbolism and his graphic nature imagery. Except for these conspicuous omissions, the rest of the book is definitely Steinbeck.

The plot of the novel centers around Ethan Allen Hawley, a well-born New Englander who

has remained true to the ideals of truth and honesty as had his ancestors. However, unlike his forbears, he lacks many of the material things of life as a simple grocery clerk. Even though they rarely mention the fact, Ethan is uncomfortably aware that he is not able to provide his wife and children with the signs of material success that they want. For a while he was able to bear this discomfort, but he can no longer—temptation takes over, and he decides to take a vacation from his ideals in order to gain worldly success for himself and his family. He changes from an honest, sincere, and trustworthy man into an inwardly crafty and corrupt man, while maintaining the same outward uprightness. Just as he is on the verge of success, his world collapses with the realization that his son has fallen into the same mold. Only then does the true significance of his dishonest actions strike him, but by that time they have left a scar. At the close of the book Ethan is left with only one hope—that his daughter, whom he loves deeply, will not make the same mistake.

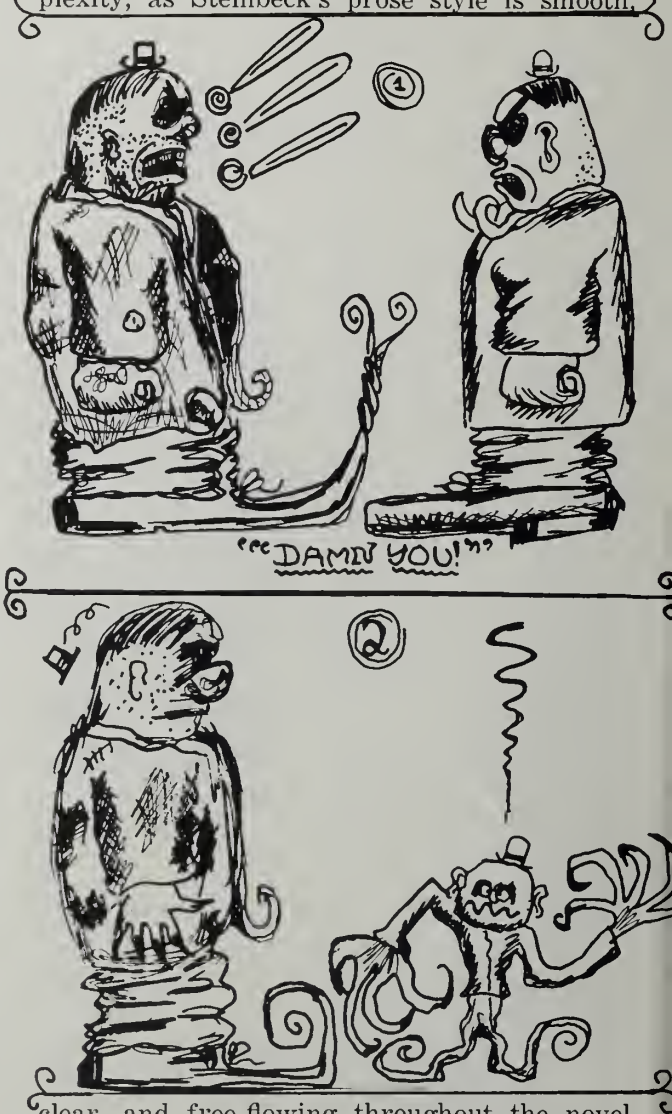
In order to give his theme impact, Steinbeck has created an extremely believable character in the form of Ethan Allen Hawley. The reader first 'meets' Ethan through a gradual introduction by a narrator. After Steinbeck has thus 'introduced' him, the first person prevails, and Ethan tells his own story. In my eyes, this is an extremely effective device, for I always take the ill experience of those whom I know closer to heart than that incurred by a stranger.

The most obvious element of Steinbeck's style to be found in *The Winter Of Our Discontent* is his highly effective use of dialogue to tell the story, convey moods within the story, and develop the personalities of his characters. Take, for example, the following piece of dialogue:

> "Picnic stuff, pickles, sausages, and, God help us, marshmallows. This is a big one for you?"
>
> "With the Fourth on Monday and nice weather, you kidding? And what makes it worse, God Almighty feels the need of rest and recreation in the mountains."
>
> "Mr. Baker?"
>
> "Not James G. Blaine."
>
> "I want to see him. I need to see him."
>
> "Well, try to catch him if you can. He's jumping like a quarter in a tambourine."

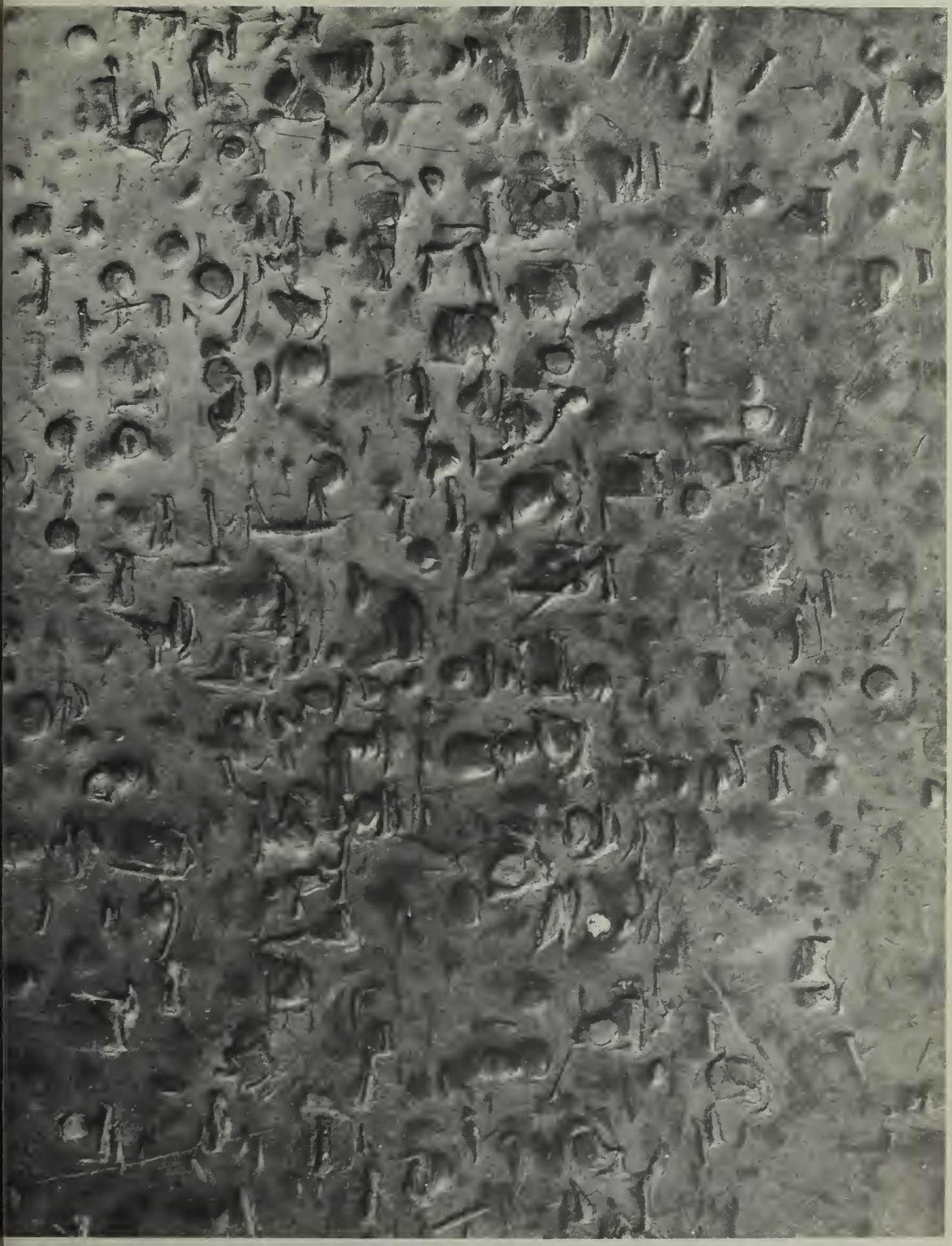
In just these few lines, Steinbeck has revealed to the reader more about the personalities of these two characters than he could have in twice the amount of narrative. And he has even slipped in a small link in the plot.

Steinbeck's diction is uniformly mature and literate and does not need to stretch to include a good metaphor now and then. The reader is not apt to be offended by a simplicity in his writing nor engulfed by unnecessary complexity, as Steinbeck's prose style is smooth,



clear, and free-flowing throughout the novel. (It is a pleasure to report that he has not changed the mechanics of his writing.) The general tone of the book is appropriately unsympathetic, if not slightly documentary.

Taking *The Winter Of Our Discontent* as a whole, it is difficult to criticize by itself with any force. The writing is good, the novel is interesting and thoughtful, and the author's theme is presented very effectively. However, no matter how well done the book may be, I cannot help but feel a touch of nostalgia for the 'old' Steinbeck.



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(continued from page 8)

died then, Tom. We could have had a wreck on any of those dates. Why must now be so different?"

"But, Linda, we didn't know we were going to die then. We do now."

No we don't," she was almost crying. "We may live to be a hundred."

"Dammit, Linda, we probably won't! This is the last chance we have, Linda,—ever. By morning we may be dead. Can't you see that? Dead!"

"Tom, look at that fire. Tell me—what do you see?"

Tom was a little taken aback. "Why—I see the results of an H-bomb. A hideous thing that may kill us both. A God-damned infernal thing I wish man had never created."

"That's it, Tom. Is that man-made? Can you honestly say *man* made that? Man could never hope to control that thing. That belongs to no one but God. Man didn't creat it, Tom. He merely opened Pandora's box. Whatever came out is God's. That's God's fire. Those are God's mobs. That's why I say it doesn't matter a tinker's damn whether we die tonight or not. Can you really, honestly believe that human life is so damned tops? That whatever pleasures we could have here can't be topped when we're dead?"

Tom was silent, staring at her with fixed jaw.

"Oh, Tom, don't think I don't want to. Please don't think that. I just think it's more important that we don't. I know it's hard to change your belief and your desire. It—it's like climbing a mountain to see the countryside. It's so much easier to stay ignorant at the bottom. But you can't, Tom, you've got to climb the mountain."

She turned and ran crying to the house. Tom watched her as she went, and he did not see the Linda he had seen earlier. He did not see the ripe, inviting, loving body. It seemed as if he were looking at her soul, her angelic soul.

He stared at the fire storm. He thought of what she had said about climbing a mountain. He stared longer, then turned and ground his cigarette under his heel. He walked back to the house, an experienced mountaineer.

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MANHOLE/*Joel Slotnik*

Editorial Reflections

PETER PETER

One dark evening as I was returning to my dorm from Graves Hall, I was accosted by what could only have been trolls. They explained that they were in charge of publishing a magazine known as the *Mirror,* and would I be interested in a subscription? Naturally I was hesitant at first, and so their leader showed me a copy of the forthcoming issue. He opened to the page on which his favorite story appeared and tried to make me see the merits of the masterpiece. It seemed particularly praiseworthy to him for its frank discussion of a rather delicate subject and its bold realism. He said it was a rather deep story with so much meaning I might not be able to get it all in one reading, and he was prepared to lend me this copy on a trial basis. He promised that this work was typical of the stories in each issue, so I mustn't feel that this was just one good one in the midst of several poorer ones. I agreed that I would study the issue and, if it satisfied me, would return for a subscription. As he and his small friends ran off, he yelled for me to take particular notice of the author's sly use of the word "pumpkin" as a symbol. He promised that almost everything is a particularly clever symbol. Anxious to read it, I hurried back to my room and opened the magazine to page 7.

" 'God dammit.' Pete stumbled out of the bar. Why had it happened to him? It never happened to the rest of the guys. Why should it happen to him on the very first time? Well anyway, it had happened. So now he had a damn wife to support, and he hadn't even graduated from Andover yet. As he tried to make his way back to the dorm, he was bothered over and over again by this nagging question. Why had it happened to him? But it had happened, and he had to find a suitable place to keep her. The school would never allow him to stay if they found out he was married, not that he gave a damn; but his parents would probably disown him if he didn't graduate. The Inn was getting too expensive. He just had to find a cheaper place to keep her. 'God dammit' he muttered vigorously under his Scotch-drenched breath.

"Why did he ever get mixed up with her, anyway? It was a wild party, sure, but he'd been to lots of wild parties and never gotten into much trouble before. There had been a lot of drinking, and he guessed he'd gotten pretty damned drunk. What a skrog! It might not be too bad to have to marry a half-decent looking girl, but she was downright ugly and had no personality. So within three months of that night, they had been united in holy matrimony. Hell! So now she was up here with him at good old P.A.

"But suddenly he remembered the crew season of last spring. He remembered the old boathouse that now housed only one shell, one old and heavy and fat and worthless shell. That was it! He made his way to the Inn, went up to her room, and walked her to the boathouse where the delapidated shell *Pumpkin* remained in solitude. He explained that this was her new out-of-the-way home till Christmas vacation. Above her protests, he locked her up in the shell, promising to bring her two or three meals a day. He knew she wouldn't like it there at all, but what the hell? He hated her, really. All she'd ever done was cause him trouble. Say, she might get sick in that filthy lean-to. Heh, heh. What if he didn't bring her any food. She'd surely die, wouldn't she? That might not be such a bad idea. Anyway, he'd think about it.

"It was very dark and very cold now. He lit up his next to last cigarette. Better get some tomorrow, he though as he casually put the last one up behind his ear and let the crumpled pack fall to the ground. He watched his smoke ring being snatched away by the biting wind. In passing he wondered why he liked to smoke, or if he even did really like it. But then he forgot about the smoke, and his mind wandered back to the old boathouse. If she did die, he silently observed, they'd never find her unless she started decaying quickly and the stench led to inquiries by some of those damned nosey campus cops. But as he considered the nip in the air, he decided that even if she did die soon she would probably keep very well in the imminent snow. As he walked into the hallway of the dorm, he opened the refrigerator door and swiped a dormmate's last slice of pumpkin pie."

Rick Barry

A POINTLESS MOOD STORY

by Bill Chickering

It is dusk. To the west, a pale-orange glow is all that separates an endless table of black water from the steadily-darkening sky. On shore, the heat of a Pacific sun has long since been swept away, but every now and then a breath of muggy air seeps down from off the lava flow which stretches back from the ocean like a great black hand.

Totsuo Nagawa squats on the rocky beach, watching—watching the horizon, watching slow waves that sink into the pebbles under his feet, but most of all he watches the patch of dancing water that slides to and fro about thirty yards off shore, caused by the meeting of two air currents—one from the sea, and one from the land. But tonight the warm breeze of land is strong—too strong—and it looks like a squall.

Totsuo is Japanese-Hawaiian. A mound of black hair frames his mahogany face, darkened from a lifetime of hauling in nets under the strong Hawaiian sun. When he was young, he looked forty, yet now that he's edging fifty, he looks the same but for deeper wrinkles and muscles that have grown tired. From a distance he looks happy, for his expression has been locked into a smile from squinting in the sun, but up close the smile is a grimace, and the furrows of his brow have deepened to the point where his face seems to be a series of horizontal lines. He is worried.

Slowly he gets to his feet and stares out across the water to the black shape of his dinghy bobbing at anchor. Silhouetted against the horizon, it seems to be at a much greater distance than the actual forty yards, and Totsuo hesitates for a moment, because he knows that sharks always come in to feed off the stirred-up ocean floor at dusk: but only for a moment does he pause for he must get back to Kusaihai Harbor tonight—Anna's going to have her baby (his fifth child) soon; "Maybe tomorrow morning," the doctor said.

He steps to the water's edge and, gripping his knife, wades in until he feels coral underfoot. Then effortlessly, he begins to swim with long strokes toward that occasional flicker of white among the swells—caused by the reflection of a waning light off the boat's nameplate. Though the water is warm, a strange cold bathes his white belly—perhaps it is the feeling that somewhere below there lurks a creature that could tear his vulnerable body to pieces. He takes care to swim without splashing, but the swells become stronger as he nears the submerged reel. Gulping the cool night air, he dives into the stiller depths in order to slip through the murky water unhindered and unnoticed. Every now and then he is confronted by great clouds of sand and seaweed that waver at his approach and then disappear like smoke as he glides by. In this dark world there is no sound but the throbbing of blood in his brain and the peculair swishing noise. His mind reacts slowly, but suddenly *the native* is aware that this sound like a sweeping broom doesn't belong—neither here nor in any other waters on this earth. For Totsuo is not alone—somewhere within fifty feet of his fleshy white legs there are two or more sharks *waiting—waiting* for him to disclose his presence to their acute sense. With a tightening stomach, he fights off panic and manages to break the surface without a splash, only to find that a soft, warm rain is pelting the waves around him with millions of tiny bombs —each one giving him an extra chance to survive because it could mingle with any splash or sudden movement he might make.

The boat is fifteen yards away, but between Totsuo and safety there glides a black fin among the swells, waiting, listening, and watching. Behind him, he can hear the swishing of another great bullet-shaped body cruising through the waves, and coming closer. Until now, he has shown an intelligence accumulated from years of living on the ocean, but now, being so close to life, his reason gives way to fear, and he clutches at the knife.

No other living creature within twenty miles could see that flash of steel—but four ready eyes were enough—and in a rush of silvery bubbles, Totsuo died.

MENCE MEAT

(OR THE USA TODAY)

Imminence of impotence,
Incompetence of governments,
Indifference to violence,
Benevolence to impudence,
Languishments of presidents,
Ravishments of sentiments,
Eminence of opulence,
Inconsequence of sense.

Daniel J. Smith

drawing of woman working — the dignity of women,/*by E. Heyworth*

/William Donnell

SMALL
CLAY
STATUE
by
Steve Mathes

With the delicacy of a Cherry petal, pink opaque with
Veins gently spreading to hold the softness in form,
With the fragility of an ancient piece of Spode,
Brittle and clear on the mantle with no one daring
To breath near its surface,
A girl dances through life.

The World must not touch her,
For they would rasp her porcelain finish
To an abrasive dust,
A misty dust that would swirl from
Corner
To
Corner,
A sad dust that would hide between floor cracks
At the jarring clang of kitchen metal
Or even at the whisper of a summer-soft voice.

She goes now, she who can mold the dewy clay, and
Smooth the sand paper rock until it becomes finer than skin.
She goes to kneel in the China cup,
Hands folded calmly over silken head
to hide in a world of delicately scented teas
Sipped slowly by a grass blade thin, pastry faced grandmother.

The World can pound rock granite to ruins that
Smoke and smolder, exposing a raw edge to the rounded universe.
But those in muddied boots with bloody shovels
Cannot bury or burn or blast or break
The fragile sun-light thin, little more than glaze China.
She is safe—her silken head will not be bruised,
Hiding behind the tiny apple petal or the small
Clay statue.

" . . . when Emperor Julian made his first entry into Antioch, he found in like manner the gay, the luxurious capital of the East plunged in mimic grief for the annual death of Adonis; and if he had any presentiment of coming evil, the voices of lamentation which struck upon his ear must have seemed to sound his knell."

Frazer, from *The Golden Bough*

ON
JULIAN
ENTERING
ANTIOCH
by
Michael
Beard

On Julian Entering Antioch

Julian, who with ancient wisdom filled
The courts of Rome, your paganism seems
An Indian Summer by the heavens willed
To fail in stilling winter's chill extremes.
How fitting that, when first you made your way
To Antioch, your welcome there should be
A groan of grief, as summer fades away,
For dead Adonis and the shedding tree.
How clear an omen was this wail of woe!
As heath'n Adonis would to winter yield,
You too were soon to fall before your foe,
Your life-blood ebbing on a Persian field.
Then Constantin's crass spirit came back home
To wreak Christ's bleakish winter over Rome.

LABORS LOST

by Jim Carter

Damn her! Every time I unlatch the low gate and brush the wistful rose petals along the path to her door a tightness creeps up inside me. What will I say? She must know by now how I feel. Today, at last, she will be affectionate again and knowing—what has been happening these past weeks?

It's the little things. For instance, last week at the recital she hardly seemed to notice I was beside her, as hard as I tried to catch her glance. We hadn't much to say to each other as we walked toward campus earlier, and she seemed to take a perverse delight in keeping herself from me that evening, inclining her head just slightly away, brushing aside my comments and now and again smiling to her neighbor, nodding to catch some trivial remark. At intermission I asked if she wanted a drink of water. No, she didn't. A few minutes later someone else was thirsty. She'd go with him; would I come too? That's a laugh. Afterwards I didn't say anything to her at all, and she must have noticed, because she asked if anything were wrong. No, no, nothing. As if she didn't know. As we unlatched the gate by the rose bushes, she seemed gay. Weren't I going to come in? Not if she put it that way, I wasn't. Would she see me tomorrow? Maybe. I knew she would, and that I would live with wrenching tightness all morning.

At noon the six of us met under a tree outside the student union: five boys and she. Sometimes they save a place for the two of us together, but most of the time they don't. Their attention converges on her, bathing her. She smiles at everyone, sometimes giving my hand a little squeeze or brushing my leg beneath the table as if to placate me. She rarely brings a lunch; I always used to share my ample one with her, but she hasn't wanted any lately, no matter how many times I insist she eat something. She says she isn't hungry, but sometimes I get the feeling it embarrasses her. She does take coffee breaks twice a day with the people in her lab. Every day I resolve not to go to lunch, and every day we sit under the tree.

A while ago she spent a week at a summer conference. She belongs to a liberal youth organization of some sort, but even though she's president, I never go to any meetings with her because she says I wouldn't approve of the loud types there. It's almost as if she were being defensive, but from what I hear about those conferences, she probably just wants freedom. As a matter of fact, that's what she said when she got back. She was very happy, and wished she hadn't had to leave. We were sitting on the damp grass outside the gate. She had met a wonderful boy there, really on the ball, and they'd talked about lots of things long into the nights—including love, it seems. I must understand, she didn't regard him as a boyfriend. She simply felt tied down, and wanted to see whether or not she could stretch out by herself. I thought of saying something obscene, but what was the use? If that was how she wanted it . . .

As we walked up the path she turned to me, but it was too dark to see her face clearly.

"Please, Tim. What's the matter?"

"What- Oh, nothing." What does she think I am?

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John Bradshaw, or Crooked-Nose, as he was called by his people, awoke with a yawn. His mother had been up since before sunrise preparing breakfast for John, his three brothers, and his two sisters. He did not have to look up to see what breakfast would be, though from where John slept on his mat it was easy to see the cook-stove. Ever since he had been born on the Reservation seventeen or eighteen years (he wasn't sure) ago, he had eaten meat or fish, bread, beans, and coffee or tea for every meal in the two-room shack. On rare occasions, like the sale of several of his father's sheep for a profit, the family might be served a vegetable or even milk. John could only remember having had these delights twice before; he had forgotten their taste. He pushed himself up off the dirt to wash himself. He saw a grouse fly suddenly and noisily from out of a clump of bushes a short distance away. Perhaps he would hunt it when he got back from school, he thought.

The stream was the normal means of sanitation for John and his Hopi friends on the Reservation; John knew one lucky Indian who had a sink with running cold water right in his cabin. As John felt the bracing cold water trickle down his face and back in little rivulets, he heard the rumble of the Superintendent's jeep approaching. He looked up to see Superintendent Stone come driving toward him with "Superintendent, Salt River Reservation, Salt River, Arizona" written on the side of the jeep. It nearly hit him as he walked back to the hut; he often wondered whether Stone came close on purpose. Two or three times John had heard him mutter "Damned Indians" when one of John's friends complained to Stone about the overcrowded living conditions or the poverty and poor health that was so prevalent on the Reservation.

Inside the shack John woodenly woke his brothers and sisters—except for seven-year old Zena. The doctor said that she had the disease called "tuberculosis" and left it at that. But John knew that the government-run hospital on the Reservation was lacking in personnel and equipment anyway, so that Zena was almost as likely to die there as where she was.

Light was beginning to filter in through the window now, and John's mother motioned to him that his meal was ready. After it he would walk the mile and a half to the mission school, where he learned how really miserable he and his people were. He learned, with only slight amazement, that their general death rate and infant mortality rate were extremely high, compared with those of the white civilization (whose economic and social system he was sure he could never understand). He was told that the illiteracy rate of Indians was six times higher than that of the entire United States, and that his friends were being gypped out of valuable timber, oil, and gas rights. Whenever they protested to Stone, who was supposed to relay their complaints to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in a faraway city John had never heard of, he shrugged it off with "Sorry fellas, there ain't nothin' ah can do 'bout it; all ah'm s'posed ta do is ta make sure ev'rythin's OK." John and his friends didn't know how to get around this, so they let the subject drop (after all, thought John, even if the grievances did get to the Commissioner, probably nothing would happen. John was tired of talking to Stone, with his idiotic excuses. John was tired of talking to people who felt he wasn't worth a damn—not even worthy to be damned, thought John sardonically. Then what was he worthy of? He was tired of thinking about his situation. He was tired).

John finished his meal and, saying goodbye to his mother, sisters, and brothers, went out the flimsy one-hinged door. Shuffling his feet in the dry, sandy soil, Crooked-Nose cursed to himself.

by Dave Quattrone

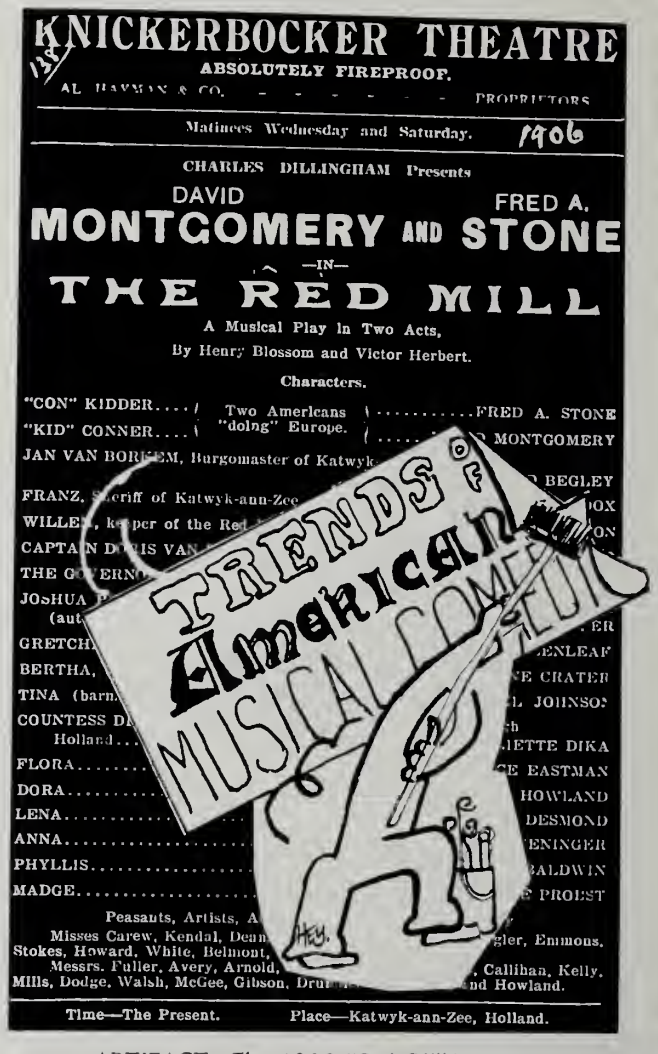
During recent Broadway seasons, theaters have come more than ever before to rely on the valuable drawing card of the musical comedy. Many serious plays have been crowded out of the picture until only a limited number are produced each season. In fact, the quality of non-musical plays has degenerated to the point where comedies far outnumber serious dramas. The reason for this trend is obvious: people just don't go to the theater to see 'heavy' drama. In the era of the fifty-megaton bomb and the Berlin crisis, the American public wants to be soothed rather than awakened—much the same attitude as that of the theater-going public during World War II.

As a result of this attitude, the musical comedy, because it has been primarily a happy medium, has become an increasingly more important facet of the American stage. Yet, in spite of its importance, I feel that the musical is not fulfilling its potential; it has become stagnant in recent years. To understand this situation, the development of the musical comedy in the Twentieth Century must be considered.

Resting on the laurels of Gilbert and Sullivan, the American stage of the early Twentieth Century offered only Victor Herbert, author of *The Red Mill,* as a notable representative of the musical comedy. Actually, shows like *The Red Mill* cannot, in the strictest sense of the term, be construed as musical comedy but rather as operettas, or period pieces. They generally consisted of trite, simple plots—perhaps a bass villain and a tenor hero, both pursuing an orphaned, blonde mezzo-soprano. The music of these shows, par for 1900, seems inferior and naive to modern taste. An operetta composer would never have dreamed of writing a melody not in waltz time, and even when the song was a finished product, it might have little relevance to the plot. A composer would come up with something he liked, and automatically place it in the show.

The "art" of operetta took a step forward with the advent of Sigmund Romberg, who, although conforming to trite plots, actually had the courage to write in 4/4 time. Even so, any important love duet would still be in 3/4 time.

With the 1920's comes some sophistication, largely provided by Rodgers and Hart and the Gershwins. In 1916, a young Yale graduate named Cole Porter made his debut. He has since become famous as a writer of sophisti-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TRENDS of American MUSICAL COMEDY
Time—The Present. Place—Katwyk-ann-Zee, Holland.

ARTIFACT: *The 1906 "Red Mill" program*

cated lyrics and melodies, but he has been unique in his upper class approach, and his methods have never spread to other authors, although he shares them with Noel Coward.

The Gershwins and Rodgers and Hart lent a new freshness to musical comedy. Plots still clung to a meager "boy meet girl—boy loses girl—boy gets girl," but they were in a more contemporary vein, and the music wasn't square anymore. Lyricists still succumbed to an occasional "June—moon" rhyme, but more and more wit crept into the songs. Larry Hart was the master in this respect. Who else would rhyme "Greenwich" with "men itch", or "greenery" with "beanery?" The watch word of the twenties was "wit," and this aspect reached maturity in 1931 with Gershwin's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Of Thee I Sing.* The entire show parodied the old traditions of operetta Focusing around an imaginary presidential

election, *Of Thee I Sing* enabled Americans to laugh at themselves a little, and also to recognize some of the foolish things they did. Mocking traditional operetta buried its obsolete techniques. A musical comedy no longer had the confinements of *The Red Mill.* Approaches could be fresh, lyrics, and plot limitless, and the music could, as George Gershwin used to say, "swing."

Yet there were two areas that still lacked development: first, the unification of music and plot, and secondly, the atmosphere of the entire musical. Although songs had a great deal more relation to the plot than before, connection between the two remained hazy. Again, if a good song was around, the authors would gladly interpolate it into the show, and usually justify it by a weak transition.

This part of musical comedy was still far from polished, to say the least. But in 1943 the new team of Rodgers and Hammerstein came up with *Oklahoma!.* Condemned by critics before it even opened, and starring unknowns (newcomer Alfred Drake, for example), *Oklahoma!* had the longest run of any musical comedy until *My Fair Lady* came along. *Oklahoma!* astounded the critics, for here was a show that fused plot and music into a single artistic entity. Transitions were smooth; both songs and scenes were done excellently. The old system of interpolation now became unacceptable and extinct.

But the musicals of the thirties, even including *Oklahoma!* lacked substance. Rodgers and Hart shows like *Babes in Arms* and *The Boys from Syracuse* were lively and gay, but lacked a down-to-earth quality. The characters said little of value; this was left to the dramatic plays. An occasional slash at local politics was usually the only comment on society in the entire musical. The American audience was ready for something deeper.

Rodgers and Hammerstein contributed much to the new development with their next three musicals: *Carousel, South Pacific,* and *The King and I.* Each of these three has become classics in its field not only because of great songs and dialogue, but because the simple outer conflicts between characters of a 1930 musical became a deeper inner conflict instead. In *South Pacific,* there is the conflict of racial prejudice between "Emile" and "Nellie", reappearing with variations in *The King and I.*

Theme in musicals has come to a climax in recent years with *West Side Story,* by Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, and Arthur Laurents. Just as *The Red Mill* was below definition of "musical comedy," so is *West Side Story* above it, for it achieves what no other musical production ever has. Not only is the music outstanding, but it is completely integrated with the plot and dancing. It is a unified work, with racial and social overtures that should concern us all. The musical play points out the problems of juvenile delinquency and of the racial barrier between Puerto Ricans and Americans in the slums of New York.

It is clear that in the past sixty years musical comedy has come a long way, growing from insignificant light opera to an art. But look at the shows that clutter the marquees of Broadway. They do not make use of the developments that have preceded them. Rodgers and Hammerstein fell short of artistic success with *Flower Drum Song* and *The Sound of Music,* saccharine and without meaning. *My Fair Lady* surpassed *West Side Story* by far with respect to box office take and popularity, but it is very superficial. Its songs and book are more than adequate, but the adaptation of *Pygmalion* unfortunately omits most of Shaw's social criticism. Furthmore, its principal actor, although he performed superbly could not even carry a tune. Other leading roles on Broadway have been usurped by non-singers. This season even presents the all-star voices of Phil Silvers and George Gobel. These musicals have been written almost by formula, purely for box office reasons. I am not so idealistic as to suggest that *West Side Story* is art for art's sake, but at least it has something to say.

Why does this situation exist? For the same reason that is causing the disappearance of serious drama. The theater-going public wants to see happy endings and laugh; no one wants to stop and think about what they play attempts to say. Producers are afraid to risk their money on shows that might not please the public. Theaters refuse shows that might tread on someone's toes. As a result, authors and composers cannot write anything else and live.

It is only the public that can remedy this situation. Instead of avoiding the conflicts of our time, the public must want to become aware of them. It must learn to appreciate the art American talent can give them but is unable to display. Many Americans have no ability to distinguish between good and bad art. The art itself has developed; now it is up to the American public to develop its own taste and determine the quality of its art.

Robert Stevens

OBSERVATIONS

by James L. Stripling

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Lawrence Hopkins, Harvard, class of 1958. I thought it might be profitable (and somewhat amusing) to relate my experiences in secondary school in order to present a true, clear picture of the petty, status-seeking attitude present in the majority of our country's "leaders of tomorrow." Everything I shall tell you is true: precisely the way I saw things and precisely the way things occurred.

Owing to my vastly superior intellect, I did not attend the local high school, but——— Academy, supposedly one of the best preparatory schools in the country. I can recall the ease, and yet the difficulty, with which I was admitted. I must say that I was a bit overconfident about my chances for admission; my superior grades easily made me the most intelligent candidate in the region. However, the general trend of over-emphasizing extra-curricular activities (which is still present today) almost proved fatal to my chances for admission. I was finally chosen, however, and received the highest marks in the entire school on my placement examinations.

I distinctly recall my dormitory that first year; it was simple, roomy, and quite comfortable, besides having a fairly good location. My happiness was short-lived, however; my roommate soon arrived in an enormous black Cadillac. He seemed fairly pleasant at first, but after a few weeks, I began to take a serious disliking toward him. He was not very intelligent: only the middle of the class, as I recall. He also possessed a wierd obsession to get as many extra-curricular activities on his record as was possible. He often asked me why I did not participate in one of the school activities, quoting the trite phrase, "You only get as much out of the school as you put into it." I simply replied that I did not need an ego booster or status symbol in the form of several membership cards stuffed into my wallet or my name printed in various publications, etc. He, along with his friends (there were, unfortunately, others in the dormitory like him), wondered at this attitude of mine; it will suffice to say that at the first rating I possessed the highest average of anyone in the entire school.

As the years progressed, I became aware of the distinct groups, or castes, into which the student body was divided. The first of these was the "country club" type, of which my roommate was a member in good standing. Scholastically, they comprised the middle of the class, and, as I have said before, were fanatical concerning extra-curricular activities. The second group was comprised of the athletic members of the student body, colloquially known as "jocks." Their scholastic averages were at the very bottom, indicating their overemphasis of athletics merely for the glory and prestige that accompany it. The third and final group was comprised of all those whose scholastic achievements placed them at the top of the class. There were, unfortunately, some members of the other two classes represented in this group, but it was obvious that they must have done a great deal of studying to achieve this level, which, to them, was yet another status symbol. Naturally belonging to this final group, I soon discovered other students with the same attitudes, if not interests, as I. I soon made a few close friends, and we spent long periods of time discussing our views on such topics as politics, education, and morals. I recall one discussion distinctly, as it gives a true picture of the type of person who is a blend of groups one and two, and is lucky enough to be included in group three. Two of my friends, a student named Bailey (a member of this mixture), and I were seated at a table, eating supper. We were discussing college, and Bailey asked me what my major was to be.

"Biophysics," I replied. "After all, I do have advanced placement in physics, biology, and mathematics and my College Board scores were the highest in the school, and . . ."

"Yes, I know!" snapped Bailey. "You've told everybody in the whole damn school at least three times!"

"What are *you* going to major in, Bailey?"

asked one of my friends, amused by this outburst obviously sprinkled with envy.

"Oh, I thought I'd major in business administration," said Bailey, pleased by the fact that he could now talk about himself.

"Business administration!" I howled, "What a worthless triviality! God, Bailey, you're fairly intellingent; you had the highest average in chemistry last year; why waste your brain on a worthless thing like business administration?"

"Because that's what I happen to be interested in!" yelled Bailey, abruptly leaving the table.

My friends and I discussed this episode at great length, and we all agreed that just as soon as Bailey finished Yale or some other "country club college," he would immediately become a typical nine-to-five-Madison-Avenue man with but one goal in life: status in the form of a dollar sign.

Needless to say, I graduated *cum laude,* and was readily admitted to Harvard, where I graduated with high honors. After obtaining my Masters and Ph. D., I was fortunate enough to obtain a position in the Army Space Program instead of one of active duty.

These are unstable times. The Russians critcize the Americans for being "money-grubbing capitalists," and they are not far from wrong. The whole of America's attitudes are so corrupt these days that I seriously doubt America's ability to resist any enemy aggression that might come. It is now that Americans must realize their obvious weaknesses, renounce their status-seeking tendencies, and stop worshipping the dollar sign.

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LOST LETTERS FROM STALINGRAD

Translated *by Franz Schneider and Charles Gullans*
Review *by H. Binford*

It is an accepted fact that men under stress show a marked unveiling of character. Men faced with death, men in grave danger, men in great suffering are stripped of all the affections and sophistications they have carefully accumulated through their lives. All the soft parts of their personalities are dissolved away and only the skeleton is left. This reduction occurs often in war, especially among men who have lost all hope, who know that they are about to meet death or capture and cannot avert their fate Such were the Germans at Stalingrad.

On a morning in early January, 1943, the troops were told that they could write home, and that a mail plane would take their letters from the airport which they still held. The vast majority of the soldiers knew that they would write no more letters from Stalingrad and probably no more letters at all. There were, however, a few who still held their loyalty to Hitler and believed his promises to rescue them. The differences between their letters and those of the hopeless are interesting. The loyalists wrote rather mundane letters speaking of things at home, of the weather, things an Andover boy might write his parents about. But the letters of the hopeless are concerned with mightier things, with questions of God and heaven, of honor and virtue, with shattered hopes, and with blessings and cursings.

The soldiers wrote to wives and girls and parents and friends. There is a letter from an officer accusing his wife of infidelity. There is another from a man who has been unfaithful himself, and now with an opportunity to write only one letter, he writes to his wife and makes a moving plea for forgiveness. There is one from a lonely soldier to a girl he has never met, but who has been his pen-pal through the war.

In all these letters the tone is one of gloom. Some men expressed self-pity, others shared sorrow with their wives and relatives, others lashed out bitterly at whatever they thought responsible for their plight. And in each letter, from a few lines, a paragraph or two, the reader gains reams of knowledge of the writer.

One of the most striking letters is from a chaplain to his parents. Nowhere in the letter does this man of God mention himself. He speaks of the soldiers with pity; and consoles his parents as if they were the ones about to die.

There are two parallel letters, both from young men to their fathers; and both fathers are high Nazi officers. In one the writer, obviously very bitter, lashes out at his father for not using influence to spring his son from the trap. In the other the young soldier resigns himself and nobly tells his father not to "knuckle under."

The letters are indeed significant as a key to the character of the average German soldier. But their greater significance is not realized unless one knows what happened to them after they left Stalingrad. They represent one of the most magnificent ironies I have yet seen. The last letters from Stalingrad never reached their addressees. When the plane landed, the mail was impounded at Hitler's order. The letters were opened and the names of sender and addressee were deleted. The mail, thus depersonalized, dehumanized, castrated, was used in an evaluation of troop morale.

And here lies the massive irony. The soldiers at Stalingrad were utterly disillusioned. They had no more faith in Hitler and knew he was capable of the treachery of abandoning them thousands of miles in enemy territory. Yet they never suspected this last treachery. They still had faith in the mail. But some nameless woman never got her husbands plea for her mercy. Parents never got their sons' final words. All the carefully composed letters lost all chance of ever reaching their destinations.

The letters are printed as mere blocks of type with numbers over them—one, two, three four—like documents in a file. The men at Stalingrad were betrayed even as they tried to denounce their betrayer. The true significance of their letters is as a monument to the helplessness of individuals in the grasp of a tyrannical bureaucracy.

NIGHT SONG, *by John Williams*
Review *by Bob Levin*

A college instructor has become a drunk since the death of his wife in an automobile accident. Through the patient and generous help of two Negroes, he regains his self-respect and finally gets back his old job. The Negroes have helped him because, as one character explains, "In this world you can't do nothing because it's all not much, and you have to do something, anything positive to make it something." As he recuperates, the ex-professor faces problems of racial adjustment, of his to the Negroes and of theirs to him. In the world of Greenwich Village jazz musicians, American racial traditions are bitterly exposed. In John William's well-constructed novel, *Night Song*, the racial problems are not glossed over with the usual How-can-you-hate-Negroes-they're-just-like-you approach. Instead, Williams shows us not merely examples of racial prejudice, but motives and feelings. Also, that he is himself a Negro makes possible a deeper understanding of the problem.

The first impression we have of David Hillary, the instructor, points out his strong sense of tradition. "Only the Hillarys had remained deep-rooted American Protestants; it was a thing to keep alive, if they could." In the beginning of the novel he is seen pawning his wedding ring by Eagle, the legendary Negro jazz musician. After spending an evening at the expense of his Negro savior, Hillary wakes up very ill in Eagle's apartment. Keel, Eagle's friend and protector, offers Hillary a job in his coffee shop, which he maintains with the help of his white mistress, Della, who is a social worker by day. Of these four people, Della and Eagle have overcome their racial feelings and Keel and Hillary have not. Hillary is unable to doubt his superiority to the two Negroes in spite of repeated examples to the contrary. He tries to assert his superiority by winning Della away from Keel, but he is unsuccessful. Keel is planning to marry Della, but before he does, he must not only accept his blackness, but shrug off the inferiority complex with which society has burdened him. Eagle, the generous, loving, talented Negro, has accepted his racial problems but cannot beat society, and thus finally dies after one of his many overdoses of heroin.

In *Night Song*, we see each of these four people facing,—or, in Hillary's case, turning from their problems. Most of these problems originate in some form of guilt,—guilt of white people because they feel superior and don't want to. Eagle, after approaching two white people who quickly give him money, says, "See that? They're too weak to tell you to go to hell, or they're too guilty to tell you to kiss their asses." This same feeling is responsible for the many white women who throw themselves at the Negro musicians. Of one of them, Eagle says, "Rotten little bitch. I'm supposed to lay her just because she's white. I'm supposed to be dying for her." Eagle faces a double problem: the original contempt of white people, and the misdirected efforts of people to prove their acceptance of Negroes. Eagle is a *incredible* musician, but, as Keel says, "In his music, there's no bread, not for a spade." Eagle's goodness is almost saintly and, unlike Hillary, he takes responsibility for all his actions. I'm tired of so many things, but goddamn if I'll quit," he says.

The book's climax occurs when a policeman brutally attacks Eagle, and Hillary does not help him. Eagle's punishment is really self-inflicted because he will not humble himself before the policeman. He might easily have avoided the beating, but instead is dragged off to jail with a bleeding wound on his temple. In this scene, Hillary has not only betrayed a personal friendship, but he has shirked his responsibility to do the right thing. When Hillary tells this to Keel and Della, Keel thinks, "A guy like you has to spend his life dying. (You are) an example of a good white person, the kind who does nothing when it counts for everyone." Hillary's irresponsibility is contrasted by Keel's zealous feeling of responsibility for Eagle. In our last view of Hillary, he is condemning others for Eagle's death. We feel that Eagle's final overdose was caused by Hillary's desertion, but Hillary himself refuses to acknowledge his personal responsibility for Eagle's death.

Williams presents these characters with great force. His lucid, colloquial style helps bring convincing understanding to the problems of Hillary and angry pathos to those of Eagle. His *Night Song* is both a lyric description of the dissipated jazz world and its sordid society, and a song of blackness—the outer blackness of skin which should mean so little, and the inner blackness of conscience which should mean so much.

W. G. Morton

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Love, that "sweet sickness," is a major preoccupation of today's youth. Although many of us cloak our feelings in defensive cynicism, much of our spare time is devoted to 'love', learning about 'love,' talking about 'love', discovering 'love,' codifying 'love', pontificating on 'love'—and practicing. The fact that the bulk of what we call love is transitory infatuation, sometimes even artifically generated, we seldom allow to bother us. We are, in fact, hypochondriacs; we take the slightest flush for a burning fever, the slightest flutter for an incurable heart ailment. We make mountains out of molehills; love out of infatuation, passion out of lust, as one would make plague out of measles, paralysis out of indolence. We talk of our affairs as of operations, telling of the pain and showing our scars with pride, and relating the recovery with a self-satisfaction on slightly marred by inner regret. Like Russians and romantics, we hypochondriac lovers wear our tears like medals.

Stephen Barnett

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THE MIRROR

ESTABLISHED 1854

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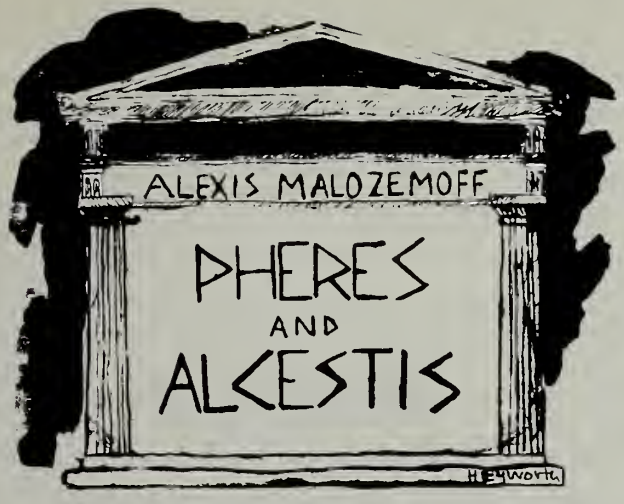
MG
Allons mes chers messieurs, nous devons commencer.
Mais d'abord, pour demain, permettez-moi de vous . . .
Ah . . .rappeler l'examen que vous allez passer
(N'oubliez pas que "passer" n'est pas "réussir"),
Que vous êtes responsables pour tout c'qu'on dit en classe.
Hall, lisez la strophe huit et remarquez que j'ai
Dit "huit" et pas "huitième," et je vous recommende
De prendre des notes, n'est-ce pas? Allons, vas-y, chéri.
Hall
"Cris de l'enfer! voix qui hurle et qui pleure!
L'horrible essaim, poussé par l'aquilon . . ."
MG
Arrêtez-là. Je vais vous poser quelques questions.
Qu' est-ce que c'est que l'aquilon?
Hall
La brise, Monsieur?
MG
Je pensais à un autre mot. Miller?
Miller
Le vent
Du Nord.
MG
Exactement. Soyons toujours précis.
Donnez-moi une synonyme d'essaim!
Hall
Un certain
Nombre?
MG
Je préfère un autre mot. Johnson?
Johnson
Ensemble.
MG
Une ensemble, un groupe, une groupe, oui.
Combien de syllabes a ce vers-ci, Monsieur?
Hall
Quatorze syllabes.
MG
Phrase complète!
Hall
Il y en a
Onze.
MG
Je regrette beaucoup. Il n'y a que dix.
Et qu'est ce que c'est que l'enfer?
Hall
Un métal?
MG
Ne sois pas ridicule. Qui sait?
Miller
Le lieu où vont
MG
Les âmes damnés,
Bon. Et qui a écrit l'Enfer?
Personne ne sait? Enfin, Dante qui est mort
En treize cent vingt et un. Et maintenant, quel roi
Français est monté sur le trône, vous devriez savoir,
En treize cent seize? Philippe le long. Au revoir.

EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS

LA FARCE DE MAITRE GUIBERICHE

by Bob Levin



Summary of ALCESTIS. *Alestis forfeits her life for Admetos, her husband. Hercules brings her back from Hades to Admetos, who does not recognize her, because she is wearing a veil. Thinking she is another women, Admetos accepts her, then discovers that she is his wife.*

A Farcical Sequel to Euripides' *Alcestis*: (in one epeisodion with choric preludes)

Choric Prologue: (Enter chorus, and on stage Alcestis, wearing veil)

Beautiful Alcestis, silent under the shimmering veil!
Faithful wife! True companion! All this,
In spite of the dark shadow of Death.
But today at last will you be freed from the curse,
After three long days, free to return
Completely, to the world of living men.
And yet this house of Admetos,
Will it ever again be free, free from the woeful dirge,
Free from the cruel clutches of iron Thanatos?
For now, Admetos's noble father Preres is dying.
Three days has the life in him has slowly ebbed,
And today, it seems, the end must come.

EPEISODION I:

Admetos: (Enters, and turns to Alcestis)

Darling, Alcestis, today ,at last, after these three days of silent coldness, you shall cast off Hell's cold legacy, dear. God, what misery; to have my Alcestis, the inspiration of my existence, so near, and yet so far, that but a shadow keeps here from my bed! To see you turn like this from me, as if, as if you no longer cared—Oh God! Oh God! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear to wait! How long must it be before I can again clasp your warm body in my arms? When will I be allowed to look again into your unveiled face? When will I be able to hear again the soft tones of your voice? Oh beautiful voice, more enchanting to my ear than Procene's golden song! Oh let me at least hear that voice! Speak to me, dear, speak to me! Throw off this damnable curse of death! Throw it off for my sake!

Choragos: It is the gods' will, Admetos. But look, there is a messenger here.

Ametos· A messenger? Can I not be left alone with my wife? Oh, but send him in.

Messenger: (Enters) Sire, your father Pheres is dying, and —

Admetos: (Muttering) It serves him right. He is here, no doubt, requesting a few parting tears. Then bring him in. Oh why must this old Tithonos keep getting in my way?

Pheres: (Wheeled in on a chair by servants) How can it be that loyal Admetos has at last permitted his dying father to come under his roof? (Spotting Alcestis) But who is this woman? Must my dying day witness another testimony to a faithless son? Faithless to his wife, faithless to his father! Where are the dark robes and and mournful prayers that should honor the dim passing of both?

Admetos: Old fool, this is a house of joy and light hearts, not of mourning. Alcestis has been saved by the bold Herakles, and no thanks to you.

Pheres: Alcestis? Alcestis lives? This is she? Now I understand. She lives, while I die. Death must have his victim, you know. If he can't have Alcestis, he takes me instead. A just and fitting end for me, to die for the happiness of a doubly-traitorous son! First, he sacrifices his wife for himself. And then he sacrifices his father for his wife Why? Because a tender woman's body is of more use to him than the outmoded husk of his father. Why don't you die for her yourself? Coward! God, that I should have bred such ignominy! (Chokes, but recovers and turns to Alcestis.) Fair Alcestis, worthy wife! At least my death spares one noble life. (Alcestis turns and runs out)

Admetos: See what you've done? Insulted her! Chased her out!

Pheres: (Gasps and turns pale) Oh God, the hand of Death.

Admetos: Oh, die and be done with it. Die, that Death may take you and let my Alcestis go. So, the argument has proved to much for you. You find reality hard to face? (Sees that Pheres has fainted. Feels

his hand) His hand grows cold. Alcestis, dear, now must come the joyful moment of your liberation! (Suddenly, the cry of feminine voice) A voice! A woman's voice! It is Alcestis' voice, the voice of my beloved! She is freed, freed, freed! (Rushes out)

Pheres: (Stirs, and arises) Oh life! Has the chilling hand of Death passed over me and left me warm?

Choragos: Look, it is Pheres, restored to life. Pheres restored, and Alcestis restored. Oh house of Admetos, house of dauntless fortune! Can any curse reap its evil harvest amid this thick and heavy crop of joy?

Messenger: (Rushes in) Joy? Joy? No, you men of Pherai, Curse, curse, curse! Bow to the cruel sickle of Fate! The queen is dead, our beloved queen, dead one again! And Admetos, too!

Choragos: It cannot be.

Messenger: Yet all too true. We saw her rush in, the poor queen, greatly agitated, and in voiceless prayer sink down before Apollo's altar. Suddenly the voice welled up within her: the three-day curse was ended! But oh what a cursed ending! "Take *me*, Thanatos", she cried, and fell— forever into eternal silence.

Pheres: Faithful, faithful, and miserable queen! Your second precious life you sacrificed for me.

Messenger: But then, as if our eyes had not had their fill, In burst Admetos, full of passionate expectation. For a second his step faltered. Then he rushed to the cold body, and seizing it up, clasped it to him in a wild embrace. Oh, horrible to relate what happened next! He grabbed a sword —

Pheres: God, no! It is too much for an old heart to bear. (Collapses)

Choragos: What? Pheres, too — dead? This is too much for reasonable men to bear. Dark Thanatos may rejoice: he has had his way, and been rewarded triply for his pains. Unfortunate house — cursed by Death, yet blessed by the immortal memory of its queen. But we have had enough to do with Death. And pray that this day's dying is all done. So let's to our affairs. This is a misfortune to remember, but also to amend.

(Exit)

— Alex Malozemoff

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REVELATION

by Pete Johnson

World War III was not the world-destroying atomic holocaust that everyone had predicted. It was almost as bad, however. No nuclear weapons were used, but all the countries of the world were overrun by slaughtering hoards of barbaric soldiers. No civilian was spared. It was as if history's entire cycle of wars had started over again. This fantastic atavism left the world in a state of shock and ruin. The whole planet was crippled, like Germany after the Thirty Years' War. Cities had been ruthlessly sacked for both private and military interests. Most of the world's great agricultural centers had been burned or otherwise reduced to rubble. But, worst of all, over one-half of the world's male population had perished, and many of the survivors were either senile or impotent. The world had to pool all its resources for the most formidable task in history — the reconstruction of an entire planet.

First, cities had to be rebuilt. New York, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, Tokyo— all began to take shape as the world's greatest scientists and engineers combined their knowledge to synthesize building materials and construct stable edifices with the least possible waste of time, energy, and materials. The new cities grew faster and faster as all the previously untapped resources of nature were put to use. From the ocean came algae, seaweeds, all types of plants, which German, Russian, and American scientists were able to turn into useful construction materials through their newly discovered synthesizing processes. From under the antarctic ice came elements previously unknown to man, blasted out by combined fifty-megaton bombs from Russia and America — finally, atomic powers were united in a common struggle for the survival of the human race.

Cities were rebuilt; the next problem was food. America's underground food storage vaults had gone untouched through the war, and now they were used to help feed a starving world. But this still wasn't enough. Scientists finally discovered the secret of photosynthesis, using greenplant cells to manufacture food from the sun's energy. Food was no longer a problem. Nature seemed to be revealing all her secrets to man, and man exploited nature for all she was worth.

But the biggest problem remained: with half of the male population dead, and half of the survivors old or sterile, how could the human race survive? Certainly the remaining male couldn't be used as stud horses, for they themselves would soon become impotent. The death rate was higher than the birth rate, and the human race was in danger of dying out. There was only one posible solution — since sexual reproduction was no longer capable of keeping *homo sapiens* in existence, asexual reproduction *must* be carried on by humans. Throwing religion to the winds, the greatest team of scientists the world had ever known worked at a franzied pace, night and day, in their modern underground laboratories in Geneva. Finally — success ! ! The head scientist announced to an anxious world that a non-gameteous sperm had been synthesized and was ready for use. The world wasted no time in putting this "sporosperm" to work. It was amazing! Sporosperm was injected into the ova of mature women. Their gestation period was reduced to five months with this fantastic solution, and birth became almost painless. What was more amazing was that every one of these births produced a male. The population problem was solved. These "sporoids" would be the fathers of a new human race.

It was true. As the sporoids grew older, they became world leaders, scientist, scholars, diplomats, educators, philosophers, theologians. They promised to be the progenitors of a future master race.

The young man just down the street from me was a sporoid, and one day his foster father told me the most incredible story about him. "The strangest thing happened last night," he said. "We ran out of wine at dinner, so what do you think he did?"

"He turned water to wine?" I asked sarcastically.

"No-gin! We were drinking martinis!"

My lower jaw nearly dropped off as he finished his story, "We're going water-skiing today, but he refuses to take his skis with him-something about his faith's going to keep him from drowning."

All over the world similar stories were being told by incredulous witnesses. The people of the world were all discovering the same unavoidable solution: who had been the only other virgin birth in history? Now there were *fifty million* of them!

THE CONVENIENCE OF THE MODERN AGE

by Eugene Andrew Stephen Manzel, '64

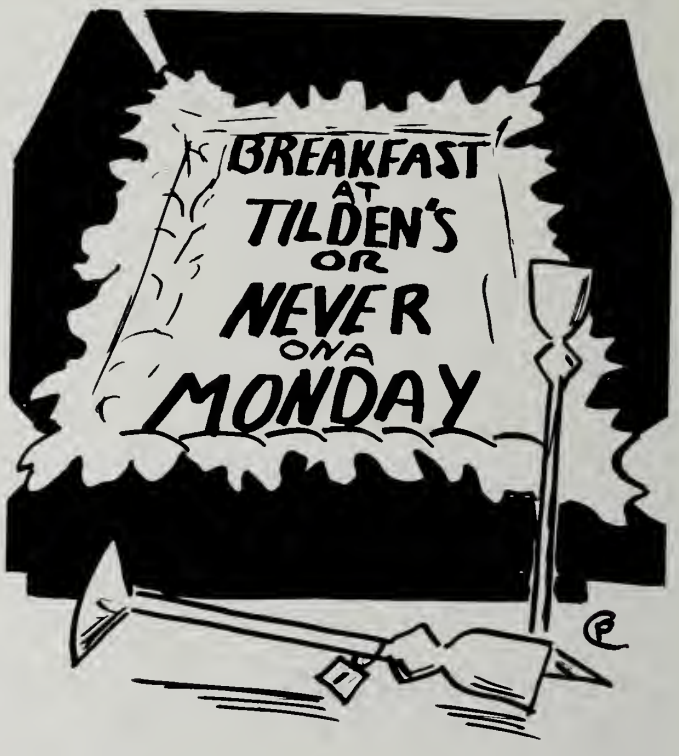
My eyes are closed, an image forms:
I see a world, with lovely hills
Green in the summer sun;
A town, appearing now, among the trees,
Presents dignity, through stately spires,
Rising above far off beauty;
A carriage comes, sleek with its
Shiny leather, clean and
Glistening in the sun.

I stroll in shaded paths,
Untouched by the distant ease
Of thick exhaust,
Penetrating the blackish snow;
And dirty tires, on dirty slush;
And sanded ice, which, in spring,
Melts, and forms grimy puddles.

In the coolness of a pleasant walk
I relax, unhindered
By the fast-moving jet age.
But paradise is lost
With this coming of consciousness.

My search for serenity
Leads me indoors;
But, in place of dirt, which clings
To the air, and coats our lives,
Our rooms are reeking
With stench of tobacco, and ash,
Which poison the lungs, sting
The eyes, and choke the throat.
Indoors and out, our systems are clogged
With the luxuries of our
Great Modern Age.

Disgusted, I move onward,
Into the clatter and bustle
Of people rushing, moving,
But only to be pushed down
And trampled over.



by Chuck Bakst

Please forgive me if my typing proves to be somewhat error-ridden, but I have a great deal of trouble pushing down all the keys since two of the fingers on my right hand are currently bandaged as a result of a nasty burn I received yesterday from a defective cigarette lighter. The gadget was a gift from some close friends of ours — the clerks at Tilden-Thurber in Providence - and I know that they would be most hurt if they ever knew that their well-meant present caused me any hardship. The last thing, I am sure, that Tilden-Thurber would want to cause is trouble.

Tilden-Thurber, being Rhode Island's answer to Tiffany's, appears to the casual observor to be a stalwart institution, one to which all the wealthy women from the East Side frequent both for gifts and for prestige. Perhaps then, the fact that my mother happened to wander in there one day was the cause of all the nonsense, for I feel that my mother has about as much business being in Tilden-Thurber as I do ,and this, obviously, is not very much. During most of the year I don't even live anywhere near the store. I reside in Phillips Academy, Andover, which the *Encyclopedia Americana* calls " a celebrated college preparatory school for boys." The pressure and tension one is sub-

jected to at Andover is incessant, and it should be clear that I needed no further aggravation when this whole sorry mess began two weeks ago.

It was one of those Mondays, and if I don't call it Black Monday, it's only because all Mondays are black. I walked into the basement of P.A.'s George Washington Hall to check my student mailbox and was quite surprised to find two small cards in it, each one being an announcement that an insured package was waiting for me. I went in back to the service department and claimed them. One was much larger than the other; both were from Tilden-Thurber in Providence. I didn't have too much time to waste before my first class of the day, but the packages intrigued me, so amidst all the turbulence which pervades the service department, and beneath the gawking eyes of two of the ladies who sort the mail, I opened the two boxes right then and there. The first - the larger one- contained two handsome bookends with American Eagles placed on a gold background. The little card which came enclosed was from my parents and read "Just to let you know we're still celebrating Chanukah." Now these bookends were of pretty high quality and I couldn't imagine why my parents would think it necessary to send me something in addition. I therefore opened the second package with increased curiosity. I was bewildered, stunned, amazed, and demoralized when I uncovered the contents of this package. Among much packing and wrapping, there were two small green felt bags. Each of these contained a striking sterling silver candlestick. I am not one who lends himself particularly to emotional outbursts, especially on a Monday, so I simply resigned myself to my fate and tried to pass the ungodly mess off as a typical, additional Monday nuisance. But ignoring it proved to be extremely difficult, because for one thing, the enclosed card was not from my parents. Rather, beautiful handwriting, the kind developed only by experienced grammer school teachers, revealed the gift was from Dorothy Franks and Margaret Franks. Had I known either of these two women, or indeed ever heard of them, my distress would have been significantly minimized. But it couldn't be that simple, not on a Monday of all days, and not at Andover, of all places.

The names Dorothy and Margaret Franks bothered me all day. I thought of them off and on during American History class while we were ostensibly discussing President Polk's Four Point Program. I thought of them in Russian class while we were reading Tolstoi's "Where There Is Love There Is Also God." I thought of them in Asian History class while we were studying the British exploitation of the Canton Trade. I thought of them in Religion class while we were discussing Taoism. All day long I searched for some way to end the problem of the delinquent candlesticks One idea I came up with was sending Tilden-Thurber a letter, but I dismissed this possibility because I felt I didn't have enough time to compose a message that wouldn't be marred by gross denunciations of the firm. Most people I talked to about it were somewhat sympathetic and almost all were of the opinion that I give them to my mother. One boy even tried to persuade me that I should give them to the Jewish students religious group for use in their services.

By 10 P.M. this whole situation began to cause havoc. I soon realized that I wouldn't be able to study until I got the thing settled, for I admit that I have an unbelieveably weak power of concentration. At this point I called Harold Stults, and Freeland Abbott, two fellows in my dormitory, into my room for serious consultation. I presented, with mock judi-

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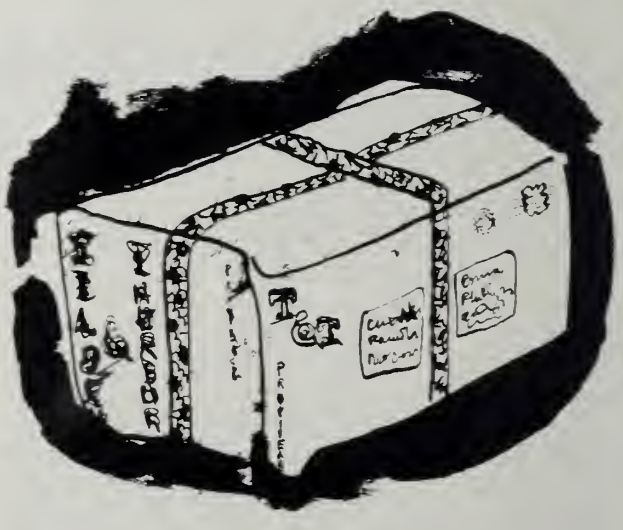
MR. & MRS. ALBERT K. K. ROEHIG

cial seriousness, "Exhibit A" - the package, "Exhibit B" - the card, and "Exhibits C and D" - the two offending candlesticks. The boys looked at them for awhile and we discussed the monetary value of the silverware. Freeland finally offered me $10 for them and I confess that I almost accepted his proposition. But by this time I had taken an unusually personal interest in the candlesticks and wouldn't part with them for anything less than the $50 we had decided they were worth. Harold and Freeland stayed in my room for nearly an hour, trying to convince me to help them write the dorm Christmas play. They were having a good deal of trouble with it because they had decided to compuse it in Shakespearean style and had found they weren't very proficient at it. My sympathy for their cause was overwhelming, but I had decided that I would not do another thing until these stupid candlesticks were disposed of in a method which I could approve of — a method I had not yet conceived.

No new developments in this dilemma presented themselves on Tuesday - at least none that I knew of. The day was relatively tranquil and by the end of it I had been able to relegate Dorothy and Margaret Franks and their insidious candlesticks to a very subordinate position in my mind. But when Wednesday appeared, the situation suddenly blurdgeoned with startling rapidity. Along with ten other boys, I was sitting in the reading room of our dorm, Abbot Stevens House, smoking and conversing before the first period class which begins at 8:12. As I recall it now, we were talking innocently about various girls we knew, when at 7:55 one fellow calmly asked me who the "chick" was who called me the night before from Providence. I was immediately alarmed, for I hadn't known that *anyone* had called me Tuesday, and of course, I didn't know who it was. In the two or three minutes which remained before I had to leave for English class, I gathered what few facts there were regarding the call. As I was to understand it, a female voice phoned me long distance from Providence at 7:10. I was not there, and the boy who answered, Brooke Williams, said the "voice" remarked that she would call back later. There were several witneses to this overt act, and all of them had the same story, so it would have been difficult not to believe that someone had called me.

The new problem now was to find out who it was. One of my first thoughts was that perhaps it was Margaret or Dorothy Franks. I tended to dismiss this idea though, because our dormitory phone number is unlisted, and it would have to be some sort of emergency, or at least a problem of pressing nature, for the operator to release the number. Had Margaret Franks found out that Tilden-Thurber had sent me her candlesticks and become so incensed about it that she forced the operator to give her our number? No, I decided hopefully, this wasn't the case.

There exists in Providence this girl named Mary Israel whom I know and who furthermore has my phone number. It was she, I concluded, who must have called. During the course of the day I decided I would phone

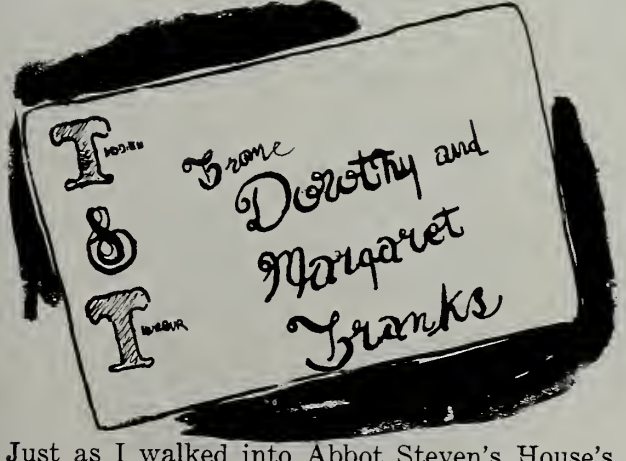


Mary after supper if she didn't call back first. In the middle of the afternoon I was again sitting in the dorm reading room, quite disgusted, for I had just bought another stale pack of Marlboros - my tenth stale one in a row. Just then Freeland walked in with a fresh pack of Kents. As he lit one up he inquired briefly as to my progress in disposing of the candlesticks. When he switched his subject to the art of brewing hard cider, I figured it was time to leave, so I want out and bought a pack of Kents for myself. I returned to the reading room and as I began to open the package, a thought struck me which was positively pulverizing. It was so startling, in fact, that I failed to get annoyed that these cigarettes too were stale. Like a revelation, I recalled that there is a girl I know in Fall River, named Eileen Shaw, who takes art lessons in Providence every Tuesday evening. Yes, I decided she was the one who called. After all, she had phoned in the past, and it was just the type of stunt for her to pull - calling and then leaving me in suspense. I was sort of proud of myself for having at last solved this mystery and resolved to confirm my belief immediately.

With hopes high, I went to the phone and called Eileen, billing the charges to my home. I knew my parents wouldn't mind the expense, and would probably even welcome it, because a few weeks before, I had phoned Miss Shaw and reversed the charges. When my family found out about it they were quite disturbed, and so ever since, I had been searching for some way to make it up to them. Eileen listened incredouusly to my tale of the candlesticks and the call, but firmly denied phoning me. She too was of the opinion it must have been Miss Israel.

As soon as I finished talking with Eileen, the nagging suspicion that perhaps no one at all had called me began to bother me, so I went into Brooke's room again and we reviewed the events of the previous evening for what must have been the sixth or seventh time. I was searching for some way I could be sure someone had called me and I guess I tried to goad Brooke into making a bet on it. Anyway I got him to agree to swear to his story on a Bible, and maybe it is in the spirit of the whole weird affair that the only Bible he had was one printed in Russian. Supper time was quickly approaching, so I had to settle for this particular copy.

After the evening meal, I returned to the dorm prepared to dig my way out of this mystery, or actually the two mysteries, since I now not only had to figure out who had called Tuesday, but also to plot a course for the disposal of the candlesticks, or alterratively, for their return. I still had no concrete evidence that the two problems were connected.



Just as I walked into Abbot Steven's House's middle corridor, where my room is located, I heard a fellow on the telephone. He was apparently terminating a conversation, and in an obliging tone, murmured, "Okay, thank you, good bye." He then turned and started walking towards my room. "There you are," he cried, "there was just a telephone call for you! It was some frantic woman in Providence. She wants you to call her right away." It was - it was someone named Margaret Tanks or something. I don't know, but she sounded really excited. She was screaming! You better call her."

My heart jumped. It was Margaret Franks! She must have been the "female voice" who called me Tuesday evening. At last I had the opportunity to begin to settle the candlestick dilemma. But I was cautious. I didn't want to phone her immediately, for I didn't want it to seem that I had had the boy lie for me and say I wasn't there just because I didn't want to speak to Margaret Franks. In fact, by this time, I was dying to speak to Margaret Franks. If you really want to know, it was the only thing in the world I wanted, next to, of course, the impossibility of being totally removed from the mess in the first place.

I waited fifteen minutes and then went to the phone. Miss Franks had left no number but had said it would be in the Providence phone book. After a short internal debate in which I decided not to reverse the charges

to the woman, I asked for Providence information. Apparently there was no Margaret Franks listed in the directory, but there was a Dorothy Franks, and, figuring that they must be sisters living together, I was satisfied that the number would be sufficient. Remembering the urgency which I had been told echoed in Miss Franks' voice, it struck me as being rather peculiar when no one answered the phone in her house. But I was adamant, and though it took seven or eight attempts during some of which I lost my reasoning power and tried various Providence operators to see if they perhaps had a listing for Margaret Franks, or maybe a different number for Dorothy

Franks - I finally reached someone at the house at 9:45. Several boys, having heard of the absurdity of this ridiculous situation, gathered around the dorm phone as the momentous conversation commenced.

The voice on the other end of the line was calm, and seemed far from frantic. With much patience and some politeness, I inquired. "Are you Margaret Franks?"

After all my trouble, it seemed sort of an anticlimax when she replied, "Yes."

"Well," I said, "I'm Chuck Bakst up here in Andover."

"Who?"

"Well do you have a sister Dorothy?"

"Yes - but she didn't call either."

After I asked her again if she was sure she hadn't, I began to lose the little patience I had had. I then took a different approach and declared, "I have some candlesticks,"

Obviously taken back, Miss Franks retorted, "You have some what?"

I didn't even bother to repeat my statement and instead asked her point blank, "Did you buy some candlesticks in Tilden-Thurber?"

"Oh yes," she stammered, "candlesticks - Tilden - Thurber - yes I bought some candlesticks from Tilden-Thurber."

"Well, I have them up here."

"Are you kidding?"

Very calmly, I explained to her that I had her candlesticks and that I was shortly going to have final exams. Consequently I had no time at all to devote to repackaging her property and sending it back to her.

"I don't think you should," she said, "Let the store pay for it."

I must admit that I was stunned by her tolerance at what she must have still thought was some kind of joke. She then continued, "I bought them for a wedding present, and when I went to the wedding, I was very disturbed that the people hadn't received them."

By then I was almost on the defensive, and not being able to come up with anything more brilliant, I offered my humble opinion that these were indeed "very nice candlesticks."

"Yes, I know they are," was the only comment the dazed voice on the other end could make to that. She went on, "I think I'll call Tilden-Thurber tommorrow and give them a piece of my mind."

With overwhelming intelligence I remarked, "Well I don't think this thing is very funny."

The fellows who were listening to my battle thought this observation was rather humorous,

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and even Miss Franks had to agree, "No, I don't think it's very funny either. What did you say your name was - John?" After I corrected her, she continued, "And what's the name of your school?"

I told her as patiently as I could, "Phillips Academy. But people call it Andover. Because it's in Andover.'

For some reason I was very thankful when the conversation was over. In fact I was sort of jubilant when I went down to the reading room and announced that I had at last contacted Margaret Franks. Right then, Stults walked in with a broad grin on his face. Apparently proud of himself, his cheeks turning nearly as red as the color of his hair, he confessed, "Well now that it's all over, we might as well tell you. Margaret Franks never called you. Not last night nor tonight. Paul Wardlaw and I phoned from the infirmary yesterday and I called from the dining hall this evening. I disguised my voice and tried to make it very high so you'd think it was a woman."

By then I was nearly senseless and had no comprehension of the deep importance of his admission. I wasn't even angry, especially when he gave me the money it had cost to call Providence. Really I almost had to laugh about the whole thing, pretending it struck me as hilarious when the housemaster's wife appeared bewildered and asked to see the candlesticks which we were talking about.

Well, several days passed and the fall term ended without my hearing a word from Tilden-Thurber, Margaret Franks, or even Dorothy Franks; when I returned home for vacation I brought the two candlesticks with me. My parents were quite amused at the story, but both agreed that the merchandise had to be returned to the store. My father was the one who was elected to go into Providence. When he entered the establishment he told the clerk defiantly that he wasn't running an express service and didn't really have to return the candlesticks. The saleswoman groped helplessly for some way she could reimburse my father for his pains, offering to give him "gas money." Instead, my father prudently accepted a cigarette lighter—sterling silver, of course.

This lighter was to cause almost as much pain as the candlesticks. Really, I wish I had the energy to tell you more about it, but all this typing has been a tremendous strain on my right hand. Anyway, the gauze is beginning to unwind itself and I should go and change the bandage.

T. Yamada

Scott Persons

One of the most interesting—and most bitter—debates over our country's foreign policy is centered on our support of the United Nations' operation in the Congo. Like most such debates, it has resolved itself into a clash between the political left and the political right, and like many, it has produced a rash of irresponsible statements from extremists of the right and of the left. Partisans of the right have charged that we are betraying an anti-Communist friend to a Communist-controlled central government, and have even gone so far as to claim that our press is hiding and distorting "the true facts about the Congo." Some partisans of the left, in angry reaction, have tried to discredit the large and for the most part sincere opposition as the result of the propaganda of one man, Michel Streulens, a legally registered agent of Moise Tshombe working in New York on a budget of only $140,000 a year.

It is easy to explain the bitterness of the Congo debate. Although the main issue of whether the U.N. should be in the Congo is clear-cut and well-defined, the debate touches on other controversial questions as well: what the proper attitude of the United States to the U.N. should be; whether we should be in the U.N. at all, and whether the Kennedy Administration's foreign policy is in the best interests of the United States and the Western World. All the while, the reporting from the confused Congo is often hazy, inconsistent, and incomplete.

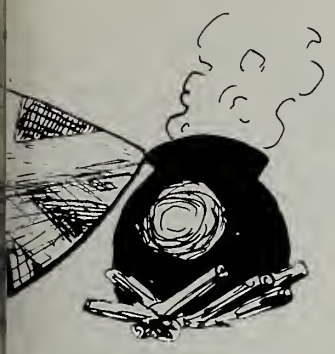
It is almost as easy, although it takes longer, to explain why the U.N. is in the Congo, and why this writer endorses the United States support of the U.N. operation there.

CONGO ASKS FOR U.N. HELP

When the Congo achieved its independence eighteen months ago, it was a large and relatively prosperous African nation, but due to the Belgians' failure to train the Congolese in running the local and national institutions, peace and stability depended on the loyalty and discipline of the 30,000 man army.

Five days later, the army mutinied. The return of Belgian paratroopers to keep order was repugnant to these newly-independent people, and served to drive many leaders to take anti-Western positions. Soon tribal groups in many areas of the country, including Moise Tshombe of southern Katanga Province, declared their independence, thus furthering the breakdown of orderly government and threat-

(Continued on Page 18)



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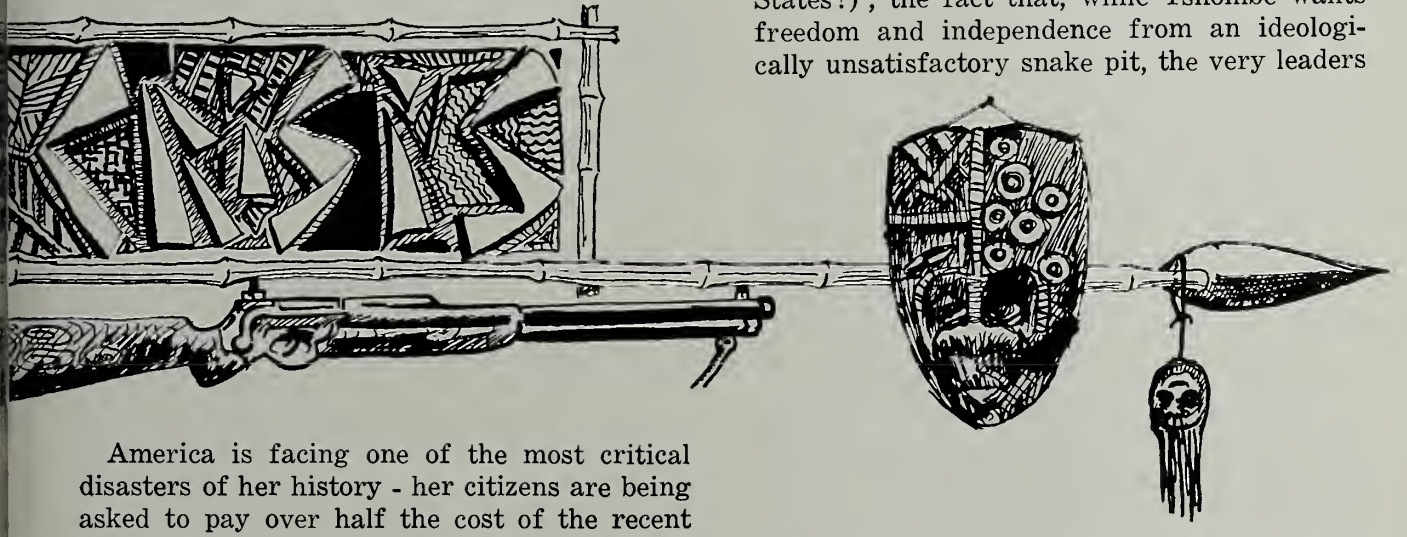

America is facing one of the most critical disasters of her history - her citizens are being asked to pay over half the cost of the recent United Nations action in Katanga. Let us examine the position of this organization, supposedly devoted to the cause of world peace.

The United Nations troops committed an outright act of agression against the people of the secessionist province of Katanga, in order to forcibly reunite their province with the central Congolese government. It did not matter that the charter of the United Nations commits that organization to the cause of peace and specifically prohibits it from interfering in the internal affairs of any nation. In short ,it did not matter that the act was illegal. And, if the United States pays any part of the cost of the Congo action, it will not matter that the very survival of our form of government has always depended upon the belief of the large majority in law and order. But, though the United Nations had no legal right whatsoever to meddle with the Katanga matter, and, in short, had no business being in the Congo, let us examine the situation still further.

Why, we ask, was this illegal atrocity perpetrated? The justification advanced by those supporting the Congo action - specifically by Secretary of State Rusk - is that, since all the wealth of the Congo lies in Katanga, should Katanga separate from the Congo, the rest of the Congo would, perhaps, be more liable to "go Communist." The fact that the rest of the Congo is already infiltrated by Communists and Communist sympathizers - indeed, Gizenga, one of the top men in the Congo, is "Moscow's man in the Congo" - is disregarded; the fact that Tshombe, leader of secessionist Katanga, is pro-West and anti-Communist is either blandly ignored or passively questioned (certainly, were Tshombe not strongly pro-West, would he not be flirting with Kremlin, after taking all the gas he has taken from his "champion," the United States?) ; the fact that, while Tshombe wants freedom and independence from an ideologically unsatisfactory snake pit, the very leaders of the central Congo government admit that a completely solid and unified central Congo government is totally impossible, and, along with Tshombe, look favorably and willingly toward a federation rather than a central government is either ignored or stifled. Yet the United Nations moved in. Did it ever occur to anyone that perhaps neither party thought unification possible and desireable? And, if the United States continues to support the Congo action, will it not be denying that same principle upon which our country was conceived, the principle of self-determination, which stems

(Continued on Page 21)

(Burns: Continued from Page 16)
ening the Congo with full-scale anarchy, civil war, and the inevitable consequences of great-power intervention.

The Congo then asked the U.N. for help, in order to provide an acceptable alternative to the return of Belgian control and the threat of great-power intervention, and to furnish the Congolese government with the necessary breathing space to enable it to re-establish law and order and rebuild the country on the shattered but still workable foundations left by the Belgians.

Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold responded by asking the Security Council for a U.N. force to replace the Belgian troops and assist in the maintenance of order. The resolution approving this force also contained provisions against intervention by outside countries in the Congo's internal affairs.

U.S. SUPPORT OF RESOLUTION

At the time of the resolution, big power intervention was already underway. The Soviets were moving their agents, planes, and equipment into the Congo, while the Belgians were working closely with Tshombe to insure the success of the Katanga secession. The reason Tshombe's secession is so significant is that the half of Katanga which his supporters inhabit, containing one-twelfth the area and one-twentieth of the population of the Congo, also contains the greatest part of the mineral wealth that is the Congo's principal source of income. Without these natural resources the Congo is economically unviable. The Belgian intervention in Katanga was due to the majority interests of Belgian stockholders in the *Union Miniere,* which mines these minerals.

Three courses of action were open to the United States: We could "wring our hands and do nothing"; we could intervene directly, putting U.S. power face-to-face with the Belgians, our friends, and with the Soviets, with all the risks of conflict and escalation that implied; or we could support the U.N. action, acting impartially on behalf of the world community, and in support of its charter obligation to preserve peace.

We have stood by our decision and now have reason to be proud of it. The U.S.S.R., however, has consistently opposed the U.N. operation in the Congo, by harassing first Dag Hammarskjold and now U Thant for vigorous leadership of the Congo operation, by promoting dissident elements in the attempt to effect a Communist takeover, and by refusing to contribute a ruble, much less their share ,of the costs of the operation.

SUCCESS OF U.N. OPERATION

Despite the temporary separation of Katanga Province from the Congo, and the other tragic events of the last year, the presence of the U.N. in the Congo provided a shield behind which the basically moderate leaders could slowly re-organize a stable government. Finally in July of 1961 a new government was duly elected according to the provisions of the Constitution, which was approved before independence by all the political leaders of the Congo - including those who have since tried to secede.

To head the government Parliament chose Cyrille Adoula, a brilliantly effective, firmly anti-Communist moderate, then a leader of a nationalist trade union. To insure a broad base of support for the new government, Adoula had to include Antoine Gizenga, the Communist-puppet lieutenant of the late Patrice Lumumba, as his Vice Premier: recent events, however, have demonstrated Gizenga's complete lack of influence in the central government.

Had Adoula failed to solve the main problem of Congo unity, the result would have been civil war, and Gizenga and the Soviets had placed all their hopes on this explosion. In September the pressure on Adoula to effect a solution reached its peak at the same time the harassment of the U.N. force in Katanga, designed to make its position untenable, had reached the stage of terrorism. During the cease-fire kidnappings, assaults, murders, sabatoge, and an attempt to cut off the U.N. forces from their base of supplies necessitated the limited U.N. action against Elisabethville.

No one can be glad that this action was necessary. The battle was especially bloody and nightmarish. However, with the U.N. now controlling Elisabethville, negotiations between Adoula and Gizenga have produced an agreement on the re-integration of Katanga into the Congo. Tshombe is not noted for a proclivity to honor agreements; but with Adoula dealing from a position of strength, and Tshombe from one of weakness, Tshombe can be held to his agreement, which insures the future of the Congo.

Last fall Gizenga, disappointed with his failure to control the central government, withdrew to Stanleyville to organize a separatist regime in Orientale Province. Recent events, at a whirlwind pace, have spelled out his downfall. Parliament demanded that he return to Leopolidville; General Lundula, commander of Gizenga and stripped him of his office. Gizenga's troops pledged allegiance to the central government, and when Gizenga refused to return, Parliament censured. Gizenga sent troops to ar-

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rest Lundula, but they were repelled, and at Adoula's demand Lundula arrested Gizenga. With the toppling of the last separatist regime, Adoula can now supervise the economic and political re-integration and rebuilding which the Congo so desperately needs.

The U.N. has achieved its basic objectives in the Congo: to assist in the maintenance of order and to keep foreign powers from forcibly Balkanizing (splitting a large nation into many small, weak nations) the Congo. It need now only keep the peace until Adoula is satisfied he can do it by himself and then withdraw. The U.N. action in the Congo, and the United States support of it, has proven to be more than justifiable - it has proven to be commendable and wise.

OBJECTIONS UNFOUNDED

Those who oppose the U.N. action in the Congo claim that we are forcibly subjugating a rightfully independent nation in violation of the U.N. Charter, the American heritage, and the principle of self-determination.

The issue in Katanga is not, however, one of self-determination versus subjugation, but rather one of armed secession versus legitimate authority. History repeats itself, but the issue in Katanga is not the shadow of our Revolutionary War; it is rather the shadow of our Civil War. The U.N. action in the Congo is legally, politically, and morally right.

1) The separation of Katanga is an illegal secession. It is a violation of the Constitution which Tshombe as well as the other Congolese leaders approved before independence.

2) The U.N. operation is within the framework of the U.N. Charter. Article II, section 7 of the Charter states that the U.N. " . . . is not to interfere with matters that are essentially domestic to a state, *but this shall not apply with respect to threats to the peace, breaches of the peace, and acts of aggression.*" Not only was the turmoil in the Congo a definite threat to the peace, but the activities of the Belgians in Katanga and of the Soviets in Orientale constituted flagrant acts of agression which the legitimate government of the Congo called on the U.N. to stop.

3) Because there are many separate tribes in the Congo, it is claimed that any tribe which wishes to secede should be allowed to. If this argument is valid, then Tshombe too is condemnable, for Katanga Province contains two tribes: Tshombe's Lunda tribe, which supports his secession, and the northern Baluba tribe, which supports a unified Congo.

But the Belgian government structure is the only one the Congo has ever known outside of

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the separate tribal structures. The Balkanization of the Congo would mean the establishment of twenty or more weak, small, conflicting, and economically unviable states in violation of the legitimate Constitution, and would make permanent the chaos the Congo has already suffered. And this would enable the Soviet Communists to "fish where they can catch the most - in troubled waters."

(Critics of the U.N. operation have claimed that in contrast to the central government troops, the Katanga troops are well-organized, well-disciplined, and obedient. The nefarious actions of the Katanga troops against the U.N. force during the cease-fire, and the kidnapping by Katanga troops of two members of Senator Dodd's party during his recent Elisabethville visit explode this myth.

Priemier Adoula is working toward an elite, U.N.-trained army of 2,000 men, tutored in conduct and respect for military and civilian authorities. He will soon be able to dismiss the large, useless, underpaid, and unruly mob of 30,000 which has caused so many of the Congo's woes.)

Had the United States supported Tshombe, we would have driven the moderates in the central government to anti-Western positions, and the economically unviable Congo would have fallen easy prey to the Communists. We would then have only a vulnerable, temporarily pro-Western Katanga for our pains, instead of the strong, viable, unified and pro-Western Congo we can look forward to today.

In the Congo, Eisenhower and Kennedy were faced with an apparent choice between war and appeasement, between supporting "old-style" European colonialism and acquiescing to Communist imperialism. The decisions were hard, the risks great, and the path narrow, long, and often frustrating. In one of the best examples of hard-headed, intelligent American foreign policy we have seen in years, these two men have plucked from the horns of their dilemma a solution of which we can all be proud.

(Allison: Continued from Page 17)
from the idea that man has a natural right to be free, whether it means for America to be free from Great Britain, or for Katanga to be free from the Congo? Granted, the Katanga people were rebels, but, had they won, would they not be patriots?

Finally, let us recall the nature of the conflict. The bombing by the United Nations forces of hospitals led to the protests of the Red Cross. People were needlessly slaughtered by the boxcar, contrary to even the most basic rules of war which the United States has always supported, and for the violation of which Nazis were tried at Nurenburg. Unbelievable atrocities, reported by Professor Van den Haag, a noted social scientist and author sent to the Congo as an impartial observer, led Tshombe to beg the United States, a country which has always represented justice and fair play, to stop supporting the United Nations criminals. We refused. Of course Tshombe was both surprised and disillusioned. Though most of our allies, including Great Britain woke up to reality and withdrew support of the Congo action, the United States slept. We even slept through suppressed accounts of wanton destruction of churches and gardens in Katanga, of the slaughter of unarmed Katangese in jeeps, and of the bombing of Kantangese ambulances coming for the wounded - all by the United Nations forces. Let us hope that the date of the Congo action will not, by mistake, be recorded in history as October, 1956.

The United Nations troops had no legal right being in Katanga. Moreover, their action aided the savage, terrorist section of the Congo against the Christian leader of a far more civilized province, more civilized by any standard, in which the natives have chosen to work side by side with both the workers and the leaders of industry, who came from Europe to settle in the Congo, rather than to butcher them and rape their women. And, from our point of view, the Congo action has done no more than aid the Communists, not only by sacrificing our own principles by taking part in the action, but also by potentially handing the Communists, on a silver platter, all the wealth of Kataga. All these actions were committed in what could be termed the most vicious and atrocious manner. In short, the United Nations action in Katanga was the grossest punishment of a people whose only crime was wanting to be free. Before the United States pays any part of the cost of the United Nations action, let her not forget the words of Abraham Lincoln: "Those who would deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves."

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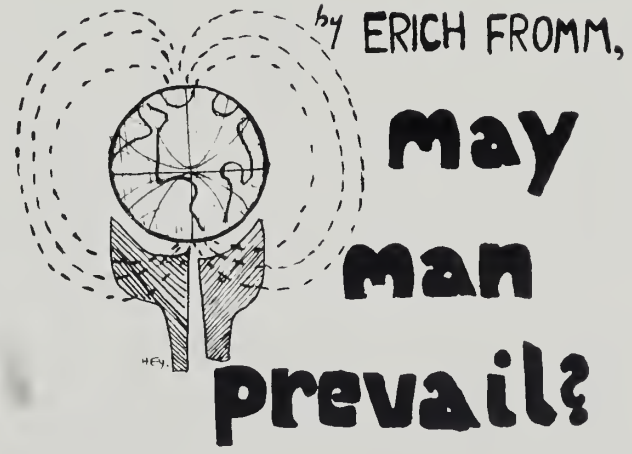

252 pp. Garden City: Doubleday

review by Charles Beard

"Up until 1961 few Americans took the possibility of nuclear war very seriously," writes Erich Fromm, world famous psychoanalyst and one of the major spokesmen for "disarmament," in the January issue of "Commentary" Magazine. "Many were convinced that such a war would never occur because it would be too destructive; others did not think about it at all. The change which took place in 1961 was brought about in the first instance by the acute Berlin crisis and President Kennedy's speech of July 25. The President told the nation . . . 'that (Khruschev) had threatened to execute his Berlin plans within six months, at the most, and since we were resolved not to accept such an ultimatum, the inference was that thermonuclear war was a definite possibility before the end of the year." The question "Is America's path correct?" lurks continually in the background. Fromm says "No" as he discusses the present international crisis in his latest work, *May Man Prevail?*

Fromm starts his discussion with the observation that much of the thought in politics, today, is totally unrealistic and inconsistent. He notes, for example, that in America, "we call it subversion when the Russians make anti-American propaganda, but Radio Free Europe's broadcasts are not subversive," and on the other side, the German Democratic Republic is by no means what its name implies.

But even more important, he calls attention to the fact that the American public seems unable to distinguish between the *possibility* of nuclear attack and the *probability* of nuclear attack. While there is a distinct possibility that the Russians want to conquer the United States by force, the probability that they want to is entirely different matter—one which has not been explored.

excellent documentation the probability that Russia would want to conquer us by force. He traces clearly Russia's shift in emphasis from expansion in the 1920's to consolidation and preservation today. He quotes Engels who said that those who expected capitalist revolutions were grossly incorrect. He traces Stalin's industrialization of the Soviet Union and goes on to describe the complex bureaucracy which exists today.

Khruschev, he continues, is trying to preserve the tremendous bureaucracy that Stalin built. Khruschev is accomplishing this goal by removing the terror which was so prevalent during Stalin's rule and by increasing the standard of living of the people.

The question of the communist attitude toward war, however, is still not answered. Quoting from the statement of 81 Communist Parties in Moscow, November, 1960, he shows that they feel "the countries of victorious socialism would influence the world chiefly by their economic construction" and not by means of war.

Fromm then takes a look at the meaning of the Communist ideology. He concludes in

tionary, the fact that the social and political structures are actively engaged in preserving themselves rather than expanding makes the ideology irrelevant.

Further, he states that the communist ideology is not written from the politico—philosophical point of view, but rather from a socio-economic one. Thus, the "class struggles" and "revolutions" are economic and not political as we often think. It is far more accurate to think of the revolutions as we think of the Industrial Revolution rather than the Hungarian Revolution in 1956. The idea may seem strange, but examination shows that Russian society simply is not very similar to Marx's idea of socialism. Marx's ideal had a classless society. The class structure, as Fromm illustrates, is just as rigid in Russia as it is in America, if not more so. Marx spoke of having each person give according to his ability and receive according to his needs, but the wage scales in Russia rather resemble ours in certain areas. Marx spoke of the individual living in socialism as "free, productive, (and) independent." We would agree that the Russian people do not qualify here either. Russia simply has a political "state managerialism" which is not economic socialism, whatever it may be.

Chinese Communism and the German problems are discussed next, in that order. Fromm feels that the real conflict between Russia and China comes from the fact that Russia is a "have" nation, and China is a "have not" nation. While there are certainly other points of difference, many can be explained in terms of this conflict. China wants to lead the Communist world ideologically while the Soviet Union wants to maintain its lead.

Germany, feels Fromm, is controlled by its industrialists. He blames the industrial lead-

world wars. This is certainly an interesting thought. If it is true, then his suggestion that Germany can raise the ugly head of war again takes on special signficance.

Having analyzed the major Communist countries, Fromm then presents his plan for ending the cold war peacefully. Briefly, he calls for a recognition of the *status quo*. Then mutual disarmament can begin by agreement. He feels the money which is saved from armaments should be channeled into the underdeveloped countries without effort to influence them ideologically.

The new nations of the world will have such things as government ownership; they will not wait two hundred years to develop a mature capitalistic system. Our only hope of showing these peoples that individuality and freedom can exist with socialism is to make some immediate changes in our foreign policy. We must support the popular movements even if it means subordinating big business and military interests which support foreign governments. We must continue to support the democratic socialist system in underdeveloped countries. We must condemn colonialism without hesitation.

The ideas expressed in this work certainly have merit—enough, in fact to be considered seriously. The book is disturbing. If what Fromm says is true— and there is little reason to think otherwise—then America must make some radical changes or it will accomplish what it is trying to prevent—its downfall.

a review of Mary McCarthy's "ON THE CONTRARY"

312 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus, Cudahy

review by David Bowen

Mary McCarthy is a free-lance social critic, that is, she has no dogmatic standards - she will attack the Left, the Right, the Middle-of-the Road, and even herself. But her style is more important than the objects of her criticism. *Artists in Uniform*, her most powerful essay, is a nicely balanced combination of wit and disdain. The essay concerns an anti-Semitic Army colonel who met Miss McCarthy on a train. She was wearing "artists" clothes, so that after the colonel and his friends had typed her, the colonel began to "show off" his typical anti-Semitism. Miss McCarthy relates all the colonel's stock remarks - "I've got a lot of Jewish friends." "I draw a distinction between a kike and a Jew." " . . . don't get me wrong. I think they're human beings." Then she concludes that " . . . anti-Semitism was a form of intellectuality, the sole form of intellectuality of which (he was) capable." When he was making his "distinction", the colonel was showing off his mind. Her distaste for this is made even more powerful by the clarity and logic with which it is developed. Miss McCarthy has ample evidence for her conclusion.

While she presents her colonel, Miss McCarthy also observes her own reactions. She notices how important it is to her that he not learn of her Jewish grandmother; she knows, in retrospect, what her motives were in talking to the colonel. Besides expressing her distaste, she sees the humor of the discussion and of her position in it. This blend of wit and clear understanding makes her both a superb spokesman for others who are "against those who are against any race or nation," and an entertaining writer.

The facility of Miss McCarthy's mind and style is shown in a second essay — *Tyranny of the Orgasm*. This is a revue of *Modern Woman, The Lost Sex* by F. Lundberg and M. Farnham. Lundberg and Farnham conclude in their book that man is neurotic, woman have been displaced as a biological machine, and thus as they become more educated they lose their hallowed gift — THE ORGASM. Miss McCarthy's dry style, and her occasional sarcasm, mercilessly expose this "disingenuous" book, whose "authors will say *anything*."

Another of the essays — *The Fact in Fiction* — reveals her as a literary critic of uncommon insight. Essentially this essay is an analysis of the modern novel, or lack of it. Miss McCarthy defines "novel" as a book with "a deep love of fact." On this basis, the last great novel (excluding Faulkner) was *l'Etranger* by Camus.

After further definine a novel as having nothing of the "supernatural" in it, she shows how such books as George Elliot's *Romola* or *Candide* are not novels. The absence of the novel from modern literature is traced to our inability or unwillingness to face facts. Where Jane Austin could face the facts of her time easily, we find Hiroshima, or Auschwitz, unbelievable. In this essay, as in the others, Miss McCarthy makes her points logically and clearly. Her writing is interesting and witty.

On the Contrary is interesting because of its vitality. We find ourselves amused and interested whether Miss McCarty writes about the commonplace or the unusual. The variety and depth of her observations make this book an outstanding collection of essays.

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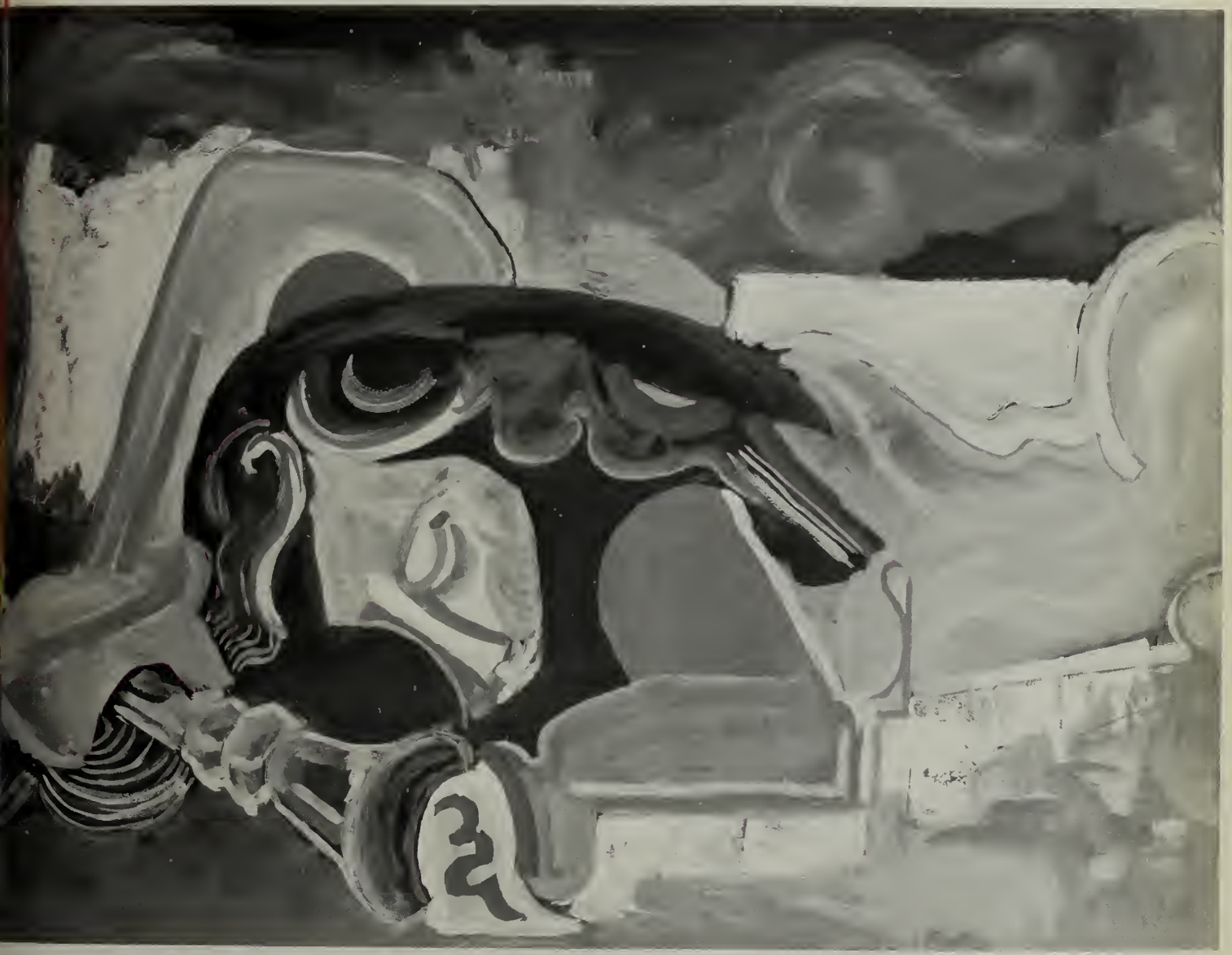

–the next war will be a moral rape / e. heyworth

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THE MIRROR

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YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A HOMER

MICHAEL BEARD

For some time I have felt the need for the existence of a truly scholarly thesis on the subject of the authorship of the Homeric legends, a topic of vital importance to anyone who pretends to be a man of letters. Since I am presently between engagements on the Worcestershire Journal of Classical Review, I said to myself this morning, aloud of course, so my Russian Borzoi, Bysshe, could share in the joy of my inspiration, "Why, at last I have the time to do that Homer thing!" Bysshe, though tired from an invigorating chase through the garret in search of my Prince Albert pouch, growled in hearty approval. So now I am seated at my desk, pensively chewing my quill as I look out the latticed window, hoping, Byron willing, that I can once and for all settle this Homer misunderstanding.

It will be of help later in this dissertation to ascertain just what are the facts we know for certain about the Homeric legends. We know that back in the forgotten depths of antiquity, before Milton invented the sonnet, even before Dryden was born, there was a literary movement in Greece and the Aegean Islands, a movement in which singers would improvise heroic tales in the courts of ancient kings. From two of these legends came the Greek sagas, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The question that remains, of course, is: did there exist a balladeer named Homer who performed the stories commonly attributed to him? Certainly it would be here of some assistance to examine the use in these two legends of the interrogative pronoun, a topic so often skipped over in similar treatises.

Homer, or whoever (or whatever) wrote these tales, was a confirmed user of the interrogative pronoun wherever Greek usage dictated. By no means an innovator, the author of these stories regularly followed Greek convention in using that part of speech. Perhaps some examples would be appropriate at this point. . . .

But as I write these lines I am rent with doubt cast by a recent occurrence. Just as I began to be engrossed in my task, I heard a light tap upon my door. It was Virginia, the beautiful little bairn who lives across the heather from my cottage. With her twinkling eyes and golden ringlets she looked up out of the sunshine and said, "You seen my dog, Mister?"

"Come in, come in, my dear child," I said. "So you want to hear a story. Why, sit right down over here. Busy as I am, I can think of nothing that would please me more than to tell you of Evangeline, a beautiful girl like you who lived in a far-away land."

"You got any candy?" said the lovely little creature, laying her chubby finger inside her pert nose.

"Perhaps today you would rather hear some poetry. I know a lovely poem about children just like you. It's called 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood'. Would you like me to tell it to you?"

"Hey Mister, I'm thirsty," she said, her rosy face glowing in the russet light of my dusky study.

But no, I thought, Wordsworth is not appropriate for this cherub. For here was a living, vibrant presence, whose very aliveness filled me with awe that The Creator could produce such a perfect manifestation of human beauty. No, the only suitable words for such a lovely creature would be in a living story, not in an expository essay. The words for Virginia perhaps could be found in an active, exciting, vivid story, a story like . . . why, like the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. A sense of shame struck me like a winter gust. Here I was dissecting these vital pieces of poetry like a scientist in a laboratory, while all over the world, young scholars happily were running to their Greek, trusting in their innocent hearts that here was something solid, something they could depend upon . . . Homer, the greatest story teller of the Western World. And scholars like me were trying to destroy mankind's faith in the Classics by casting doubt on the very existence of Homer. Granted, this is a question for adults, who must face the realities of the cruel world; but children's faith must not be shaken. I thought of the heartbreaking doubt of young people all over the world when they first heard the cynicism of

adults like myself, trying our best to explode the Homer "myth." Could I let Virginia become one of these children? Could I let her grow up disillusioned, jaded, deprived of the security of her dreams?

"Yes, Virginia," I said passionately, gazing into her earnest eyes, "there is a Homer. Don't let anyone ever tell you differently. As you grow older, people will try to shake your faith in all that is good: Father Christmas, the elves behind the coal scuttle, and even Homer. But these are people who do not understand; for you, for me, there will always be a Homer, just as surely as there is a merry twinkle in your bonny blue eyes, just as surely as there is a rosy glow in your healthy cheeks. No, Virginia, the people who try to destroy Homer, the people who represent all that is crass and material in the world, are wrong. As long as there are children playing on the heather, as long as happy scholars run merrily in from play to study their Greek, in breathless anticipation of classic beauty and wisdom, as long as there are bright flowers, merry meadows, poetry anthologies, and happy puppies, there will be a Homer for you. And there will be a Homer for me."

I leaned back in my chair, watching the look of relief on Virginia's face, the relief of having her faith reassured. My own faith, too, was reassured. In trying to ease the mental anguish of a frail child, I had discovered a significant truth. Surely Columbus must have felt so as he returned triumphantly to Spain after discovering the New World. And was my discovery any less important? Here I had come to the realization that truth is not to be found in exploding legends, in destroying heroes, in corrupting heritages; the beauty of Homer shall endure. Perhaps some day someone will find an ancient inscription confirming that there was no Homer. But this will make no difference: he will still live in the hearts of those who worship him.

"Hey Mister, where's the bathroom here?"

I gazed dreamily out the window, with contentment in my heart and truth in my mind. Ah, youth: how sad that we should all grow up to be adults, cynical and worldly, without the innocence and candor so necessary to poets and to men!

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OR

A STUDENT'S REVENGE

by Tim Carter

In swich arete edifyce, its bowles deepe
Wherein are sondry scholars wont to sleepe,
There lh"d with gentle favor, manner méek
A *Shepherd* in the fielde mathematike.
Of evene lengthe, above the desk a hede,
He was — swich lockes there I trow were rede.
Benieth the framed twinkle of his eye"
Burst forth with wondrous countenance his tye;
Eek of swich motilee his wyt y-shonne
That many, Godes bones, are from his course y-ronne.
To weary clerkes would he softe creepe
Whan he saw that they were fast asleepe;
A squeek, a yowl, a roar, a thunder-clappe
Would for hem betoken mylde mishappe.
(Eek come from shafte that's used to ventilate
Unnatural noise of which I'll not relate).
If he set hem sharpe questioun
They like bekommen indigestioun,
And chance hir answer sounde less than sounde
He often make a sete upon the grounde;
On oaken table yif his hede a knocke,
Or troth, entrappe hem with hammar-locke
Amidst erasers straungely wont to flye.
They lernen al about gyometrye:
A worthy sheperd maketh light his sheep
That he may hem with importaunce keep
From foule lazinesse, infirmitee
Of minde; swich an one yow nemo see.

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SNOW

AL GORDON

On January 18, 1959, an unprecedented eleven-inch snow struck the cozy farmlands and cities of middle Tennessee. Not since the "blizzard of '48," way back in the Truman administration had there been any snow which even came close to matching the "deep freeze of '59" for awesome beauty, social impact, and sheer human consternation. It still stands on record as the greatest blizzard ever to strike the area.

Columbia, Tennessee, perhaps the hardest hit of all the rural communities, is located in Maury County, in the very center of the state. Noted for its fine Tennessee Walking Horses, it is one of the greatest livestock areas in the whole Bluegrass Belt. Most of its economy is centered around tobacco, farming, jersey cattle raising, and phosphate mining. The townspeople of Columbia, numbering about 12,000, are, for the most part, easy going, not readily excitable people; and so the snow seemed to them more a source of new adventure than of enrragging frustration.

On the evening of January 17, these good people, sitting in their cozy living rooms, watched Dr. Carl Seafort on the "10:00 News and Weather" point out the "highs" and "lows" on the weather map in the WSM TV studios in Nashville, and heard him declare "snow flurries tomorrow, with possibilities of up to four and a half inches. "That night old ladies on crutches slipped into bed hoping that the prediction would be a false one, and school children prayed fervently, for the full four inches to come and releive them from their daily labor of study, but certainly no one in the whole area expected the tremendous snow that actually did come; no one expected to look out his window the next morning and see his front lawn raised almost a foot above the usual plane, the stately oaks and maples as beautifully shrouded as a wedding cake in June.

For anyone living in the Northern part of our country, a lot of explanation is necessary. Snows come only once in a great while in Tennessee. Columbia, for example had not seen a snow flake in two years.And when, occasionally a snow does come, it usually melts shortly after touching the ground, so the city and county governments do not find it necessary to be constantly prepared for cleaning streets and highways. There are no such things as real snowplows in Tennessee; the only available machines are county road graters, which do only a "halfway" job of snow moving. To say the least, the people of Columbia were caught somewhat at a loss for what to do on the morning of the 15th, and normally busy streets did not have a car on them until nearly eight o'clock. But, as a tribute to the remarkable human trait of adaptability, it must be noted that traffic, though somewhat sluggish, was moving along every street within the city limits by noon.

Some people fared better than others throughout the crisis. The fourteen filling stations in town, for example, were able to sell tire chains at an unheard of twelve dollars per set, with a one dollar and fifty cent fee for installing them. Webb Shew, the owner of Eshew Esso Station said, "I've hired four extra boys out here this mornin', and none of them have been free since we opened at nine. Hell, we have six fellers right now waitin' over next to the jacks to get their chains put on." Although most of the people owning tractors and jeeps were obliged to help pull out their neighbors buried cars in the true spirit of Southern hospitality, several of them amassed

small fortunes along the highway, especially at the long hill on the Theta Highway where one farmer collected a dollar for every vehicle he pulled up the grade with his John Deere tractor.

The farmers as a whole fared very well during the snow, for the large flakes, which were still falling fast and furious as they milked their Jerseys that morning, promised a good deposit of nitrogen for next year's tobacco, and there was no danger to the livestock. One could see the cattle in tightly closed groups beneath the pasture trees just as on any cold morning, the only difference being the whiteness of their snow-matted coats.

But not everyone fared as well as the farmers and filling station owners. Three people were hurt in automobile accidents on the icy roads, and in a Negro district, the roof of the home of Mr. Gus Dooley caved in under the weight of the snow. Fortunately no one was injured in the accident. For the first time in history, production was slowed down drasticly at the large phosphate plants of Columbia, such as Monsanto Chemical Company, Dupont, and National Carbon Company, because the large day shift of workers was not able to make its way out to the plants. It was feared temporarily that the mighty blast furnaces of Monsanto would be closed for the first time since their prewar beginning.

Needless to say, the snow had a profound effect upon the students in Maury County's schools. Whereas Northern children find that, as far as snow goes, they can take it or leave it, sons and daughters of the sunny South go mad with delight when they see the snow outside on a school morning. On this particular morning the majority of Maury County's 4312 school children turned their radios on and flipped their dials to station WKRM to hear the gospel announcement they so desired:

"Maury County School Superintendant E.A. Cox has just announced that there will be no school in Maury County today."

Mother hauled out galoshes and mittens; children invaded their garages to grease their sled runners. At nine o'clock, just as the city was finally beginning to break out of its snowy cocoon and come forth into the cold fresh air which by now displayed a bright sun and blue sky, a second announcement came:

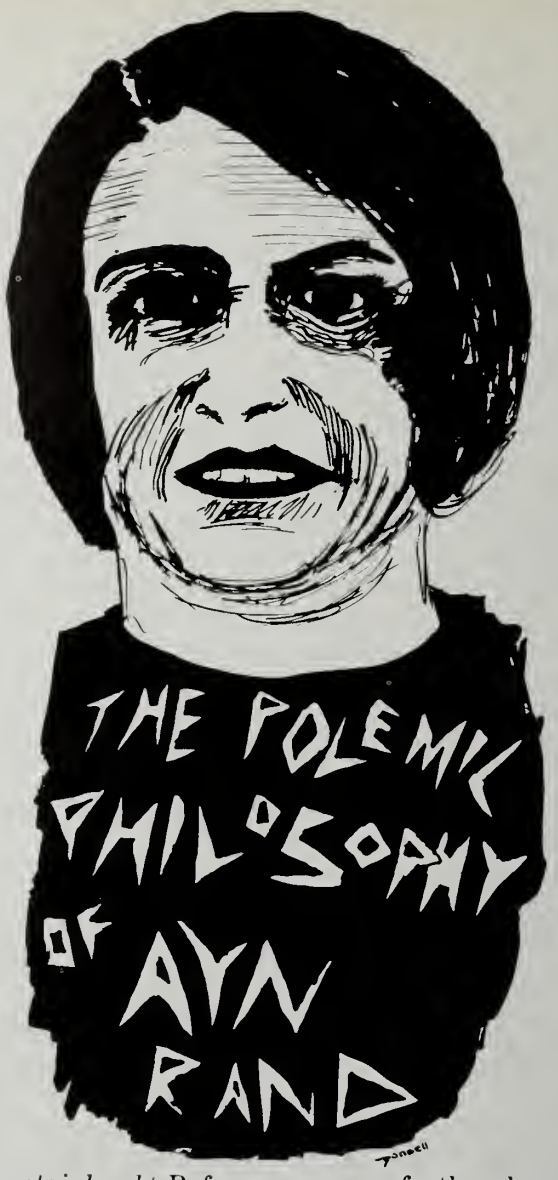
"School Superintendent E.A. Cox has just announced that Maury County School will be closed for the rest of the week."

As it finally turned out, school was closed for a week and a half, twelve days in which the children could engage in all the wonderful activities their sunny climate usually forbade them, twelve days of sledding, snowball fighting, snowman building, and icicle eating.

The best hill for sledding in Columbia is located on the Haner's farm, in the western part of the city. There, for three solid days, some forty or fifty sledders from Columbia High School gathered to zoom down the long steep hill. They came out as early as they could and stayed until frostbite and tired legs drove them in. After three days, the snow was completely worn off the hill, and the sledders left to attack other slopes. Eva Jewell, one fair Southern maiden, held an after-dark sledding party on her father's plantation, at which two eager sledders, careening down the hill, managed to completely demolish a frail outhouse which stood in their way. The rollicking good times that all the students seemed to be having led Miss Mary Graham, a high school English teacher to declare, "I don't think we shall ever get them back to school."

All in all the people accepted the snow in the attitude best expressed by Mr. Riley Randall, who broke his wrist at the unfamiliar task of putting chains on his car.

"It ain't so bad," he said, "If it would only give us a little warning, we might even be use to it before it came."



by William Morehouse

I think most of us will agree that American society is not as strong as it could be, either economically or politically. I think we could even safely come to the conclusion that, with each passing year, the United States is straying farther from the ideals upon which it was founded—the ideals of capitalism and democracy. Its citizens are awaiting an "inevitable" war with apathetic anxiety; its workers demand more and more benefits for less and less work; its mass-media seems to be one practically continuous stream of trivia; literature with any content is spurned in favor of the pleasant, time-consuming adventure story; the art of eloquently avoiding the substance of a thorny question is no longer considered cowardly, but has actually become a commendable skill; and the characteristic mood of the nation is rapidly becoming one of utter despair and boredom. If we read between the lines in any one of the several recent studies of American culture[1] we can easily draw the conclusion that our entire society is rotting away from the inside. And, faced with the constant crises of the "cold war", western civilization occasionally appears incapable of even becoming one of the clear-cut and efficient negative utopias pictured by Orwell, Zamyatin, and Huxley.

With respect to what has just been said, our course of action is limited to one of two alterntives: (1) We may repudiate the above thesis by complacently saying, "America is strong and healthy. Why should I worry? Everything will work out all right in the end."; or (2) we may admit that our society is plagued with serious cultural problems and then go about looking for the best workable solutions to these problems. In carrying out the latter course of action, Ayn Rand has become the center of a heated controversy; the solutions which she proposes call for an abrupt and complete change of moral standards. It is my contention that most of those who oppose Miss Rand's philosophy are basing their key arguments on misread or misconceived interpretations of her theme or on altered interpretations of quotes taken out of their original context.

Let us examine what the subject of this whole controversy is—what is Ayn Rand actually proposing? For this purpose I shall use as main sources three works of Miss Rand which more than adequately present her philosophy: *Atlas Shrugged*,[2] "Faith and Force, the Destroyers of the Modern World",[3] and *The Fountainhead*.[4] Before we go any farther, however, four words are used frequently enough throughout these works to warrant the author's definition and our attention. They are: altruism, reason (as opposed to mysticism), freedom, and capitalism. About altruism, Rand says, "Do not confuse altruism with kindness, good will or respect for the right of others. These are not the primaries . . . the irreducible primary of altruism, the basic absolute, is *self-sacrifice*—which means: self immolation, self-abnegation, self-denial, self-destruction—which means: the *self* as a standard of evil, the *self-less* as a standard of the good." Reason and mysticism are defined as follows: "Reason is the faculty which perceives, identifies and integrates the material provided by man's senses. Mysticism is the claim to a non-sensory means of knowledge." Concerning freedom, I quote: ". . . when I say '*freedom*', I do not mean poetic sloppiness, such as 'freedom from want' or 'freedom from fear' or 'freedom from the ne-

cessity of earning a living. I mean *'freedom from compulsion*—freedom from rule by *physical force'*. Which means: *political freedom."* Capitalism is ". . . a new economic system [compared to the age of recorded history], the necessary corollary of political freedom, a system of free trade on a free market . . ." With these freshly defined terms we are now able to begin an examination of Miss Rand's polemic philosophy.

In *Atlas Shrugged,* Rand has presented a picture of what she thinks this world will resemble in the not-too-distant future. It is a picture of a nightmare of incompetence; a world in which men no longer take pride in their work, for there is no stimulation or reward to be found in doing a good job in any field of endeavor according to the altruistic morality of the times; a world in which every nation on the globe (with the legal exception of the United States) has become a socialist state of unhappy, unthinking people—people who have been taught that the endurance of suffering is one of man's highest virtues. Whenever a problem or turn of bad fortune arises in the life of a normal member of this world, the first reaction to it is not, "What can I do to get myself out of this bind?", but rather, "Why isn't there a law to take care of things like this." A person's reward is not based on his ability or performance but on his need alone. The creative and thereby successful individual is considered selfish, greedy, and evil if he does not feel obliged to share the fruits of his labors with those more "needy" than himself. The incompetent, unproductive, and unsuccessful man is considered worthy of pity and compassion, the highest form of moral respect this bleak world offers. An unnecessary business failure is not looked upon as a black mark on a man's record, but rather as an indication of virtue. Everyone in this warped society knows that no selfish perons would allow his business to fail: only the man who cared for others enough to let all his personal desires fall by the wayside could make such a noble sacrifice. Miss Rand has set out to provide an alternative to the grim future of twisted values which she forsees. "Oh, come now," you might say, "a world like this is such an improbable result of our society that it is absurd to even think about it!" It would be an absurd result, yes. But is it so improbable? I think that it is closer to actuality that it appears at first glance. Looking at the world as it is today, Rand's world of the future is merely the culmination of many active present-day trends, and certainly seems more likely than either of the futures painted by Huxley and Orwell. Look around for yourself. I think that the most disquieting feature of the entire picture, the feature which makes most sensitive people want to dismiss it immediately as the work of a highly imaginative, but unhappily misguided and embittered individual, is that we see a fragment of our modern world in almost every phase of it. Its horror lies not in the places where it differs from what we are accustomed to seeing, but in those areas of unfortunate similarity.

The question now arises: If our society is actually approaching cultural bankruptcy, what is the most effective way to counteract this deterioration? It is Ayn Rand's firm conviction that what we look to as the ultimate savior of all that is "good" in the world is actually the insidious cause of our plight—Christianity, or, for that matter, any and all sets of values based on mysticism. In particular, Miss Rand blames the morality of altruism for most of the world's present and threatened ills. Do not make the mistake that many of Rand's adversaries have made by getting up now and leaving in a seizure of righteous indignation. First, give yourself a chance to examine the support she provides for her thesis. It is much more effective to refute an idea by demolishing its foundation instead of trying to smother it with worthless insults based on prejudice and incomplete information.

Miss Rand shares the belief of many past philosophers in her basic contention that man can be a creature of infinite worth and achievement when he chooses to use the faculty that distinguishes him from all other known forms of life, his power to think and to reason. Man is not by definition a wretched and unavoidably depraved being whose greatest virtue and sole reason for existence lies in his ability to serve others. Man is not the sacrificial animal which pure altruism has, does, and always will require him to be. The most practical examples of altruism's dictates in action can be found embodied in communism the bitterest enemy of those who profess to believe in altruism. Both communism and altruism call for the sacrifice of one man to another. Both demand that man produce according to his ability, but receive according to his need. Both are diametrically opposed to the basic assumptions of democracy and capitalism—that man has certain unalienable rights: the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And we cannot figure out why "our boys" have shown a pathetic inability to defend the principles of democracy

and capitalism when taken captive by communists in Korea and elsewhere. It is because the dictates of altruism have been indirectly funnelled into their minds for so long that communism just seems to be the right approach to life when presented to them in its ideal form. These are the most important arguments against altruism: now let us look at the other side of the coin. What earthly reason can be cited to justify taking a stand in favor of habitual self-sacrifice? Neither Miss Rand nor I have been able to find a single logical answer to this question.

If altruism must be eliminated as a moral standard, what, then, does Rand offer in its place? In answer to this question, she says;

> "There *is* a morality of reason, a morality proper to man, and *Man's Life* is its standard of value. All that which is proper to the life of a rational being is the good; all that which destroys it is the evil. Man's life, as required by his nature, is not the life of a mindless brute, of a looting thug or a mooching mystic, but the life of a thinking being—not life by means of force or fraud, but life by means of achievement —not survival at any price, since there's only one price that pays for man's survival: reason.
>
> Man's life is the *standard* of morality, but your own life is its *purpose*. If existence on earth is your goal, you must choose your actions and values by the standard of that which is proper to man for the purpose of preserving, fulfilling, and enjoying the irreplaceable value which is your life.
>
> "The first right on earth is the right of the ego. Man's first duty is to himself. His moral law is never to place his prime goal within the persons of others. His moral obligation is to do what he wishes, provided his wish does not depend primarily upon other men. This includes the whole sphere of his creative faculty, his thinking, his work. But it does not include the sphere of the gangster, the altruist and the dictator.
>
> "A man thinks and works alone. A man cannot rob, exploit or rule — alone. Robbery, exploitation, and ruling presuppose victims. They imply dependence. They are the province of the second-hander.
>
> "The egotist in the absolute sense is not the man who sacrifices others. He is the man who stands above the need of using others in any manner. He does not function through them. He is not concerned with them in any primary manner. Not in his aim, not in his motive, not in his thinking, not in his desires, not in the source of his energy. He does not exist for any other man—and he asks no other man to exist for him. This is the only form of brotherhood and mutual respect possible between men."

Only one thing can be construed as a concrete exception to this "morality of reason": the emotion of love takes precedence over the last section of the code which I have mentioned. Much to the wonderment of her most violent opponents, Miss Rand does not discredit or attempt to refute the age-old conclusion that love is blind.

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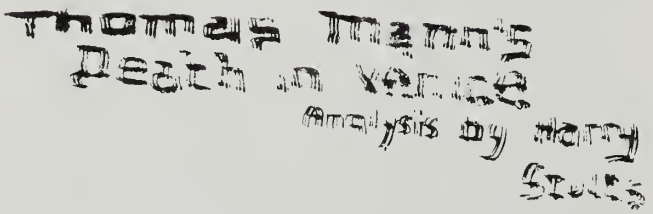
Ayn Rand's final conclusion is that if man will throw off the shackles of altruism and replace them with a "morality of reason"; if he will revert to the laissez-faire capitalism developed and practiced in 19th century America; and if he will set up a political system whose sole duty is to protect, through a police agency, the rights of an individual as set forth in the "morality of reason"—if he does all these things, then "the allegedly powerful monster now threatening us will run like a rat at the first sign of a human step." This is "Objectivism", the widely-discussed philosophy of Ayn Rand.

Is she right or wrong? This is most certainly a debatable question. However, in order to have a rational debate, we must have sets of intelligent advocates and opponents equipped with intelligent arguments. Right now it looks like the supporters of Rand have cornered the market on the latter commodity. When a dissenting reviewer quotes one of the heroes of *Atlas Shrugged* as follows, "I swear by my life —and my love of it, that I will never live for another man, nor ask another to live for the sake of mine.", and then comments, "The destruction of the weak to the advantage of the strong is applauded. It is dispiriting to think of an outpouring of hate on this scale on any audience.";when people go running around inanely saying, "Ann Rand wears a gold brooch shaped like a dollar sign. She must be an evil money-grubber. I don't think she's nice at all,", after Rand has said, "The cross is the symbol of torture of the sacrifice of the ideal to the non-ideal. I prefer the dollar sign—the symbol of free trade, therefore of the free mind.", then Miss Rand will have a fight on her hands only after her antagonists have found an argument that holds water. Until then, the Objectivist philosophy will stand virtually unchallenged. I personally hope that the American people will have the courage either to accept it or to thoroughly refute and replace it. A chuckle, a shrug, and a swear word will not do.

NOTES

[1] i.e. Vance Packard's The Status Seekers, William H. White's The Organization Man, et al.
[2]. New York, 1957, 1168 p.p.
[3]. (Lecture delivered at Yale University, Feb. 17, 1960)
[4]. New York, 1943, 754 p.p.
[5]Patricia Donegan in Commonweal, November 8, 1957.



Thomas Mann seems to have believed that an artist's genius lies in his ability to see his subjects from a distant viewpoint, and that if he becomes emotionally involved in life, he is ruined. Aschenbach, the hero of *Death in Venice,* is an eminent writer who loses his detachment and with it his ability to create, his morals ,his health, and finally his life. Appropriately enough, Mann remains aloof in telling the tale. He writes in a formal, remote manner, depending upon the use of detailed description and symbolism rather than upon realism to achieve his effect.

As the story opens, it is clear that a change has already occurred in the character of Gustave von Aschenbach, one of the world's most honored writers. He is tiring of his disciplined life of early rising, hard work and deep sleep. He is no longer interested in his writing or in the fame it brings him. He yearns to become involved in life instead of merely observing it calmly and perceptively from far off. His first desire is to travel, dreaming of the rainy tropical jungles of the South, which abound with lush vegetation and life, as well as with stagnating waters filled with disease and death. He finally settles on Italy, a sort of compromise that still affords a contrast to the ordered, businesslike, efficient cities of northern Europe.

Almost immediately upon his arrival in Venice, Aschenbach finds a means to satisfy his passion for personal involvement in life. He sees a beautiful young Polish boy, Tadzio. The boy is an enbodyment of his ideal, the type of hero he admires most, the beauty he has spent his life trying to create. He devotes himself to gazing at the boy, sometimes for hours at a time.

He rapidly loses his conventional sense of morality as he realizes that his love for Tadzio, the thing which he regards as the greatest good in his life, is considered evil by society. His mind, as it is destroyed by his passion, becomes fascinated with immorality, attributing to it greater insight than the moral teachings of society can ever confer. He takes particular delight in evil when it is concealed in such a way as to appear perfectly normal. This, of course, is an exact reflection of his own situation, as he hides his homosexual passion beneath his dignified, respectable appearance. He pursues his enthusiasm for hidden evil and enjoys forcing Ventians to lie as they try to hide the plague that has struck the city. Similarly, he tries to conceal his own aging features with cosmetics to make himself more attractive to his Tadzio, although a few weeks earlier, as he came to Venice, he was disgusted by the sight of an elderly man who was doing the very same thing.

Aschenbach tends to look upon his love for Tadzio as something classical in nature, presumably because the ancients were more tolerent than we are of such arrangements. He daydreams of himself as a wise old Socrates, lecturing a beautiful young Athenian lad on the subject of beauty. Mann keeps the classical motif before the reader by frequent mythological references, particularly in describing nature and in referring to Tadzio.

Aschenbach's passion eventually carries him to his death. This is only natural, for there is no other way by which he can escape patterns and attitudes ingrained in him by a life of discipline and hard work. To the very end of his life, for example, he is afraid to risk public disapproval by betraying his love for Tadzio. He has lost all interest in what the public thinks of him, but habit prevents him from despising its opinion. This habit is so powerful that he can free himself from it only by freeing himself from life. Twice he becomes aware that his continued presence in Venice might cause him sickness or death, and twice he is unable to leave. Shortly after his arrival, he realizes that the hot, humid climate of the city is unhealthy. Driven by his conventional attitude toward the value of health and life, he attempts to leave. Yet he is tremendously relieved when an accident prevents him from doing so. Later, when

he learns of the tropical plague that has come to Venice, his moral standards are so far gone that he rejects the idea of leaving or even of informing Tadzio's family of the danger of remaining there. By then, sickness and death hold no evil in his eyes. He is no more concerned for the life of the object of his love than for his own. Instead, he delights in Tadzio's somewhat frail and sickly appearance. In the final scene of the story, as he watches Tadzio playing on the beach, he feels that the boy is summoning him to heavan. He goes willingly.

Mann makes no attempt at realistic representation of the workings of Aschenbach's mind. Instead he presents his hero's thoughts in the same manner that they might be described in a formal essay, and he frequently employs symbolism to emphasize them. A group of three mysterious figures, each of whom Aschenbach encounters briefly, are symbols of the force within him which drives him to seek his destruction by seeking involvement in his art. At the very beginning of the story, it is a man with a knapsack who inspires in Aschenbach a desire to travel. The man appears to be a foreigner, and his appearance and disappearance remain a mystery. His is seen standing on the steps of a chapel in a graveyard. The chapel is of Byzantine design, decorated with Greek statues.

When Aschenbach arrives in Venice, he rides to his hotel in an unlicensed gondola. The boatman defies Aschenbach, yet he gives him a marvelous, peaceful ride, equalled only by death itself. The whole scene reminds one of a journey across the River Styx to the underworld of Roman mythology. When Aschenbach returns from taking his luggage to the hotel, he is told that the gondolier has fled. Instead of being merely shocked by this unsavory episode, he is somewhat fascinated by it.

A third figure, a wandering singer, first presents Aschenbach with the intriguing plague. The bold, comic minstrel entertains the guests at the hotel. Later, Aschenbach smells the diseased odor about the singer and questions him. He learns nothing, and the man rushes away into the darkness, bearing a torch. The author connects these three figures, these messengers of Aschenbach's ruin by making them almost identical in physical appearance and clothing them similarly. He even uses identical words and phrases in describing them. This last device is particularly conspicuous because of the tremendous variety of words used in the book.

As Aschenbach's mind is affected by his sudden association with his art, he tends to group death, the south, immortality, the classical civilizations, sickness, and travel together as things which permit one to free himself and gain insight into beauty and truth. Mann uses symbolism to emphasize these connections in Aschenbach's thought. Some of them are natural enough and are worked into the plot. The disease in the story, for example, comes from the south, is concealed by the selfish Venetians, and finally brings Aschenbach to his death. Thus there is a very real connection between the south, immorality, disease, and death in the plot, which is symbolic of the association in Aschenbach's mind. More distinct symbolism is used in connection with the three figures which represent the force that drives

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Aschenbach to his ruin. The man with he knapsack appears on the steps of the Byzantine chapel in the cemetary; so that he is a messenger of death, and the classical motif is also connected with him and with the feelings he represents. Two of the figures wear straw hats, just as Aschenbach does when he has his face painted with cosmetics to make him look young. Hence, the immorality of his false youth is symbolically connected with the escape he seeks.

The style of the writing, like the structure of the story, involves the use of complex, interrelated detail. The prose is formal and conventional, and its purpose is to describe rather than to recreate. The accuracy of the descriptions is produced by a careful attention to choice of words and structure of sentences. Sometimes Mann creates new usages to convey the exact meaning he is striving for. He never hesitates to use the unusual, or even the archaic if it expresses what he wants to say.

It is Mann's extreme care in selecting details and his skill in weaving them into one great design that are responsible for his success. Perhaps by writing as he did, he hoped to maintain a gulf between himself and his work and avoid the fate of Gustave von Aschenbach.

A NOTE ON THE STYLE of DER TOD IN VENEDIG

The complexity of Mann's style is apparent in the following passage from the description of the man with the knapsack on the steps of the chapel:

"Oper nun aus dem Inneren der Halle durch das bronzene Tor hervorgetreten oder von aussen unversehens *heran und hinauf* gelangt war, blieb ungewiss. Aschenbach, *ohne sich sonderlich in die Frage zu vertiefen,* neigte zur ersteren Annahme. *Mässig* hochgewachsen, mager, bartlos and *auffallend* stumpfnäsig, gehorte der Mann zum *rothaarigen Typ* und besass *dessen* milchige und sommersprosaige Haut. *Offenbar* war er *durchaus* nich *bajuwarischen* Schlages. So—und vielleicht trug sein *erhöhter und erhöhender* Standort zu diesem Eindruck bei—hatte seine Haltung etwas herrisch Überschauendes, Kuhnes oder selbst Wildes; denn sei es, dass er, geblendet, gegen die untergehende Sonne grimmassiere oder dass es sich um eine dauernde *physiognomische* Enstellung handelte . . ."

At the beginning of the paragraph, Aschenbach wonders how the man came to be on the steps of the chapel. The first sentence is an elaborate statement of the alternatives. By presenting this seemingly trivial question as though it is important, Mann causes the reader to feel that it is important and makes him aware of the mystery surrounding the man's origin. The impression is strengthened when Mann describes Aschenbach contemplating the matter; "ohne sich sonderlich in die Frage zu vertiefen" (without burying himself especially deeply in the question) is used instead of a more common and weaker phrase. Again, one has the feeling that this is a problem worth considering, although it seems insignificant at first.

Describing the ascent of the man to his position, Mann uses both "heran", which refers to motion upwards toward the speaker, and "herauf", which refers to motion upwards away from the speaker. Thus, he strives to maintain his detachment by refusing to associate himself with either position inparticular.

The contrast between the adverbs "Massig" (moderately) and "auffällend" (noticibly) emphasizes "stumpfnäsig" (snub-nosed), the adjectives modified by the latter. The turned-up nose is important, for it is a characteristic of all three messengers, giving each of their faces the appearance of a skull or death's head.

The foreigness of the man is stressed repeatedly. He is a member of the "rothaarigen Typ" (red-haired type), instead of merely having red hair, and "possesses the milky and freckled skin thereof." He is "Offenbar" (clearly) and "durchaus" (throughout) not of Bavarian stock. Furthermore, the word used to signify Bavarian is the archaic "bajuwarischen." Here Mann emphasizes the strong ties that one's appearance has with his racial origin and with his past.

The man position is described as both hightened and hightening. Here the wording emphasizes the close symbolic connection between the man and the Byantine chapel in the cemetary.

Mann describes a distortion as physiognomic, although the term for facial is more common and would appear to be roughly synonomous. The reference to physiogonomy, the science of judging mental characteristics by analyzing facial appearances, however reminds the reader to pay attention to those of the messengers. It occurs again in the description of the gondolier.

THE COLLAPSE OF ESKIMO CIVILIZATION

Jerry Heist

Winter term's over, and I'm on my way home. The long train ride's just started, though. We're somewhere between Framingham and Worcester now,—about half an hour out of Boston,—and I'm going all the way to Michigan. It'll take seventeen hours, but I should get home before noon tomorrow.

I change trains in Buffalo this trip. Sometimes it's been in Albany. Albany is good because it's closer to Boston, and the train gets in at a time when there are still some restaurants open. Changing in Buffalo, I have to carry food along with me; but I don't really mind that, I guess.

Right now I have a bag of oranges and a couple dozen doughnuts up overhead, along with my luggage. I'm carrying my lacrosse stick home this vacation, and the oranges fit perfectly into its webbing. The stick alone is enough to puzzle most people—they think it's some kind of oversized snow-shoe, I guess—but with the oranges in it, it drives them crazy. It's pretty amusing.

We're passing through some mill town now. It's around five o'clock, and the streets are full of traffic. The factories here must burn a lot of coal, because the rain that's falling is making big, sooty puddles everywhere. The cars in the streets are splashing water from these puddles on each other, on parked cars, and on the sidewalks. It all looks pretty grubby, I'm afraid.

Just the same, it occurs to me that, even though an ugly scene like this is far removed from my own experience, in some ways it's a lot more real than school back in Andover. This is strange. I left there just four or five hours ago, after finishing a nine-week term. The place ought to be vivid in my memory—you know: the dorm; the class rooms; the commons; all those places—but actually, temporarily at least, these eastern Massachusetts towns that I see through the window seem infinitely more believable. It is only temporarily, it's true; as soon as I'm away from them, they too fade away into some obscure corner of my mind, leaving only the train itself to believe in. It's a little alarming.

Buffalo's about seven hours away; naturally I'm settling down for a pretty long ride. My seat's by the window, and I've got it locked back. I'm leaning half against it, half against the wall of the car, and I've got my feet up on the foot-rest of the aisle seat; the train isn't too crowded, and I've got both the seats to myself.

I was trying to read a little while ago, but my eyes got sore. They always do on trains. I always forget that, and buy enormous piles of books and magazines at the station; then I never read them. I don't feel like reading, anyway. Excuse me; I'm going to get a little sleep.

What time is it now? Just a second. Lady across the aisle says it's eight-thirty. That's pretty good: I caught a few hours of sleep. I can't always count on sleeping at all before I change trains. That's one more disadvantage of changing late in Buffalo; if I change in Albany, I can usually get a good night's sleep.

Buffalo. Right now Buffalo strikes me as just a name, the way Andover or the names of those towns I saw in the afternoon do. Something's wrong there: Most of my relatives live in Buffalo, and I've spent a fair part of my life there. It really surprises me that Buffalo seems obscure. It's not that I don't get any associated ideas when I hear the name, or any of those other names, for that matter. It's just that those association don't seem to mean any more than the names themselves do. Must be something about the train that makes me feel this way. It's strange.

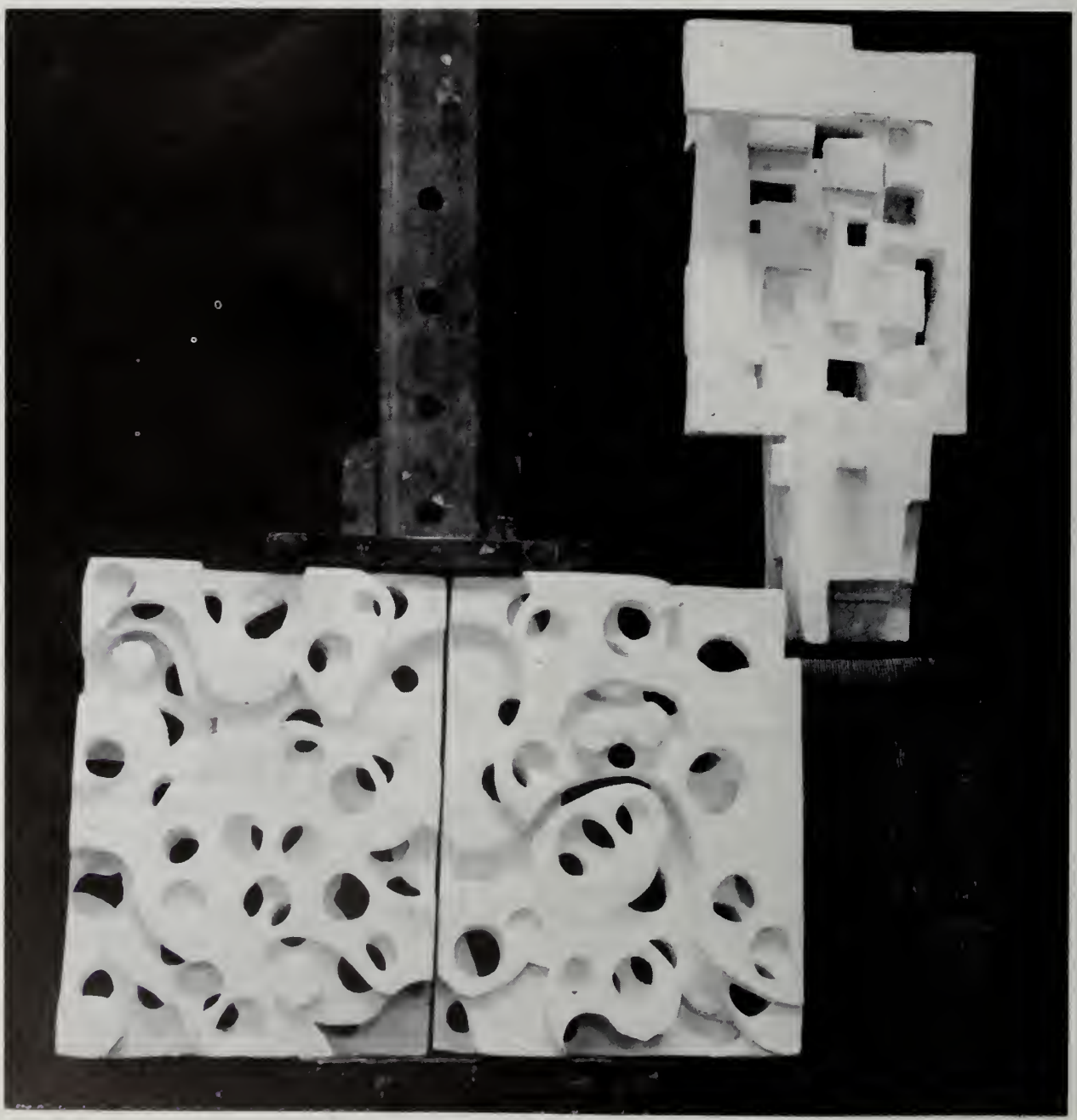
You know, the train is a pretty *dominating* kind of reality, or un-reality, if that's what it is. The warmth; the soft ceiling lights that they turn on at station stops; the sharper, more piercing, individual-seat lights that most people in the car still have on; the sound of the wheels, from below, establishing an intense and constant theme in the car; above all, the rows of unfamiliar faces, belonging to people I'll never know anything about. I wonder if the men who work on trains are ever affected by this atmosphere.

There was an old guy came through this car earlier who acted a little insane. He was calling off a headline from one of the newspapers he was selling: "School Bus Skids Off Road. Forty Grade-Schoolers Die." "Too bad," he said, "buses cost money." That just about finished the lady across the aisle. She was really upset.

I felt sorry for her and kind of sore at the old guy. I just wondered, though, if he'd just had his judgement, his sense of reality, messed up completely by being on a train most of his life. Of course I don't know; maybe he was just feeble-minded.

Anyway, I'm beginning to worry about myself. I take out my wallet, and open it to the pocket where I keep cards and photographs. Then I realize, laughing at myself, that I'm doing this with the moronically sly intent of recalling it later to dramatize my confusion, rather than from any genuine doubts about reality. Almost embarassed, I put the wallet back in my pocket.

I've got to try, though, to establish something distant as believable. I try to think what will happen when the train gets in tomorrow morning. Let's see. It'll be Friday. I guess it'll be Dad who'll pick me up at the station. What'll he say? "How are you, son? Have a pretty good trip? Here, let me get that lacrosse stick." Or maybe· "How've you been? Have a good term? We haven't exactly been deluged by your letters, is everything going all right?" Then will we toss my luggage into the car and head home? I suppose so; but I'm afraid I can't quite see it. Not right now, anyway. Not right now.



INCOMPLETE: Plaster cast pieces by John Mayo (left) and Jim Garrett (right).
Photo By Slotnikoff

NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME,

by James Baldwin

241 pp, New York: The Dial Press, 1961

review by Charles Beard

To understand fully what the author is saying in his book, *Nobody Nnows My Name,* it is necessary to know something about him as a person. James Baldwin was born in New York City, in 1924, and grew up in the streets of that part of Manhattan known as Harlem. In 1948, he went to Paris to live in self-exile. He writes "I left America because I doubted my ability to survive the color problem here." He returned to the United States nearly ten years later and has been living here ever since.

His book is a collection of thirteen essays written over the last six years about many different states of mind. "The question of color takes up much space in these pages," he says, "but the question of color, especially in this country, operates to hide the question of the self." It is this second thing he is interested in, the discovery of the self.

The first six essays form a sort of travelogue from his experience in Paris, to his feelings about Harlem, to his first impressions of the South. His points are excellent for the most part, though his writing gets a lttle cryptic in his essay "Princess and Powers." But his "Discovery of What it is to be an American," for example, describes vividly the shock of no longer being a Negro, once in Paris, but finding himself as much of an American as a "Texas G.I." His "Fifth Avenue, Uptown: A letter from Harlem" attacks Harlem as a tremendous ghetto and calls for its dissolution as a breeding place for contempt and unrest. But he does not mean get rid of *just* Harlem. "He is calling for the removal of *all* of the "little Harlems" in all the big cities across the country. He recognizes that a large part of the turbulence which is found in these ghettos is simple rebellion against being packed into a particular area like sardines.

"East River, Downtown" was written as a postscript to "Fifth Avenue" just after the Negro riots in the U.N. protesting Patrice Lumumba's death. He says, and quite rightly, "What I find appalling—and really dangerous—is the American assumption that the Negro is so contented with his lot here that only the cynical agents of a foreign power can rouse him to protest.

"One has only, for example, to walk through Harlem and ask oneself two questions. The first question is: 'Would I like to live here?' And the second question is 'Why don't those who live here move out?'

"Now, I do not doubt that, among the people at the U.N. that day, there were Stalinist and professional revolutionists acting out of the most cynical motives. Wherever there is great social discontent, these people are, sooner or later, to be found."

Baldwin then presents an alternative plan for those—without a doubt the vast majority—

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who are unwilling to take that walk through Harlem: consider the two major movements among Negroes—the Negro student movement and the Black Muslim movement.

Most of us are familiar with the Negro student movement, but only a few of us have ever heard of the Muslim movement. The Black Muslims are a nation-wide religious movement among Negroes with an estimated strength of over one hundred thousand at the least. They consider themselves Moslems and observe much of its ritual. They contend that "American professions of democracy or equality have never been even remotely sincere. They insist on the total separation of the races. This is to be achieved by the acquisition of land from the United States—land which is owed the Negroes as "back wages" for the labor wrested from them when they were slaves, and for their unrecognized and unhonored contributions to the wealth and power of this country." This group has temples in nearly every big city across the country. They already own business establishments which amount to ten million dollars and they have accredited schools in Detroit and Chicago.

But even more pertinent at the moment, this group has rejected the Christian ethic of turning the other cheek: They preach that the law should be obeyed at all times, but if someone tries to take advantage of you, LAY DOWN YOUR LIFE.

Now one can see quite vividly the farces that so many cities and towns are making when they boast of their "excellent race relations." Excellent hell. When white Americans stop running around in circles long enough to see what kind of a life they have made for Negroes in this country, they might be moved to do something about it. Until AFTER something is done, however, excellent race relations, in this country, are out of the question.

Moving southward, Mr. Baldwin then writes about a boy who was the first Negro to attend the white school in his community. He describes beautifully the bitterness the boy and his mother feel towards the white people in the town who are pressuring the boy to leave the school simply because they are afraid he will marry some white girl and have a fair child. If anything is ridiculous, it is the thought that every Negro boy in this country is just dying to marry a white girl. I have NEVER heard of any Negro who was so desperate that he wanted to marry a white woman. I don't blame the boy at all; I'd be bitter, too.

Finally, Mr. Baldwin finds himself in the deep South. He talks about sex, lynching, night, and how they are related. The sex-lynch problem in the South is so complex, the writings on it could fill a library. Even so, there are a few things which should be kept in mind. Sex is the second most frequent cause of lynching. I once saw a photograph of a man who had been lynched, limp, bullet ridden, blood spattered, desexed hung from a rope with all of the neighborhood's "good citizens" standing and smiling in a semi-circle around it. What did he do? Look at some white girl across the street as Emmet Till did in 1955? Till was a fifteen year old boy. Even though he was from Chicago, he couldn't have had any designs on that woman—

(Continued on Page 25)

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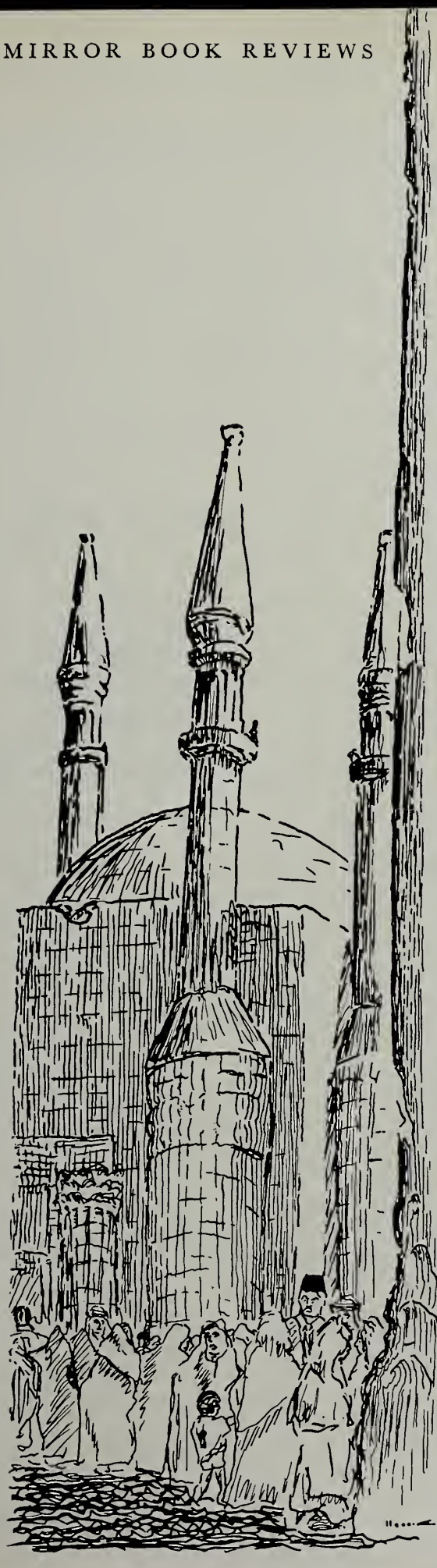

Justine, by Lawrence Durrell, 253 pp, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
review by Mark Siegchrist

Lawrence Durrell wrote *Justine* to describe Alexandria, specifically the personality which he gives the reader to understand is uniquely Alexandrian. The appearance of the city is indeed important, and a large part of the book is devoted to verbal photography, but even the most colorful brochure from the Alexandrian Chamber of Commerce would not have the power or effect of Mr. Durrell's portrait, as he depicts with brilliance and poetry not only the architecture, but the people and the atmosphere, providing his opportunity to express the human values in Alexandria by writing his book in narrative form.

The story is an amoral affair and the characters are exotic cinema types, who, as the jacket blurb puts it, "...play out their destinies influenced by Alexandria, symbol of an erotic world."

The author's advantages in adopting this format rather than that of a tourist's guide is that in this way he supplies himself with new elements—action and characters—all to describe, analyze, and relate to Alexandria, his true subject. Making each episode and each personality a different trait of the city's character, the novelist has much more material with which to portray its complex nature.

Mr. Durrell makes full use of his devices in creating characters typically Alexandrian. In fact, each character is so fully delineated, especially Justine's, and so much time is devoted to establishing these characters, that the author occasionally feels it necessary quietly to remind the reader that in describing Justine, or the latest move in the love affair, he is really describing the city. Such lines as these are scattered through the book:

> "I knew her for a true child of Alexandria."
> "We are the children of our landscape; it dictates behavior and even thought in the measure to which we are responsive to it."
> "All our women are Justines, you know, in different styles."
> ". . . . it almost exactly expresses the curiously ingrown quality of our love which I have come to recognize as peculiar to the city rather than to ourselves."

These remarks are safeguards, to insure that the reader who is involved in the story will not miss the main point of the book, and that he will trouble to transfer the character's personalities

to Alexandria. Otherwise the scheme of description through narration, instituted to vivify the city, might only result in overshadowing it.

One aspect of Alexandria that Mr. Durrell stresses heavily is sensuality. Near the very beginning he says:

"I remember Nessim once saying . . . that Alexandria was the great wine-press of love."

One way he accents sensuality is by including a great deal of candid sexual description, though entirely without the relish of the pornographer. He describes just enough to make sure that the atmosphere and the episode are completely communicated. The sexuality is not an end in itself, but just a medium (others are amorality, squalor, and perversion) with which he expresses the emotional make-up of his subject. In addition, he creates a feeling of intimacy, involving the reader in his story by writing in the first person. The narrator is someone the reader can identify with, who has problems and ideas he threshes out in front of the reader, and who makes confiding asides, usually in parentheses:

"He felt, (so he told me later) like a gambler . . ."

"Nor did we (and here I relized that I had lost myself completely) even hope to avert whatever fate . . ."

"You would have said that he had . . ."

Lawrence Durrel has astutely made his narrator a foreign resident in Alexandria, so it is plausible to the reader that the man is struck by the city's character, not having lived in it all his life, and yet familiar enough with it to speak with authority. Mr. Durrell has also made him an Irish schoolmaster, satisfyingly foreign, but still fluent with the English language and sufficiently educated to use it with the beauty, style, and precision with which *Justine* is written.

The vocabulary is enormous, far surpassing that of *Webster's New Collegiate*. Pegamoid, antinomian, banausic, pederasty. It is used with an artistry that illumines every scene:

"light filtered through the essence of lemons."

"a sky of nude pearl"

"dressed vaguely in robes carved heavily of moonlight."

With this language Mr. Durrell achieves a sensuousness, an appreciation of color, sound, and shape, which richly complements sexuality and intimacy.

His handling of the time element in *Justine* is interesting, as with it he re-enforces some effects and introduces new ones. He uses it to help broaden the concept of city, and reduce

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the actual story to an incident, by means of a flash-back technique in which the book opens and closes at exactly the same point. If the story were joined at the beginning and end, the narrative would flow smoothly through the junction. Some phrases at the opening of the book, such as "I see at last that none of us is properly to be judged for what happened in the past," and the references to his companion "the child", make sense only to one who has already finished reading the story. Thus he implies that this story is only an episode, one of an endless series in the life of the eternal city.

The tendency of this episodic way of writing to introduce the concept of timelessness is skillfully strengthened by the author's use of a very loose chronology. There is nowhere any reference to dates; the only notice taken of time at all is in the lover's yesterdays and tomorrows, and the seasonal changes. Some situations which establish mood are frozen into eternity:

> "It was good to stand there, awkward and a little shy, breathing quickly because we knew what we wanted of each other. The messages passing beyond conscience, directly through the flesh-lips, eyes, waterices, the coloured stall. To stand lightly there, our little fingers linked, drinking in the deep camphor-scented afternoon, a part of the city . . . "

Others which concern the plot do not always occur in strict calendar order:

> "(What I most need to do is to record experiences, not in the order in which they took place—for that is history—but in the order in which they first because significant for me.)"

In these two techniques, flashback and loose chronology, Mr. Durrell accentuates the timeless quality of the city. He also uses the time element to emphasize the confusion and irregularity of city life. *Justine* is written in little sections, each an impression or scene or two or three or more, varying in length from a quarter to thirty pages. There is absolutely no transition between them, and as the quotation above indicates, not always order in sequence. This technique is very irregular, very unsettling, and keeps the reader confused and annoyed, until he becomes accustomed to it and adopts the careless and indifferent attitude toward time which Mr. Durrell has skillfully developed in him, matching that of his characters and his

(Continue on Page 27)

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BALDWIN: (Continued from Page 20)

especially since he was in the middle of the deep South.

Southern nights are enchanting. They must be because no one knows when it is hiding something for the morning to discover. Mr. Baldwin writes: "Integration,' said a very light Negro to me in Alabama,' has always worked very well after the sun goes down.' "

The final seven esays are a mixture of things. Mr. Baldwin's profiles of André Gide, Richard Wright, Norman Mailer, and Ingmar Bergman make up four of them. All of these are good, but the essay on Richard Wright deserves special attention. Wright, one of the outstanding writers during the "Negro Renaissance" of the 1920's, had gone into self-exile in Paris two years before Mr. Baldwin did, but he never returned. Baldwin's relationship with him was much like that of a desciple to his master. But the two men could not agree on the role of the Negro in Europe, and the quarrel which resulted was never patched. Mr. Baldwin writes of a brilliant man who was accused of losing touch with his people. He writes of a man who, even more, could not stand to hear about it.

This group of essays also contains a discussion of Faulkner's defense of the South. Mr. Baldwin attacks Faulkner's stand quite vigorously and quite persistently. He refuses to accept Faulkner's elevating Southern society "to the level of a mystique which makes it somehow unjust to discuss Southern society in the same terms in which one would discuss any other society."

He argues that the South can't wait, and Negroes aren't going to wait. "The time Faulkner asks for does not exist — and he is not the only Southerner who knows it. There is never time in the future in which we will work out our salvation. The challenge is in the moment, the time is now."

Finally, there are two speeches which are printed too. Both of them contend that it is time for people to begin reassessing what freedom in America really means. This re-evaluation must come and it must come now. The point cannot be emphasized enough.

The book is exciting. Some of the essays are not as interesting as others, but as a whole the collection is wonderful. Baldwin exhibits an ability to see things as they really are, and he is not afraid to write about what he sees. The clear, crisp style he uses most of the time is excellent. But even more, he has something to say, something important, something which must be heard.

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DURRELL (Continue from Page 23)

city.

The handling of Time is not the only method the author uses to express the confusion and complexity of the city. Presenting Alexandria's colorful montage is a major concern to accomplish, which he has many techniques, such as quite simply running off a list of exotic names—railroad stations, street signs, anything. These are bus stops:

"Saba Pach, Mazloum, Zizinia, Bacos, Schutz, Gianaclis." Another device he sometimes uses is synesthesia, especially good for expressing simultaneous receptions of the many sensations of a big city.

> "a single dark whiff of sound."
>
> "gaunt rooms echoing with their perfumes.'

A third method is the presentation of a continuous barrage of fragments of a scene, an accumulation of details appealing to different senses which create an impressionistic collage such as this:

> "Six o'clock. The shuffiing of white-robed figures from the station yards. The shops filling and emptying like lungs in the Rue des Soeurs. The pale lengthening rays of the afternoon sun smear the long curves of the Esplanade, and the dazzled pigeons, like rings of scattered paper, climb above the minarets to take the last rays of the waning light on their wings. Ringing of silver on the bank still to hot to touch. Clip-clop of horse-drawn carriages carrying civil servants in red flowerpots towards the cafés on the sea-front . . ."

With these devices, the author fills the book with kaleidoscopic background, for the story, describing

> "the debris of lives lived without forethoughts, with architecture"

and constantly integrating the city and the plot. But in spite of this endless variety there is an essential unity in *Justine,* which Mr. Durrell achieves by his narrative thread and the consistency of his intimate, honest tone. And always the true unifying force, that which penetrates every line and every word, is the city, "beloved Alexandria."

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OMMISSION IN FEBRUARY ISSUE: *Chris Burns, took the Pro-U.N. position in the Katanga debate. Photograph on title page is by Robert Cottle.*

the mirror

THE MIRROR

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John Hayes

THE GREAT SNOWBALL CONTROVERSY:

WHEN ANDOVER AND EXETER FAILED

by CHUCK BAKST

No one knows all the details for sure concerning how or why the administrations of Phillips Academy, Andover, and the Phillips Exeter Academy ever agreed to stage the full school snowball fight, but it is said that money had a great deal to do with the decision. The fact is that during the December preceding the battle, both schools were in dire need of additional funds. In those troubled days of the late 1960's, the $500,000 each academy would supposedly receive from selling the television rights to the battle would greatly help Exeter's Development Program and Andover's massive fallout shelter campaign. Obviously neither institution could afford to let such a fantastic sum slip away without much serious thought, so Mr. Meyer, the Andover Headmaster, and Mr. Ogenthrope, the Exeter Principal, readily agreed to deliberate on the proposal in New York for three days during Christmas vacation.

On midnight of the third night, the fate of Andover and Exeter was tied up in the penthouse of the Waldorf Astoria. By this time several reporters from the *New York Times* and the Associated Press, having heard rumors that Ogenthrope and Meyer might unveil some monumental plan for their schools, had surrounded the apartment. At last both exhausted schoolmasters emerged. By a flip of the coin, Mr. Meyer was allowed to speak first. As newsreel cameras recorded all his actions on video tape, and the newspaper reporters copied down all his words, the Andover Headmaster began shakily, though he soon gained confidence. "It is now time for Phillips Academy, Andover, and the Phillips Exeter Academy to move forward decisively again. Mr. Ogenthrope and I should like to announce that because we strongly feel that such an event would promote sportsmanlike attributes among our students, enhance their respect for their 'rivals,' and provide some good clean fun in an otherwise depressing period, we have wholeheartedly agreed to stage an all-school Andover-Exeter snowball fight to be held on Saturday, March 3. Because this season's football game was at Exeter, Mr. Ogenthrope has goodnaturedly consented to have the contest held at Andover. We should like to add that we have received the enthusiastic support of Andover alumnus Robert W. Signoff, Board Chairman of the National Broadcasting Company, for our idea, and that we have granted his network the exclusive television rights to this great contest. As far as the schools are concerned, we are leaving further arrangements and details to faculty committees. May I say in closing that we are most confident that the idea of a great Andover-Exeter snowball battle will be most heartily received by students and alumni alike. Thank you." At this point all the reporters and cameramen applauded vigorously. In fact, as almost everyone greeted the news joyfully, only one cynical comment was uttered. "Well, I guess you can't raise *all* your money from sponsoring Exeter-Andover Nights at the Pops."

Mr. Bartlet, the official representative of the Andover faculty, and Mr. Needling, the Exeter delegate, readily agreed that most of the negotiation and strategy planning for The Battle would be the responsibility of student committees, one from each school. Two important items settled were that the faculties would choose the initial members of each group and that each steering committee would have the option of recruiting one recent alumnus from its school to serve as general consultant to their plans.

Mr. Bartlet and his "Chosen 6" met informally the opening night of the Winter Term and enthusiastically elected Paul Shearer, P.A. '61, to serve as alumni advisor. Paul accepted his summons to duty eagerly, flying back to Andover in time for the Council's first official

meeting held in the Trustees Room in George Washington Hall. Shearer impressively dominated one end of the heavily polished mahogany table.

As the conference progressed, it soon became apparent that the council's first decision — recruiting Shearer — was positively brilliant. Shearer had a fabulous intellect, though it was somewhat misguided, in that during his P.A. days his mind reached its pinnacles of brilliance only when planning malevolent, humorous, or sadistic schemes. His stunts were so numerous in fact, that when you looked at him in class, you came to suspect that the sleepy cynical expression on his face was simply belying a ludicrous concept, like throwing stones at Christmas lights to see who could break the most bulbs in five tries. But even more than these relatively elementary games, what really made the Council choose Shearer was its knowledge of his sheer genius for coordinating intricate, fantastic plots on a huge scale, such as the famous opposition slate he organized in the class elections of his upper year. Truly, if any Andover son could lead his old school to victory over the hated Exies, it was Paul Shearer.

During the Winter Term the Council took a phenomenal amount of power into its hands. Having received the blessings of the faculty, it instituted many new regulations and changes into the everyday P.A. life. Among the more radical of these changes was the abolishment of the regular daily athletic program. In its place the Council substituted organized snowball fights, concentrating on the development of various types of strategy. Leagues were formed, such as the New Dorm League and the West Quadrangle Association. Junior-Lower contests of course acquired unprecedented emphasis. On Saturdays, inter-league contests were held in place of the formal varsity sports attractions. By the end of February the Council began formulating its final combative strategy. The plan entailed fighting the Exies in units, each group to be composed of three to six dorms. Depending on the sizes of the halls, each group might have anywhere from 50 to 235 boys.

The Exeter Council proceeded to dominate P.E.A. life in much the same way. Perhaps one of the reasons for its actions was that its composition was strikingly similar to that of its Andover counterparts. The Council had good balance, claiming members from all different elements of the student body. For the one recent alumnus allotted to them as an advisor, the Council chose Sandy Dobson, who distinguished himself in his P.E.A. days by captaining the varsity football team. Since he had acquired a serious ankle injury during the Andover Game in his senior year, he had a particular reason for wanting to smash the Blue in the almighty snowball fight.

The long period of preparation came to a rousing climax on Friday night, March 2, the night before the contest was to take place. Each school was the scene of a gigantic rally, much grander than traditional football torchlight parades. On this one evening, the banners were more colorful, the burning "A" and "E" were larger and brighter, and the speakers much more emotional than at any rally that had ever been held before. Shearer promised an Andover victory and said that he only hoped that the P.A. boys would be careful not to send too many Exies home with shattered dreams and broken bones. Dobson of course predicted a resounding win for Exeter, saying that this would be the most noteworthy Red invasion of Massachusetts in history.

At last March 3 arrived. The morning turned up bright and clear; cold weather preserved the 15 inches of snow covering the battle area which was comprised of the varsity football field and the surrounding football and soccer fields. With the Andover students dressed in Royal Blue snow parkas, and the Exeter boys in bright red, the squads gathered to take their opening positions. Above hovered helicopters carrying the two headmasters, some referees, and many spectators. Other officials manipulated converted bulldozers. From the high observation tower near the varsity gridiron, the N.B.C. color cameras awaited their final direction from the mobile unit down below. Amidst almost unbearable tension at 1 o'clock, the starting bell rang forth from a system utilizing the Chapel bells, the Samuel Phillips bells, and the Fuller Carillon. The two largest Andover battalions scrambled up the hill near the varsity field and gained a commanding position. Exeter immediately dispatched one of its larger units and many of its crack small ones to take them on. As the Exies charged up the slopes, their crimson hue contrasting vividly with the glistening white snow, one P.A. stalwart was heard to yell, "The Redcoats are coming! The Redcoats are coming! Don't fire until you can put white in their eyes!"

By 3 o'clock it became apparent to almost everyone watching the spectacle on television, that despite all their highly-touted training,

their well-known spartan living, and their widely-heralded flexibility, the Exeter units were vastly inferior to their Andover counterparts. Perhaps the advantage of competing on their home terrain gave the Andover boys an overwhelming advantage to begin with, but nevertheless, from the time the Blue gained the hill at the opening bell, almost nothing the guerrilla-like groups of Phillips Exeter tried met with much success. In the main "ring," the varsity field where over 6,000 wild spectators lined the bleachers and sidelines, the Red were struggling to prevent their own annihilation. Andover's emphasis on Junior-Lower fights was probably the main reason for its astounding success in this area, for its students proved far superior to Exeter's in the back and forth charges in the relatively small area. But even in the surrounding fields the Exeter bands met with defeat after defeat. The only place they were holding their own was way off in "Outer Siberia," where their small unit strategy paid off. But though the Exies continued to plague their foes in this out-of-the-way front it appeared that their only hope was to drive the majority of P.A. boys out of Brothers Field and then plague them three or four at a time. But this proved impossible, and Dobson frantically gathered his six Council members for an emergency conference in their makeshift headquarters — a dreary shed behind the bleachers.

Dobson was disgusted: The rest of the Council was embittered. No one, however, wanted to give up Dobson bit his lip and began hollering to make himself heard above all the commotion. He told everyone that he realized how they appeared doomed to defeat and admitted that he saw no possible way that they could gain an advantage legally. But, he continued, he had been considering one plan, a stop gap measure, which undoubtly would shift the tide of the battle — if the Exies were willing to stretch one or two of the battle rules. The Council greeted his suggestion with a chorus of assents. They all knew that this was their last chance, that upon this, all the other students' hopes would have to be based.

Five minutes later, Dobson had gathered 50 of his boys and led them in a massive of assault on Benner House, the P.A. snack bar. This building of course was outside of the boundaries set up by the Council, but the Exies had been carried away. With 55,000,000 people watching around the nation, they were willing to try anything that would bring them the victory. As the Red troops scampered toward's the House, Andover's Tom Simon began racing around trying to find Shearer and the other Council members. The only one he could find immediately was Duke Horace, a science genius, who was busying himself with some intricate calculation of how much longer the battle would last. Anxious not to let Exeter get Benner House, Simon called as many P.A. boys as he could to organize a resistance movement. The Exies, however, had the jump. They stormed Benner House and stationed a dozen boys on the roof. Five others began cooking stale batter loaded with onions to make Westerns. These were immediately given to the fellows on the roof who in turn hurled them at the oncoming Andover combatants. The Exies viciously ripped off one of WPAA's call letters, changed the title to WPEA, and began broadcasting rebel propaganda all over the campus. ('Courageous insurgents won a great victory today . . .") At this point, the helicopter carrying the Exeter Headmaster circled over the Benner House roof, Ogenthrope pleading with his students through an electric megaphone to stop. But the boys wouldn't listen. Truly taking their academic lives into their own hands, they continued to pelt the P.A. men with snowballs and Westerns, dumping an occasional Triple Shake over too.

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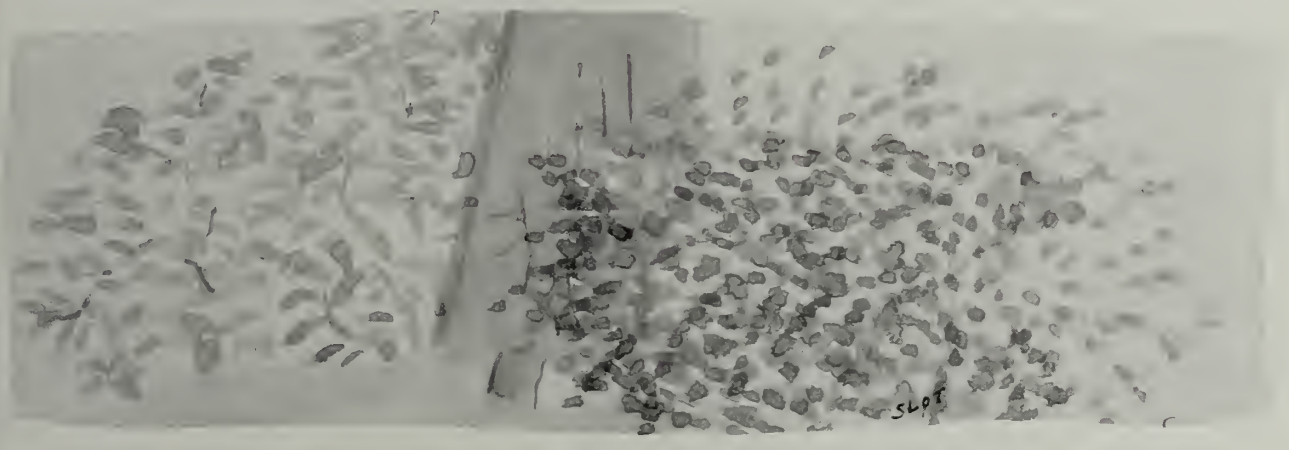
By 3:50 P.M., the Great Andover - Exeter Snowball Fight was composed of two main fronts — The Varsity Field (where the Siberia Troops had gone to satisfy the television cameras) and the Battle for Benner House — and two minor areas: the Copley Wing roof, and the softball field way down near Rabbit Pond. The Blue were clearly winning at Brothers' Field and the Wing, and were holding their own down at the "new" dorms. Benner House was therefore the only place they were getting trounced. Shearer took charge of this theater personally and brought 200 of his men with him. Though Exeter had gained control of the "refuge for the elite" (and a few of the not so elite) early and had held on to it gamely, it had the disadvantage of being limited in numbers. It had begun the assault with only 50 boys, gradually increasing this figure with 50 or 60 more. But by now, the P.A. mob had surrounded the place, preventing the entry of any more Exies.



At 4:15 P.M. Shearer announced that he thought his men could capture the fortress if they only had enough time. Just then he was hit by a chocolate malted and three English muffins. As jelly mixed with the shake the shake fell through his hair and dripped down into his eyes, he frantically garnered four of his lieutenants to plot a course of action. Six or seven minutes later, he sent his crack unit, Will Hall and Junior House, around the side to storm the walls. Everything was extremely messy by then, since all the chocolate malteds and triple shakes made the snow resemble mud. One fellow, ducking a frozen Western which sailed through the air like a discus, was heard to plead, "If only they'd use strawberry once in awhile."

What was left of the Paul Revere-Foxcroft-Bartlet regiment valiantly withstood the Exie food barrage on Salem Street, but it was extremely difficult for them to mount any substantial offensive, especially when the Exies dropped nine gallons of grape juice off the roof. The Fuller Tower clock now showed only eight minutes remaining until 5 o'clock, when Shearer hailed his ace runner "Teeth" Cantor to go over to the Brothers' Field and bring back the rest of the Andover men to aid in the Benner House Battle. Several hundred Andover men heeded Shearer's plea, and chasing two hundred Exies before them, reached Salem Street just after 5 o'clock. In the excitement, hardly anyone noticed that the bells had failed to ring to signify the end of the great affair. One of the few keen eyes which caught the omission was Signoff's who was starting to panic about the thought of running over in air time. Nevertheless, he allowed the two mobile cameras across the street at the Commons to keep televising, afterwards revealing that he prayed to God for an abundance of sponsors next year to make up the deficit. (Several days later Shearer confessed that he had been the cause of the bells not ringing at the prescribed time. In a clear breach of faith, he employed the services of an erstwhile P.A. student who had been tossed out for cutting the rope to the chapel bells, to reenact his feat on a grander scale — sabotaging not only the chapel bells, but also the Samuel Phillips bells and the Fuller Carillon.)

Finally, the Royal Blue broke through and forced the Exies back into the streets. Recapturing WPAA gave them an additional moral lift. ("The insurrectional rebellion has now been squashed.") By now the screams which were emanating from the Benner House area

brought almost every last combatant streaming forth from all ends of the campus to take part in the final fray. With nearly 1,500 wild boys concentrated in such a comparatively small area, it was only a matter of time before they started charging back and forth the length of Salem Street, soon spilling onto Route #28, holding up traffic for miles around. Darkness set in and the battle showed no signs of letting up. Efforts by the administrations of both schools to halt the action proved inconsequential, and it was only after Massachusetts State Troopers and a group of Peace Corpsmen training at nearby Merrimac College entered the scene that any semblance of order could be attained.

The two Headmasters and Shearer and Dobson climbed on the roof of Benner House to try to get the evacuation process underway. In the specially floodlit air, the Andover Headmaster gave an improvised "Be good, boys, before I give you hell" speech. The Exeter students, quite unused to such childish reprimands, nearly erupted again, but several ferocious-looking Guardsmen quelled their spirits. Because of the restlessness which prevailed, and the constant incitement of the Exies by taunting P.A. boys, the Northmen didn't finish loading their busses until well after 10 o'clock, and it was after 11 o'clock before the vehicles pulled up to the Thompson Gymnasium on the P.E.A. campus to unload their unhappy cargoes.

Let is suffice for the meantime that both student bodies were everwhelmingly demoralized and shattered by the great snowball contest. The administrations of the two schools realized this, called off final exams, and sent the boys home a week early in the hopes that once the Spring Term commenced, the young men's fancies would again turn, if not to the "great end and real business of living," then at least to some serious studying. But while the boys were gladdened at the thought of getting home several days ahead of schedule, the faculties of the academies could not share in the rejoicing, for it was soon learned that the New England Private Schools Association was incensed over the shabbiness of the snowball fiasco and was planning to take drastic punitive measures if its series of hearings revealed, as it was expected they would, the need for such action.

The interrogations began on Monday, March 12, in the Gardner Auditorium of the gold-domed Massachusetts State House in Boston. After a week of investigations in this hall, the N.E.P.S.A. decided that because of the injury to the buildings, because of the jeopardizing of the public welfare, because of the laxity of both the Councils and the faculties of the academies, because of the prevalent jealousy for Andover and Exeter, and because of the realization that at last something had occurred to enable it to put the two schools in their "proper places," the Association announced that it found it necessary to draft a preliminary plan for the recognition of Andover and Exeter! A six man committee to execute the program was formed, half of its members being representative of ancient St. Grottlesex institutions: Kent, St. Paul's, and Groton. To coordinate the efforts of this austere body, a Boston newspaperman, one George Phrase, was drafted. The two Phillips Academies, embarrassed enough over the snowball flop, and deeply hurt by the reconstruction plans, decided they had had all they could take when they heard about the procurement of Phrase, for the journalist, Groton oriented, was notorious for his frequent derisive

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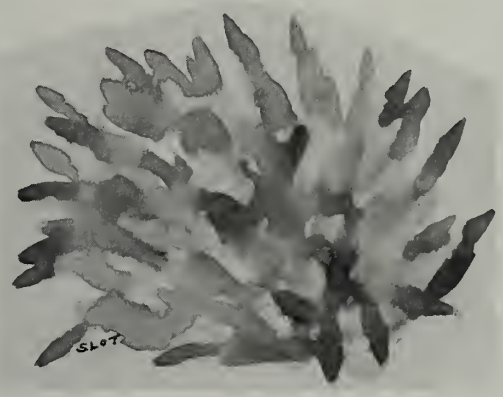

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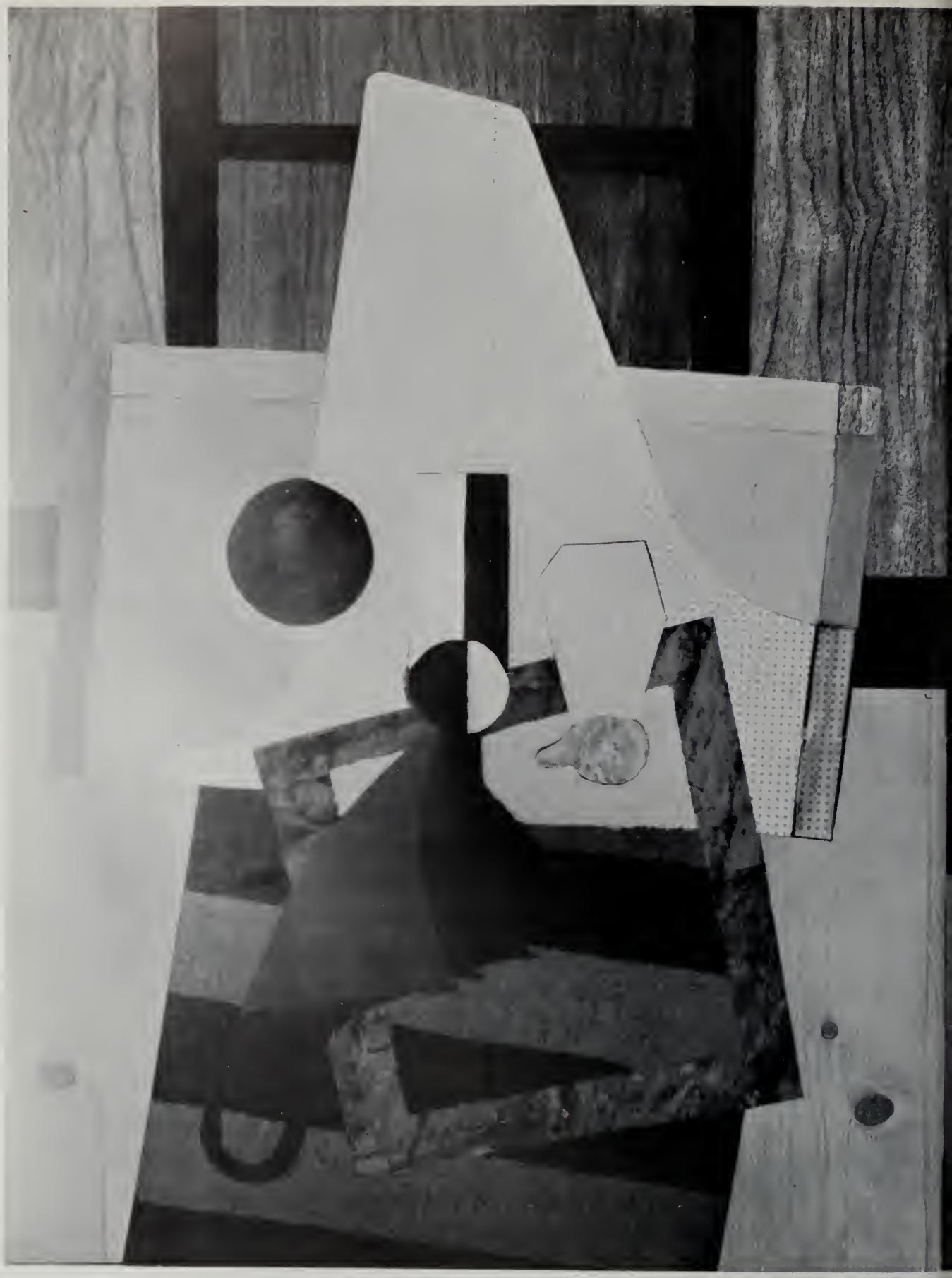
comments about the two schools. Knowing all too well that any committee thus dominated by St. Grottlesex men could cause them nothing but headaches, Exeter and Andover moved to withdraw from the Association. But alas, the constitution of the organization forbade such secession without a year's notice, so, difficult as it was, the two schools resigned themselves to their fate . . .

It was 6:10 in the morning on a crisp April day, and the 790 Exeter students entering the cold gray Phillips Church were sleepier than they usually were at daily chapel. The few boys who were awake, either out of sheer industry or artificial stimulation, could be heard complaining about the new kind of service, the Holy Eucharist, which had caused them to rise at what they called an "ungodly" hour. In the darkness of the early New Hampshire day, it was hard to see that each and every student was dressed identically in a maroon blazer and gray tie, and it was almost totally impossible to perceive that on the breast pocket of each jacket was a neat white insignia reading, "P.E.A." At last everyone was in his assigned seat, and anyone who was awake soon realized that they had indeed gathered to ask the Lord's blessing.

Twenty minutes later, and thirty miles to the south, over 800 boys were coming out from the same type of service in the Cochran Chapel, Andover, Massachusetts. For most of them too, the Holy Eucharist had been a new experience; certainly the fact that it was conducted in the familiar surroundings of the chapel rendered it fascinatingly unique. The darkness by now was beginning to lift, and as the students streamed across the vista, a laborer who had just reported for work on the construction of the fallout shelters, appeared startled when he noticed that all the P.A. boys were dressed alike. Everyone was wearing a smart navy blue blazer along with a blue and white striped tie. The worker stood still for three or four minutes and then walked toward the line of sleepy humans to get a closer look at the phenomenon. It must have been at this moment that he observed each jacket bore some sort of a silver gray seal, in which was woven a bee hive and a sun, for he stopped one of the boys and asked him what the three "strange" words at the bottom of the insignia meant. The lad glanced down at them for a few seconds and as he peered off into space, he muttered deliberately, *"Finis origine pendet"* — "The end depends upon the beginning . . . "



Painting/*Craig Moody*

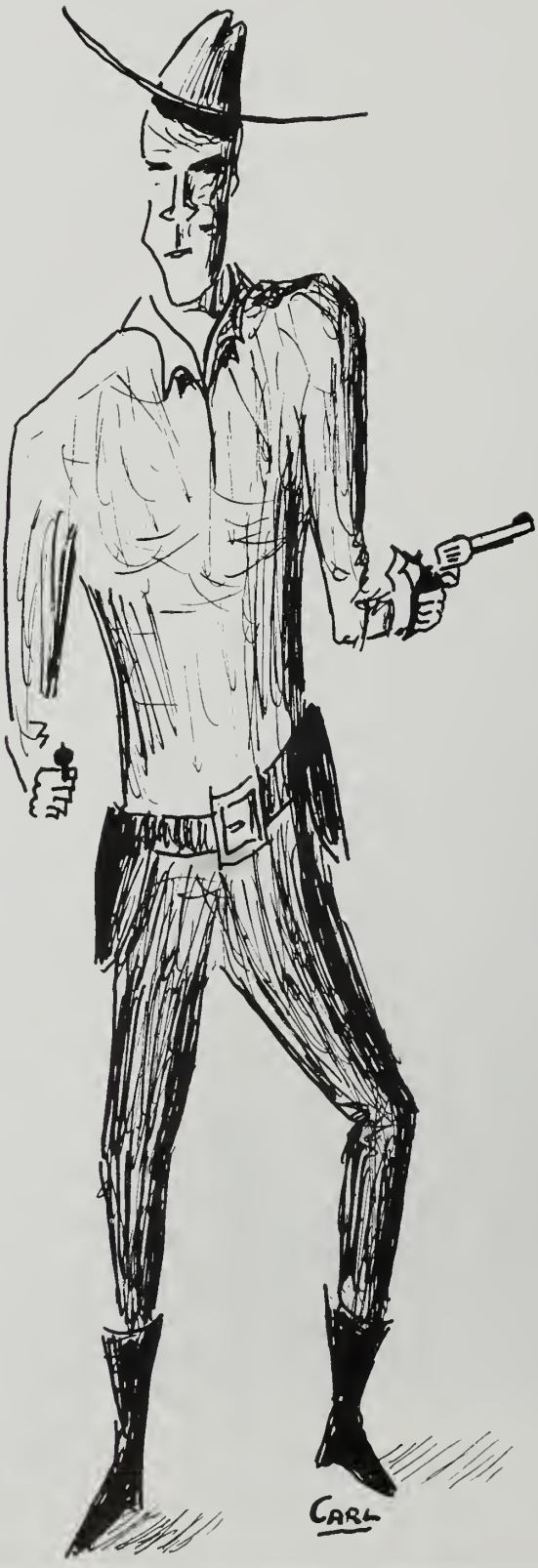
REFLECTIONS ON READING "YERMA"

by STEVE FRISHMAN

The wedding night
She sang and smelled the scent of apples
While turning back the bed.
She loved her husband for himself,
Believing in his seed.
She would bear a son for them
An infant born in happiness.
The years crawled on:
She had no son to call her own
From fields and flocks
Her prayer went up . . . up:
An infant feeding is divine.
Dear God, put life into this womb of mine.
I see lambs and calves, and colts and grass,
And trees and weeds, sky, rocks and
Four parched, brown clay walls
All screaming I am barren.
The years crawl on but never dance
Without a child pressed close to me.
Alone at night I lie in bed
Or sit outdoors awaiting . . .
Waiting to feel my blood rejoicing
With life of another within my womb.
A man has his fields to watch grow strong
And I have nought but barren land
All strewn with rocks and thorns.
I long to feel but one moist rose,
One drop of rain, one gentle seed
To carry and to feed.
I've heard it said
That she who truly desires a child
Shall, in fact, conceive and bear.
God who orders life for all,
I desire, need, yearn, and plead
To feel that spark beneath my breast.
I am a woman for I must . . . amen
(Child — or maybe children in general:
Looking down with smiling eyes
A woman finds her toes concealed
Beneath that smooth and smiling womb
Filled to bursting with shining life.
The child kicks. I feel him with my hand
But only the mother really feels
That joyful twitch from deep within
Telling of her child's impatiance
To breath and grasp and drink from heavy breasts.
Young child drinking from her breast
Eyes shut, tiny hands rolled into fists
And gleaming white as fleecy clouds or shining snow
Drops of milk on chin and chest.
The child sleeps nestled on the arm
Of one who smiles, nestled on the arm
Of motherhood.)

TWO-GUN PETE

by MORDECAI MILLER



Two-gun Pete, his legs well apart, a Colt-45 strapped to each, stood like a pillar in the middle of the dirt road that was Main Street. On either side of him was a line of buildings: smithy, saloon, boardinghouse, stable, etc. Behind him Main Street became a yellow-brown ribbon winding through flat desert and cacti and an occasional hill or depression. Before him stood a short guy with a black mustache and in need of a shave — the bad man, The Terror of the West — who swaggered as he stood there, his limp hands swinging over the butts of his twin 45's.

"Draw, you low-down gun-totin mongrel!" our hero spat out fiercely.

Before The Terror could clear his holster Pete had perforated him, and the 'gun-totin mongrel' lay in the dust as he had fallen, another outlaw done in by the greatest hero of the West, Two-gun Pete, brought to you each week by the makers of Krunchies' Mash, the breakfastingest cereal of them all.

"O.K., O.K., cut, cut," a little nervous man yelled as he stepped from one of the buildings and waddled up to Pete. The Terror, in the meantime, lifted himself from the dust and strode into the saloon for a coffee. "Now in this next scene, Pete, the stagecoach comes into town from behind where Bob just was, farther on down this road. It'll drive right up to you — you stand here like you did just now, that was good. Then they'll tell you they were held up and robbed, and you just do the usual things— what we do every time in a situation like this. Try to do this right the first time, 'cuz then we can have a lunch-break and maybe get done this afternoon. O.K., look sharp, here they come! Roll it, roll it!" he yelled as he ran back into the saloon.

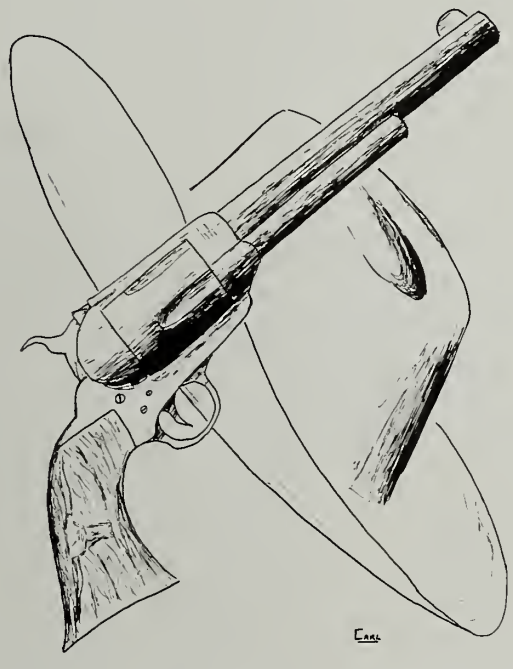
Drawn by four horses, and trailing a tail of rich yellow dust magnificient to behold, the Tuscon stagecoach rolled into one of its short-stop towns. But to everyone's horror it was being followed by a blue Cadillac, which passed the coach and came roaring down Main Street towards The Hero of the West (co-sponsored by Anacid, the anti-acid tablet which relieves stomach-ache, heart-burn, baldness, athlete's foot, AND the common cold). The driver of the Cadillac (on the doors of which was neatly painted, "Property of Krunchies' Mash-Anacid Productions") was the President's son, an upstart teen-ager who was showing off his father's wealth and power to his girl. Pete, almost too astounded to move, hardly had time to jump aside before the Cadillac drove past.

Unfortunately, The Hero of the West was not accustomed to jumping aside for anybody, and he fell, face down, in the dust. He could almost hear someone in the Cadillac calling out, "Eat dust, you mangy critter!" It was the supreme humiliation, and Pete just lay there, knowing it. The Cadillac came to an abrupt stop a little farther on, the driver yelled out to the director, "Just checking up on you, Dan," and the Cadillac quickly pulled out of town. When the dust had finally settled, the director called a break, and they went into the shade of the saloon —it was merely a façade, as were all the other buildings — to eat their lunch.

The filming that afternoon did not go as well as might have been expected; so there would have to be one more day of shooting before the show would finally be finished (and ready to be co-sponsored by Krunchies' Mash, the breakfast cereal which contains 183% of the minimum adult daily vitamin requirement and is also suitable for a tasty, tempting lunch or dinner, or both; and Anacid, the miracle anti-acid tablet — and, they are MILD).

As he drove home Pete thought back over his role, smiling and putting on his face the mask of calm superiority befitting The Hero of the West. As he neared town he realized he hadn't taken his cowboy hat off yet, and he did so, blushing with embarrassment; he didn't like to wear it around others: they laughed at it.

Pete had barely had long enough to say hello to his wife and learn that dinner wasn't ready yet, before a troop of cowboys — his three sons — surrounded him, forcing him into the living-room at gunpoint. There, for half an hour, he worked harder than he had all day. First, he had to be a horse — "A horse should be obedient and fast," his youngest had said — and accordingly he got down on his hands and knees, and was ridden every inch of the fifty miles to the outlaws' den three times; each child was careful to be generous with the spurs and the miles. Then he had to be The Bad Buy, allowing each sheriff to shoot him down several times. "The best part," Bobby had said, "is where you fall on the ground *hard* just after we shoot. Do that part good." Pete's hands itched for the feel of his gun in his palm, but with manly fortitude he resisted the temptation. For years, it seemed, he was shot down, and fell on the ground, HARD. He often caught himself wondering if maybe Anacid would cure his sore sides and settle his shaken brains. When they got tired of shooting down badmen, Jack had the privilege of describing the next amusement: "This is where you are a lookout watching for Indians, and we're the Indians, and we sneak up behind you and" (with a little shout for joy) "scalp you!" Pete was only scalped four times before his wife called out, "Dinner, dear," so the Indians didn't have much chance to get very skilled at scalping outposts, though Pete certainly thought the scalping felt realistic. With a gasp of heartfelt thankfulness Pete evaded one of the wily Indians that were coming for his scalp, and went in to dinner.



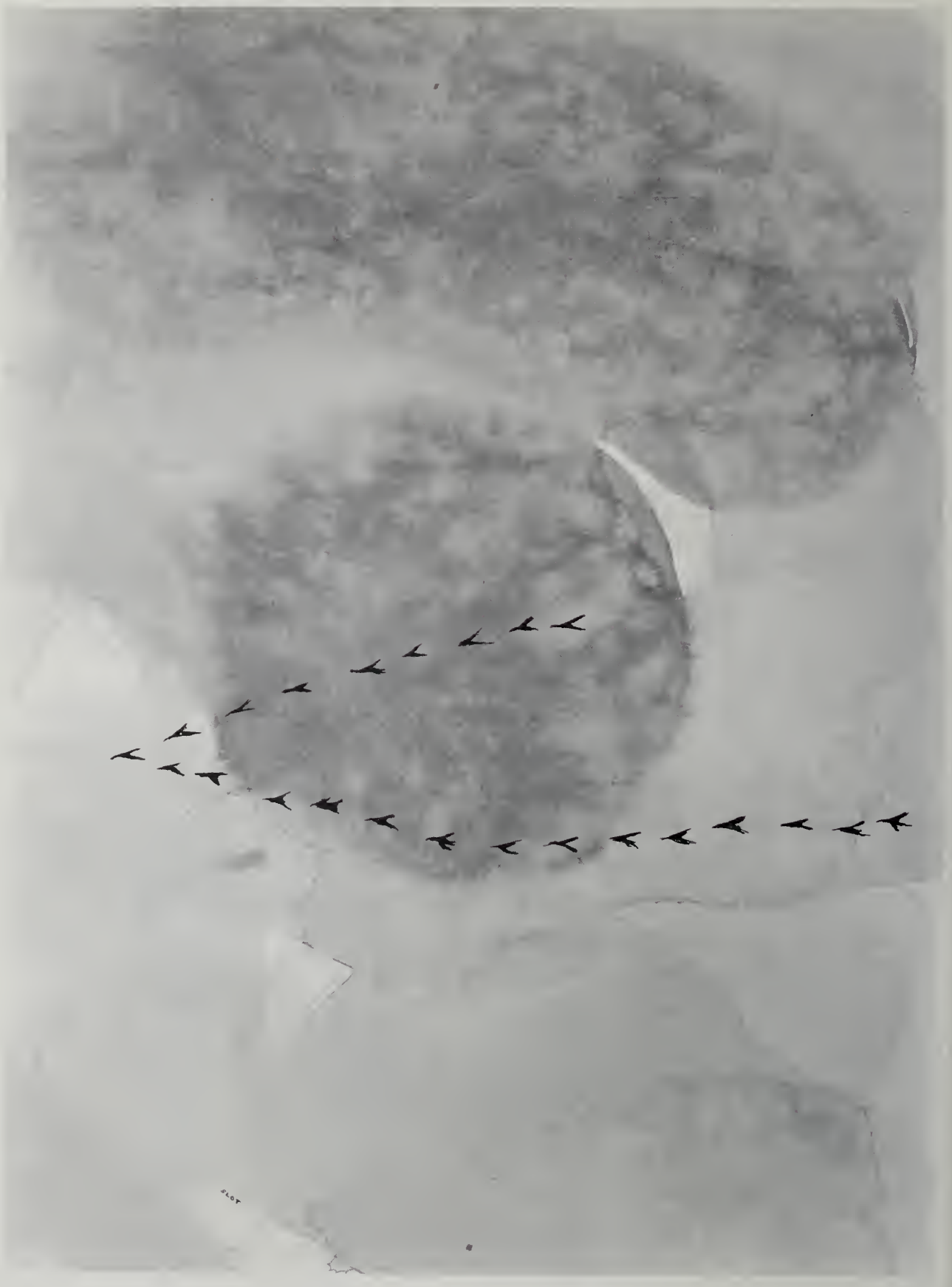
"Daddy, will you play with us after dinner?" Bobby asked happily, scattering his peas all over the table in his frantic efforts to cut his meat, "that was fun!"

"Now children, I'm sure your father had a very hard day at work, and I don't think he'll want to play any more," Pete's wife interjected.

"But *we* aren't tired, Mom," Jack replied.

Glaring silence from the head of the table.

The following morning Pete found that Anacid didn't work, and his Krunchies' Mash wasn't fit for a dog (he tried, and the dog wouldn't eat it), but, turning his back on all his previous defeats, he drove to work. As he left town he put on his stetson and gazed around at the surrounding country — *his* country. He, The Hero of the West, stiffened his sore back as, allowing a faint smile to curl his lips, his face a serene, dignified mask, he proudly faced all the double-crossing, black bandanaed, un - shaven, tobacco - chewing, bemoustached train-robbers, murderers, and just plain bandits.



BLACK BIRDS

by STEPHEN BARNETT

"In the deep pink twilight
Clouds of black birds migrate
Back to their Southern homes
Like exile thoughts."

— Giosuè Carducci, San Maittio
Translated by STEPHEN BARNETT

It was hard for him to believe he had even come to the right place.

Walking back to the car, Mike looked over his shoulder at the station. The grandiose edifice suggested nothing more than a Roman bath whose water supply had long since failed. Inside the decaying shell he had found complete emptiness, deep in dust. The floor was scarred where benches and barstools had been torn out, pillaged by bureaucratic barbarism; in places, indeed, there was no floor at all. Outside, the overhanging roof sagged, the windows gaped.

He slid into the driver's seat and started the engine. Ten cold minutes passed in clouds of condensed exhaust. Huddled behind the wheel, grateful for what shelter the station-wagon could give from the five-degree weather outside, he awaited the train.

At last it rattled in on the only track still in use, and pulled up in front of a quonset hut that squatted by the station, as harmonious with its surroundings as a coke stand in a ruined palace.

He got out of the car and walked over to the platform in time to see a tired conductor lower the steps of the coach. A solitary familiar figure let himself down after his suitcase and waved to Mike, a tall tanned boy of eighteen with a long chestnut cowlick across his forehead. His tight, well-cut blue suit and narrow shoes were just as Mike had remembered them — Bill Merrill was, in fact, unchanged since those days when Mike had known him in Rome. A semester at Yale had left no mark on him at all; he would never be a typical American college boy. His first words to Mike on looking around him were:

"*Mo! mica 'e un Termini, ma tanto ci son arrivato, poi* . . . Say, are all the railroads here this bad?"

"Yeah, mostly, especially in this part of the country. The B and M is about the worst. Hey, you haven't changed much, how are you?"

"Same as always. Only their names are different," said Bill, eyes alight.

"Say, you *haven't* changed, have you?" chuckled Mike admiringly. He never ceased to be amazed at Bill's prowess. "How many you going steady with now?"

"Don't know. *A proposito,* let me tell you . . . It's quite extraordinary. After you left, Anne de Hof . . . "

"Listen, lets get out of the cold," interrupted Mike, "Mom and Dad are anxious to see you. And I want to get you home and show you the place. Pity you won't be able to stay longer. We've got a wild toboggan run out back, and the weather is perfect for it. Is this your only bag? The car's over there."

"Ouch! Same old *mostro americano,* eh?"

Mike smiled at the grimace Bill gave the old blue Plymouth.

"Yes," he said, "same old monster. The picnic bus. Jeez, remember those picnics?"

"That I do," replied Bill, "Great days."

They got into the car and drove out of the station lot joking about the B and M and decadent America in general.

The main street seemed to Mike somewhat more in keeping with the mood of the meeting. The shop-windows were still bright with Christmas, and there were decorated trees on every street-corner.

"Nothing decadent about that," observed Mike, pointing out the decorations.

"Nothing missing but the shepherds with their pipes."

"And a lot more instead. I always used to miss a white Christmas, and carol singing." He thought back for a moment. "But the pipers were nice, you're right. Piazza Navona was fun."

They were driving now between rows of well-kept Victorian houses, each with a wreath or a bunch of spruce boughs on the door.

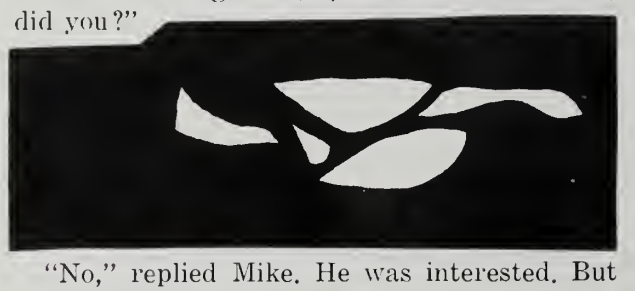
"But somehow Christmas is more — well, more in the air here," said Mike with a glance across at Bill.

"Matter of taste, I guess," said Bill, which closed the subject effectively.

The Victorian houses were getting shabbier and closer to the road. Mike felt himself, hoping, strangely, that Bill wasn't looking at them. Rather at random he spoke:

"How are things at Yale?"

"Not bad. I haven't taken over yet, but give me time. They wouldn't give me sophomore standing, which was a blow, but I pestered them until they put me into directed studies. So I've got some sort of math course — I don't know exactly what it's about, but the professor thinks I do, so that's all right — and then a modern European history course which is actually fairly stimulating. And this advanced Italian course! I took it for a gut but it's actually fairly tough and a lot of fun. There's one other guy in the class, some sort of Southern type, and a fantastic teacher, a Milanese who writes for *Lo Specchio*. I imagine Yale doesn't know how far left *Lo Specchio* is. He hasn't been in Rome for three years, so he keeps asking me what its like now that the Olympics have come and gone . . . you didn't see all that, did you?"



"No," replied Mike. He was interested. But when he saw Bill about to enlarge on the subject, he cut in: "Middlebury's pretty good too. The campus is really great. And I've got some great courses. English especially. Did a term paper on Religion in Early American Prose."

"Sounds interesting." Mike could see that Bill was not enthusiastic about the subject, nor was he himself. The conversation stopped.

They had left Cold River Center behind, and were following the Trail, at the moment along the bed of the Cold River. This was one of Mike's favorite drives. In every season it had its beauty for him. Now the shrunken stream gurgled in an echo chamber of ice, far too small for the rock-strewn springtime bed through which it wound its way. On either side wooded slopes rose steeply for about a hundred feet and then became more gentle. The bare-limbed forests were punctuated here and there with evergreens decked with snow; Christmas extended even to the wilderness.

Mike started humming. Glancing across at Bill, who was fiddling with a children's toy that had been left on the seat, he was tempted to say something to draw his friends attention to the magnificence around them. However, he decided to wait till they reached the level between the summits and surprise him further. Suddenly he heard Bill speak:

"How is life in Shelby?"

The *nor sequitur* — or so, irrationally, it seemed to Mike — was irritating. Still, he was glad of the new line of conversation.

"Oh — all right," he said. "Nice to be with the family. We've been working on the place; got a patio, and a barbecue pit, and a fancy arbor we built last summer. We bought some more land, you know. The garden is really producing, too. Pity this isn't the corn season, then you'd taste something.

"Now don't tell me you've become a homebody!"

"Oh . . . I get around some. There's not much in Shelby, of course, but we've got a movie, and a summer theatre, and strangely enough a Parisian type beatnik coffee house, the Cave de Montmartre. And there's miniature golf and

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drive-ins on the highway. I don't date all that much, but — hey, now take a look at that, huh?"

The car had reached the East Summit and was starting down a short gentle slope to a level field, deep in snow and bounded by hundreds of spruces, their limbs bending white and heavy. The sight had stunned Mike on the way over; now he looked to see Bill's reaction.

"Nice view." It was like a slap in the face. Mike rallied his forces.

"Don't you think this is a fantastic road — for scenery?"

"Ever seen the Tosco Romagnolo?"

"Yes . . ." Mike paused. "Yes, we drove across it from San Marino to Florence one summer . . . yes."

To Mike's simultaneous annoyance and relief, Bill changed the subject: "You were talking about your love-life."

"Yes." A smile. "I . . . well, there's this girl Jackie I go out with once in a while, more or less for conservation. And then there's Karen."

"Smitten?"

"I guess you'd say. But it's mutual, so there's no worry about — well, you know that story. I go out with her — you might say going steady, since Jackie's really just a friend."

"Like Theresa was?"

"Not exactly. No."

Karen. He smiled to himself. What would she and Bill think of each other, he wondered. Introducing them was something to which he had looked forward. He thought about it, turned over its possibilities. Suddenly it no longer seemed such a good idea to him. The smile faded. How would she react to Bill? Probably ask him where he had learned to speak English so well.

"She's a nice girl to be with. And she's a doll!" He wasn't wholly convincing, even to himself.

They had passed West Summit and were on the dark side of the mountain, the sun still rising in the East. On the right there was a raw rock face; on their left the mountainside fell away to Shelby in the valley. The rocks were covered with cascades of ice, a sight that had always appealed to Mike. Now for the first time he was struck with how very cold they looked. And Bill's indifference no longer mattered so.

"Speaking of girls," said Bill, "remember that goodbye party Anne gave for you . . .'

"Some goodbye party!" cut in Mike bitterly. "She danced with me all of two times! Her and Jay Gingold . . . It was downright embarrassing. Made you feel as if you had barged in on their wedding night."

"Yes. Well, you know that was only about the second time I'd seen her, and only at parties. So a week after you left I happened to meet her at a picnic. There wasn't anything to do, so we wandered off and had a long conversation about Dante, and Kennedy's nomination chances, and birth control, and so on. She asked about you, too, matter of fact."

Mike turned suddenly, actually neglecting the wheel. But he said nothing. Bill raised his eyebrows, then went on.

'That started it. It took a couple of weeks from then on in. Quite an affair."

"How did you do?" asked Mike, almost desperately.

"Pretty well," said Bill, the storyteller.

"No competition from Jay?" pressed Mike in a maddened tone.

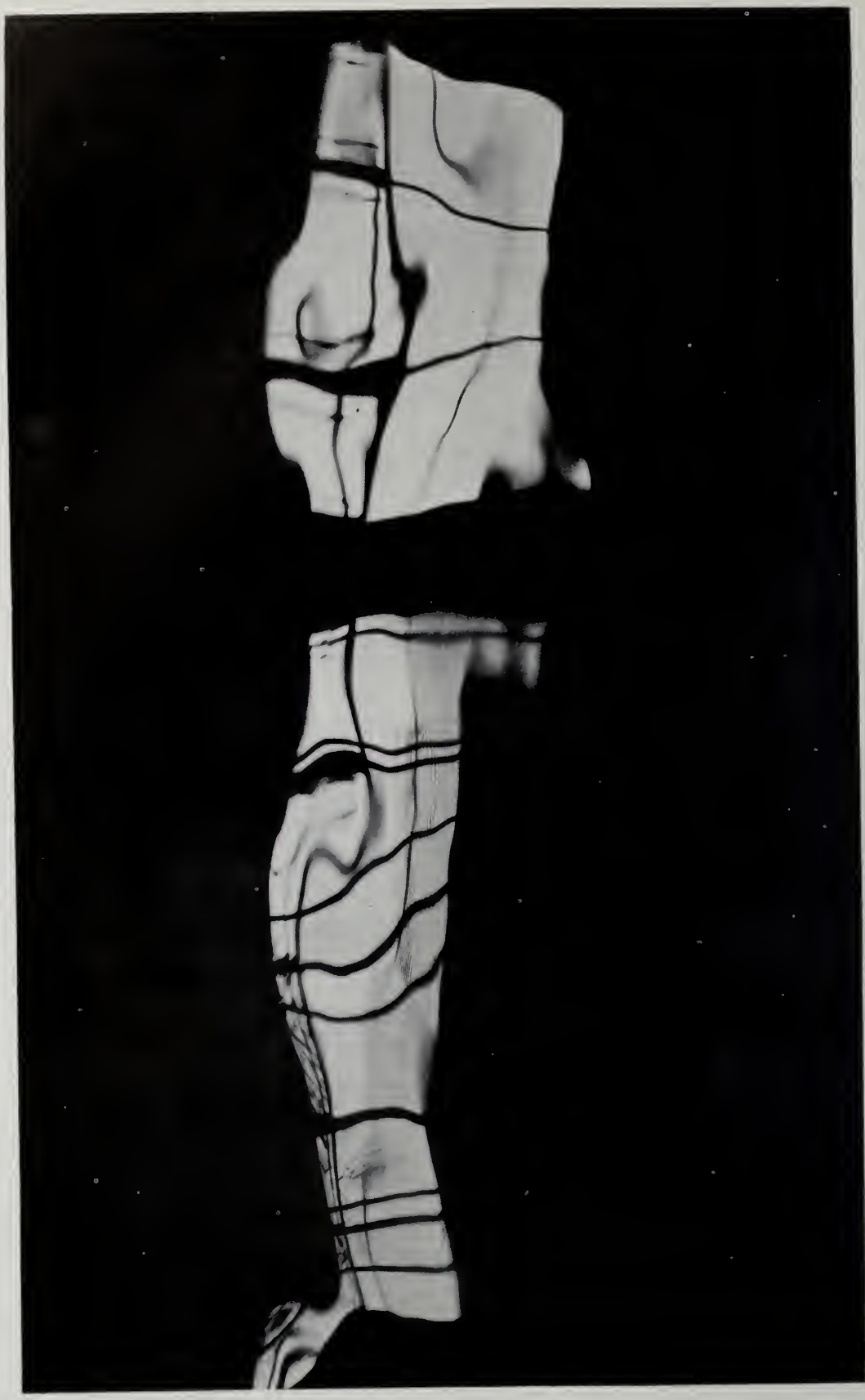
"Actually it was fairly stiff for a while. Neck and neck, you might say." Mike winced, as Bill went on, "But you know me."

"Yes, I know you," replied Mike finally.

The conversation ceased, which was fine with Mike; Bill had apparently given up. They had reached Shelby and were passing the beautiful old houses in the center of the town. Their stolid durability impressed Mike and cheered him. The car started up the last hill. The sight of the maple grove by the roadside, his favorite place of solitude, brought to Mike confused memories of moments there with Karen. He turned into the driveway and stopped in front of the door.

"You get out here," he told Bill. "I'll put the car in the garage and bring in your suitcase."

He looked after Bill walking jauntily up to the door. That was the flagstone he had laid himself. Out in back would be the patio and the barbecue pit he had helped to build. And he himself had contributed his opinions to the plans for the house. These thoughts paraded before him like the Egyptian conquests in *Aida*. Only he felt as if he were fifty rows back, and could neither see nor hear closely. His brows knit; he closed his eyes for a moment. Then he relaxed, and with one all-encompassing look at the house he knew he despised, he resigned himself to putting the car away.



Jim Mayer

Two Poems by Harry Tsoukanelis

Natalia

You put your breasts on my palms
and truth turned her hidden face to me;
what you half-showed me in our evening
taught me to spurn the coming dawn.

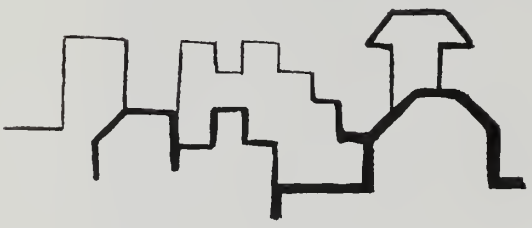
Like one long time ago invited
you entered and broke my stubborn bows;
like a stream in the cool night
the touch of your fingers killed my thirst.

From Elegy the First 'The Funeral of Aristotle The Great'

Under the pines of Parthenon we carried you.
Barefooted we carried you
without a name on our palms.
Your star walked in front
and we followed it despite the sun
the sun who envied you
I dropped your book as we carried you
the earth half-smiled bitterly
the crazy earth.
God's words couldn't reach you now
they simply stretched their arms in awe
over Parthenon's golden rock.
Reflections only of my voice's laughter
flashed signals of despair
implying your existance once upon a time.

HOUSES

by CHUCK ROUNDS



THE OCTAGON HOUSE

Pete had lived in the octagon house, in fact, all my old friends had lived in that general neighborhood. But about five years ago, all of us moved away and with us went all the old houses and countryside. In their places new homes and developments were springing up. The octagon house, the last in the country, was also the last remaining in the neighborhood, but as I drove past a few weeks ago, I saw that barn was completely demolished, and the house was partially razed.

I came back the next day to take some pictures. Three turned out well. One was of the undamaged part, showing four sides. The house was about twenty-five feet high with a flat roof. It resembled a drum with a can on the head, the can being a small cupola. A gate ran around the circumference of the roof where wives watched for their husbands' ships coming up the river below. The paint was chipping and all the windows were broken, but none of the damage could be seen.

The second picture was of the other side where the demolition had taken place. The four sides were completely ripped away as if it were an architect's model or a doll house. The exposed rooms with the bright wallpaper stood out in the debris. The partitions were filled in with cement, and dust had whitened the rubble. The debris slanted up in an inclined plan to the second floor and the remains of the barn were in the foreground.

The third picture was of the foundation surrounded with boards and piles of plaster. The crane was slowly moving up the hill as if it were slinking away from mischief.

These pictures might have been valuable someday, but unfortunately my little sister threw them in the fire. Actually they really weren't that good anyway.

The Victorian House

I had to fight my way through the vines which covered the weathered tar drive. The lawn was now a field with small thickets of briars, and the paint on the Victorian house had chipped away, leaving the bare grey boards. The shutters either lay on the ground or hung from one hinge, and the amber earthen urn in the center of the drive was in pieces. Ivy which was planted when I was there entwined around the fragments. The barn roof had caved in and there was evidence that people had come to the place for firewood. I walked around to the side and up the terrace steps. The grape vines ran along the terrace floor, up into the branches of the hawthorn tree, crossing to the roof, and into the house. A wicker chair lay rotting on the porch, which had managed to stay up over the fifteen years. Small trees were growing in the field where we used to play baseball.

I went to the front and tried the door knob, which fell off in my hand. With a penknife I cut away the vines that sealed the door, forced it open, and walked in flailing at the cobwebs. Straight ahead where the playroom was I could still see the childish writing on the wall, and to the right was the living room, empty except for the curtains that disintegrated when touched.

Upstairs all the bedrooms were boarded. I entered the room in the second-floor attic, where I had slept. It was once a maid's room, complete with a washbowl, but now it was empty except for a steel bed where I put my things and lay down. As I lay there, I thought back on the history of the house.

It was built in 1875 by Calvin T. Phillips. He was very interested in gardening, and had the place planted with many expensive trees and bushes. Calvin kept a study in the barn and had a horse named Charlie. Mariah, his wife, was also interested in gardeing and played the harp. She was well read and subscribed to many magazines.

In 1894 Calvin died, and from that time on Mariah seldom went out except to water the crocuses on the terrace. She closed the upstairs and slept in the livingroom. A few years after his death she related that Calvin had come into her room and said that she was to grieve no more. After his appearance Mariah reopened the rest of the house. Until her death in 1930, she kept Calvin's cane, hat, and coat on the coatrack, exactly as he had left them before he died.

Calvin was known for his thrift. He would bring the money home and keep it in a small compartment in the closet by the playroom. Years later, after his death, Marias remembered

the compartment and asked Lizzy, her maid, to look into it. She got up on a chair, reached in, and found a large roll of bills. This happened several times until the compartment was emptied. The episode was exaggerated over the years and became legendary in the small town.

I got up from the bed and decided to look around. Up in the attic my lighter illuminated a trunk in the corner. Inside was a small harp labled *From Mrs. Abrigail White to her Daughter Miss Mariah.* Also in the trunk was a pile of papers. I read through them and found some of my old compositions and a card addressed to Mr. Steeple, who lived in the house before me, saying that the town selectmen were numbering the houses and his was to be 1010 Broadway. I put the contents back in the trunk, walked down the attic steps, through the hall, downstairs past the living room and outside. I had wasted too much time for I had important things to do. But before I left, I burned down the house.

The Cape

A new apartment building dropped out of sight; movie theaters, restaurants, and stores flew past my window; the spire of a church came into view as the car sped down towards the center. After the light turned, I went over a bridge and took a left on the road that went up the hill to the residential section.Two-family apartments, newly-built modern houses, and well-kept colonials lined the side. The town was evidence of Boston's expansion on the South Shore. What had been cranberry bogs were now parking lots and what had been fields were now developments. But no more than a mile from the center, the pattern was broken by a small cape.

I slowed up to get a better look. The small house was a stark contrast to the neighboring houses. It was situated on about two acres of land as opposed to the usual quarter plot. Scrub pines scattered the property and the lawn resembled a cut field. A chopping block was in the drive and a hand pump stood outside the kitchen door. In the back was a privy and in back of that was a grove of oaks.

I parked the car and walked up the path. The front door was simply a few boards nailed together and sanded. There were no steps for the foundation was completely buried. I opened the door, thinking the real estate agency wouldn't mind. Inside, the staircase was flanked by two rooms, completely furnished. Suddenly, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the back of the house and two voices singing a hymn.

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PANIC AND DESTRUCTION

by TIM BINGHAM

The Broadway — 7th Avenue El screeches to a stop above my head. The revolving-door on the platform picks up momentum, then dies with a groan. Two pair of feet clamp down the wooden stairs to the street below. A little man with a newspaper under his arm gets a cab waiting at the foot of the stairs. The cab-driver grinds the gears into first and heads off down the street. The second man wanders down the sidewalk in another direction, his heels clicking against the sidewalk to the time of a lazy promenade. But this sound grows fainter and soon disappears. The clamor of the Bronx has turned to silence; the busy streets have become deserted. There is nothing now but the steady drip of water from the "El" above the quiet hum of the street-lights.

I am an owl in this quiet forest of stone and steel. The other creatures of the forest are behind window-shades, living their "awake hours" in numbers, always shutting out the quiet of the night. A weird obsession brings me to the silence of these streets, for here my mind runs freely. I am at home in the company of the wrinkled "Daily News," the crushed "Old Gold" box and the brown shopping bag.

"I'll head for the all-night 'White-Tower' about ten blocks down," I think to myself.

Moving from under the elevated subway, I start down 249th street. A car crosses 249th about three blocks ahead of me and then all is silence again. Now in the q u i e t and lonely hours, my mind wanders to my obsession. It is only now where there is no sound and the dirty streets are empty that the snake creeps into my mind.

First will come the sirens — not too loud, only like a distant fire engine. Then someone will hear a radio announcement: "Not an air raid drill, but the real thing!" But no, it's a joke. It can't be real! That empty, cold feeling, however, will weep into the bottom of my stomach. "But it has to be a false alarm. Tell me it's a false alarm! It can't be real!" Then a woman will scream. That is all it will take, and the third-person fears of the cowardly city will become first-person reality.

"My God, help me, help me get out of here".

"Alice is still in school, I have to get my daughter out of school. Someone help me!"

The race for the highways will start. Furious drivers will hurl by, trying desperately to get out of the city. One accident up ahead, and the cars will pile up in a honking snare. Shouts to move on. "Smash the car out of the way! "A few people will try to drive on the sidewalks, hitting pedestrians if they have to, doing anything to free themselves from the city.

The nice old man in "Nick's Shoe Repair Shop" will pull the wire burglar guard across his store window before he leaves his little shop. But as he hurries down the sidewalk, he will be knocked down by the panicking mass. Racing legs will bat him around like a loose soccer ball and crash him into the sidewalk.

The confusion will be fantastic. People will flee their homes, racing down the sidewalks with half empty suitcases, pushing others out of the way but getting nowhere. There will be no order. A policeman will fire his revolver into the crowd to clear a path so that he can carry his little child to safety.

The inhabitants of this forest of stone and steel, once well-groomed and clothed in smooth garments, will tear off their civilized clothes and bare the hairy bodies of apes. The crudest of animal instincts will drive them into a frenzy of horror and fear. Like cornered animals, they will scream and race around, killing if they must to free themselves.

Then will come the earthshattering crash, drowning out the screams of horror. Buildings will crumble on the panicking mass, crushing bones and mangling flesh against stone. Huge steel structures will toss, then crash down on to smaller buildings. Fire, death, hell on earth!

The crooning of Johnny Mathis drifts lazily out of the "White-Tower" and into the quiet of the Bronx night. It is a welcome sound to me now, after the deafening silence of the city streets. As I enter the restaurant, the tune on the radio changes to a crazy rock-n-roll song with a pounding beat. The clamor of everyday life slowly comes back and I order a bowl of rice pudding.

OCTOBER 28th

by PETE JOHNSON

"Marriage and Hanging go by destiny; Matches are made in heaven."
—ROBERT BURTON (1621-51)

In Zululand, October 28 will be eternally remembered as the day when Bduga Mnul invented an inexpensive, mass-produced blowgun. In Russia on October 28, Ivan Uprovna developed a new brand of long underwear, subsequently known as the Red Terror. Also on October 28, Mukluk Chanook drove in the final spike for the Baffin Island Dogsled Railway. But all these monumental accomplishments of great men were dwarfed by the worst disaster since the Tower of Babel, for October 28 was the day they ran out of matches in Ryley Room.

At first glance The Room seemed quite normal on that ignominous eve. At the pool table the usual admiring gallery was watching Clod "Whammy" Tobasco make his customary precedent-shattering plays. (Tonight he set a record by knocking *three* balls off the table in one shot). In the darkest corner of the room the members of the Bat Materson Club were intent on becoming hypnotized by their pet cyclops. Two bridge games were fast and furiously in progress, and, as usual, such astute comments as, "We're vulnerable and have a game toward rubber," were drawing sage nods from the kibitzers. Two billiards matches were being played on the level, unmarred tables, and the competitors were surprising themselves by even getting a billiard now and then. At the other end of the room the continual "click . . . click . . . click . . . Pow! Wham! . . . 'Damn it all' " gave witness that the pros were hard at work at another night of the school's most frustrating sport. Everything seemed fairly normal. But it wasn't!

The perceptive observer could discern tiny beads of perspiration on almost every brow, a continual nervous quiver in usually steady hands, a disconsolate moan in every breath. Tonight The Room was brighter than usual, the customary haze was missing, the beautiful billows of white vapors were nowhere to be seen, for tonight the matches had disappeared from Ryley Room. To be sure, cigarettes abounded as usual; almost everybody had a butt dangling from his lower lip, but nary a one was lit. The tense silence in the atmosphere betrayed the fact that the very foundations of The Room itself were crumbling.

At the pool table "Whammy" Tobasco was engaged in an epic match with that terror of the pool hall, smilin' K.B. "Gusty" Jizool. Both K.B. and Whammy were under visible strain, and Whammy, a six year veteran of Ryley Room pool, presented a pitiful sight, standing there with a thouroughly chewed Lucky in his mouth. Even Gusty wasn't grinning as broadly, as innocently, or as stupidly as usual. The group around the table were also exhibiting signs of unusual strain. Nix Motum even found it hard to remain suavely aloof, and non-smoker Ringer Neck, deprived of The Room's usual nicotine-filled haze, was on the verge of a fit himself. Jack Boring, surnamed the Bulge, was writhing on the floor in a paroxysm of anguish, desperately trying to rub two toothpicks together to make just one tiny spark. Too bad the class' only Boy Scout doesn't frequent The Room.

The Bat Masterson Club was the source of another conflict. Now that a pea-soup fog no longer shrouded the television set, the members could see what a worthless program "Bat Masterson" really is, and the club was divided into two factions: those who wanted to remain stoically faithful to Bat and those who were in favor of switching to a more cultural program. The leader of the right wing was Pro Weenie, who is still trying to figure out whether he's a lower or an upper. Weenie was pro-Bat all the way. The leader of the opposing radical faction was John Dooshy, bizarre sight with his famous pipe jutting upside-down from his mouth. Dooshy wanted to switch to "Huck Hound" to watch a cartoon interpretation of "Lucia de Lammermoor." John was driven to such a fervor by not being able to puff on his precious pipe that he threatened to perform a mad scene of his own.

Two bridge games, with the customary participants, were going on at the Wilkinson Memorial Tables, so-called in loving memory of a dear departed class-mate who was plagued by discovering motorcycles and furdlybirds in his bridge hands. Playing at the first table were Andover's answer to the Bobsey twins — the

(Continued on Page 30)

LAST CRY

by Alex Malozemoff

He had handsome features, to be sure, but his face was pockmarked and unshaved. His small, thin, hunched frame was topped with a thick, wavy, but dandruff-filled crop of hair. He smelled,too, as if he hadn't washed in some time. And as I walked beside him — I was on his left — I couldn't help noticing on his left hand, between the third and fourth knuckles, a sort of hole of raw flesh, a dry, open wound, which evidently he had picked at and irritated with his long fingernails. I felt my eyes drawn down to look at the spot, as if I were daring myself to face it, in just the way that I feel my body drawn forward when I stand on the edge of some height.

I had long been observing him at a distance, but I can't really say what it was, besides his unusual appearance, that interested me so. Perhaps its was his way of walking. As I walked beside him now, he stepped in such a way that his feet seemed barely to touch the pavement. It was as if he were stalking someone with the Indian step children often use in play. He did it by touching his heel only slightly before the sole of his foot came down. He had other childlike mannerisms, too, like pouting in impatience, or skipping in his awkward way when he was happy. Perhaps this was what attracted me, for these characteristics betrayed the desire to hold on to the trappings of childhood, a desire I had always prized as my own private dream. Indeed, to soar amid the dreams and phantasies of childhood with all the power of perception and misunderstanding of maturity was something close to my sprit, and it made me a bit jealous to see it in him too. Yet, to have such an appearance superimposed on such a way of acting somewhat frightened me, and it was only with a great effort that I had finally, today, brought myself to meet him.

He was a painter. His room, when we finally reached it, was in an old tenement. It was dark, small, and disordered, just as I might have imagined, with canvasses propped up haphazardly along the walls. He lighted a single lamp, a small goose-neck on his desk. As he was speaking, he ran his finger slowly, carefully across the top of the lamp, wiping the dust off in a straight, nervously centered line. I watched him look at the small, rough, gray ridge of collected dust, and rub it between his thumb and second finger until the little rolls emerged from the cracks of his skin, and then flick them off. It was a nervous urge I had often experienced myself.

He was speaking to me all along in his high, pure-toned voice, pitched at a level that seemed strung unnaturally between both childish and manly qualities. He was telling me about his painting, anxiously, sincerely, as if trying to bring the conversation down to an intimate level; but he spoke in a clipped, sporadic way, with an almost purely intellectual content, and continually made mistakes in speech, such as choosing the wrong word, mistakes which he was afraid to correct, and which he awkwardly tried to conceal by moving on.

Then I noticed the painting on the easel. He tried to brush it aside, saying it was a mistake, but my eyes were continually drawn to it. The picture was a combination of brown, red and black, all mixed together. On the reddish-brown background squirmed what might be two black snakes, hopelessly intertwined, or two black cats grappling upright, on the left, and a black tail, long and curved, extending over to the right. The line of the tail reminded me of the line of his upper lip, in his frail, extended smile.

I looked up at hm. He was standing opposite me, next to the easel, talking more steadily now, directly at me. He had started by making excuses in his typical, self-deprecatory way, telling me how the painting had started as a vase with flowers; but he had switched now to a darker tone, incongruous in his high voice, as he told of the "unconsummated passion" that he felt in his art. His eyes flicked from my mouth to my eyes, as if he were forcing himself to look straight at me, as if his eyes kept falling from inertia. I was uncomfortable, standing so close to him, only two feet away, in the dim light of his disorderd room, so conscious of his face, or his fidgeting hands. He called the painting *A Cry*. Why? Because it made him cry when he thought how bad it was — and here he gave his long, unconvincing smile, — but I think we both knew what he

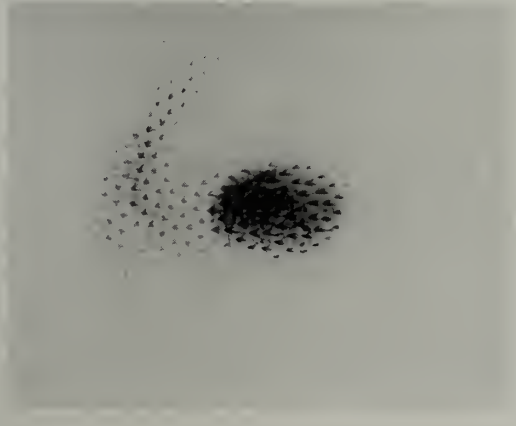
really meant. In his fury at the poorly painted vase, he explained, he had undone it all in a passion of red and black and brown. But even passion had failed him, he said, because this was impersonal work, and impersonal passion was meaningless. No, he needed personal value in his life, to get any meaning out of it. He said this with an obvious warmth, yet unsurely, because it might be misinterpreted. I felt my heart jerk at the implied intimacy and he sensed it.

It was wonderful, he said to me, to have at last, someone to talk to, someone who understands and accepts. He was lifting his hand meanwhile, slowly, it seemed to me — his left hand it — and he put it on my shoulder. His lips trembed: I felt his fingers come up over my shoulder and tighten slightly on my shoulderblade — the third and fourth fingers, I somehow sensed, — and suddenly, hesitantly withdraw, as if conscious of where they rested. Involuntarily, I shuddered. I could see the sharp hairs on his chin quiver, and his eyes smart with a momentary wave of joy .

Then I could stand it no more. I turned and ran out the door and into the street. He cried behind me, calling me back. But I ran blindly, as if a whole swarm of yellow cats howled at my heels.

When suddenly I tripped and fell, and found myself lying on the hard pavement. Carefully I rose, only then becoming aware of the pain in my head, and the burning sensation in my scratched hands. They were bleeding in several places, as if they had been clawed open by the rasping pavement.

I walked aimlesly down the dimly lighted streets till his last cry slowly died from my ears.



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MIRROR
BOOK REVIEWS

Updike On Updike

by JERRY HEIST

PIGEON FEATHERS and other stories, by John Updike, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1962 279 p.p., $4.00

"John Updike was born in 1932. He attended the Shilltongton, Pennsylvania public schools, Harvard College, and the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, in Oxford, England."

So begins the biographical jacket blurb of John Updike's recently published collection of short stories, *Pigeon Feathers.* It is worthy of mention because Updike's stories are intensely biographical; not only are they apparently devoid of material *not* stimulated by significant personal experience of the author's: they also appear, in collected form, at least, to cover reasonably thoroughly *all* the significant experience that Mr. Updike, in his relative youth, has yet had.

This must by no means be taken as a disparaging comment on Mr. Updike's experience: the fact that a collection of his stories can seem to summarize in 279 pages all that has ever happened to him reflects no void of experience, but rather a Proustian penchant for introspection, an intense scrutiny of remembered past, which results simultaneously in the microcosmic representation of the author's *entire* life and experience, and in the rendering *into* experience of minute incidents, and minute details of incidents, that would themselves represent a void of experience to those of us not gifted with his sensitivity and acute perception.

The nineteen stories in the volume are arranged in the order in which they were written but familiar as we soon become with Mr. Updike's life story, we soon find ourselves rearranging them mentally into the order of the events in the author's life that we know they stem from. From boyhood, the author draws, *You'll Never Know, Dear, How Much I Love You,* and the title story, *Pigeon Feathers.* The first is the story of a ten-year-old at a carnival (the title is a line from a song being broadcast over its public-address system), and the title story tells of a fourteen-year-old's first contemplations of God and death, a topic whose restrained treatment here is particularly praiseworthy. From high-school days of initial romantic experience and summer jobs come *Flight,* and *A Sense of Shelter,* the collection's two most effective stories, as well as *A & P,* and *Lifeguard. Still Life* is from art school in England;*Home,* telling of the return of our hero, Mr. Updike, from England, bridges the gap between school days and marriage; and almost all the remaining stories are about the joys and frustrations, ecstasies and nightmares, of married life in suburban and urban America. This takes us up to Mr. Updike's own present, if we can believe the blurb, which tells us that he is now living with his wife and four children in Ipswich, Mass.

Exceptions to these categories are: *Dear Alexandros,* a comment on contemporary American culture in the form of a letter from a Greenwich ad. executive to the Greek boy he is helping through an international charity, Hope, Incorporated; *Archangel,* a monologue by an archangel; *The Astronomer,* a portrait; *The Doctor's Wife,* a problem in race relations; and, most significantly, the final (and therefore most recent) stories in the book, two multiple-titled monologues, *The Blessed Man of Boston, My Grandmother's Thimble, and Fanning Island,* and *Packed Dirt, Churchgoing, A Dying Cat, A Traded Car* In the first of these the trilogy, we see first an old oriental who remains seated, (meditating, says Updike,) in Fenway Park while everyone else is pressing for the exits after a Red Sox -White Sox game; then we listen to a meditation on the death of the author's grandparents; and finally we are asked to visualize an island defined in a quotation we are given from Pascal on *la condition des hommes.* The final piece is a series of four meditations and reminiscences that limit themselves strictly to the subjects stated in their titles: the first concerns the delight inspired in the author by paths of trampled ground, "unconsciously humanized intervals of clay;" the second tells why the author likes churchgoing; the third and fourth catalog images evoked by the items mentioned in their titles. It is by these two most recent stories, and particularly by the episodes *My Grandmother's Thimble,* and *A Traded Car,* that we are most reminded

of Proust's treatment of Time and Memory. From these, the products of Mr. Updike's most contemporary efforts, and from the collection's epigraph, presumably appended only several months ago, when the book was being prepared for publication, we may be able to predict the course of Updike's future writing. The epigraph is from Kafka, and begins:

"In revenge, however, my memory of the past has closed the door against me more and more. I could have returned at first, had human beings allowed it, through an archway as wide as the span of heaven over the earth, but as I spurred myself on in my forced career, the opening narrowed and shrank behind me; I felt more comfortable in the world of men and fitted it better . . ."

The subject of this metaphor from *A Report to an Academy* defines the goal of Proust: rediscovering the past through scrutiny of the present and contemplation of its parts. The theme of *Pigeon Feather* gravitates, from start to finish, toward Kafka's subject, and hence toward Proust's concern.

Mr. Updike is a young man of thirty, and anyone who has read a number of his stories knows a great deal already about those first thirty years of his life. If his writing follows its current trend, readers who refuse to disregard writing of its current quality are going to know a great deal more.

THE DAY THE MONEY STOPPED

Reviewed by STEVE MATHES

The Day the Money Stopped,
by Brendan Gill, Doubleday, Garden City, 1957, 193 p.p.

In a novel that reads so quickly one hardly considers it more than a short story, Brendan Gil, using nothing more than dialoque, creates his characters with precise skill. Not only does *The Day the Money Stopped* center around the immediate Morrow family of Richard, Charles, and Kathie, but it reveals the influences of their family background. Mr. Gill gets double work out of his prose by revealing his characters in the same sentences with which he fills in the alluring gaps in their past family life. By merely stating his characters' opinions of themselves and others, one sees their true personality, reflected by the elusive mirror of their words. Even in the protagonist, Charles's, incessant jesting, Gill manages to convey the real Charles. Indeed one finds it hard to believe, after the book is set down, that so much is said in such a short space.

While one is over-awed by Mr. Gill's deft style, one is also dismayed by the content of the book. It becomes increasingly apparent when the conclusion is reached that the novel has little more to offer than a story often seen in *Playboy*. Its saving grace is its technical superiority. Certainly the depth of characterization increases the reader's knowledge of people, but why not give the novel a more challenging purpose than belaboring the point of the misguided, rich-man's son? Charles is "always ready to be rich", in fact the black sheep of a rich family, but hasn't his type already been over expounded? One need only think of an endless parade of social critics from Fitzgerald to Kerouac. The final disappointment is the conclusion, which has the aura of melodrama. The long dead secret of father Morrow's dalliance is discovered. But there is no effect on Charles — his enlightment gives no promise of changing his life.

It is an ending that draws to a close a display of wit and fine precise dialoque. Perhaps Mr. Gill's only purpose was to exhibit his literary talents, but he has taken on a dangerous mission. One can't help comparing his quick turn of phrase to the brillance of Oscar Wilde. When judged with standards created by Wilde, and Shaw, Brendan Gill is still in the farm league.

If one could see a new or original theme in this work. The *Day the Money Stopped* would be superb. The creation of an undirected person, who desires only money and comfort is valid enough, but we are taught nothing new, just reminded of a person already familiar to us.

If Mr. Gill's theme is lacking in brillance, and his wit doesn't measure up to the standards set before him, his characterization remains the most enjoyable part of the work. Practically no action occurs, no mental or physical tests that can be so helpful in creating a real person. For 193 pages the Morrow children, Richard, Charles, and Kathie with the help of Charles's irresistable secretary, Ellen, talk. They simply do nothing but talk. And not once is it tiresome. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gill's most distinguished trait when he visited this school was his gift of conversation. He has captured the realism of speech and deftly used it to draw his characters. At the end one knows the characters only through their conversation in a Connecticut law office, and one really does know them.

Finally, one finds himself with mixed emotions and, unfortunately a feeling of disappointment at the close of *The Day the Money Stopped*. Gill's prose is attention holding, fast, and stimulating, but his subject hardly measures up to the technical achievement. Though Brendan Gill's wit is keen, it is not sharp enough or original enough for the novel to stand on these merits alone. *The Day the Money Stopped* displays promise that one only hopes will be more fully developed in a later, more meaningful novel.

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(Continued from Page 25)

Boocai triplets. It is not often that one finds such identical triplets, especially three so similar in speech and mannerisms. The school should be proud of its attraction to the bizarre in American society. As I said, the three were identical, except for the one who had removed his sportcoat, revealing a blue sweater with a two foot "A" emblazoned on the front. Here was a boy who held his school in such high esteem that he had vowed never to remove this triumphant emblem from his noble breast. The other two of the trio displayed the school's selfless spirit, each totally disregarding himself to laud each other's inimitable suaveness and unimpeachable character. But to-night they were somewhat subdued because of their inability to prove to the world that they were the coolest of the cool. Joodas, mon, who can be cool without a cigarette? The fourth member of this bridge game was a young man who ordinarily found these three quite hilarious, having such a high opinion of himself. But he wasn't la-a-aughing tonight. Watching the game from his renowned Neanderthal slouch position was a ace kibitzer Rotto Schmaltz.

At table number two sat noted bridge hustlers Chunk Trunco and Twisted Roads, now attempting to hustle two unsuspecting, but obviously superior players. Superior players had never before proved an obstacle to Trunco and Roads, but tonight the notorious pair were handicapped by the loss of their secret weapon, blowing smoke in their opponents' faces.

Chunk, playing dummy (at bridge) gazed around the room in search of some sort of diversion. At the nearly billiards table stood Runty Loses, looking for all the world like a pot-bellied stove. On spying Runty, Chunk sprang to his feet (no mean feat for a man of Chunk's build) and rushed over to greet his bosom pal: "How are yah, Runty, you rotund little rascal?" They were soon discussing profound philosophical and physiological theories, such as how Runty had the nerve to exist. Not smoking had little effect on Runty, who had never quite mastered the art of inhaling.

Life was going on as usual at the ping pong tables. The athletes at these tables never let anything interfere with their games, and few of them smoke anyway. Their matches were going quite quickly this evening, probably because of the improved visibility. At table three Crappa and Grizzly were tied five-all after only forty-five minutes of play. The big attraction, however, was table number one,

where small, sad Sack Weegee, looking like he just got off the boat, was administering a sound beating to Doug "The Dancer" Tearinghair, who was his usual calm and collected self. Doug set a new record for restraint by smashing but two paddles, breaking a mere four knuckles while enraged over losing a point, shedding a scanty three cups of tears, and frothing at the mouth only once during the course of his hard fought, but losing battle, Tearinghair showed no malice toward Weegee at his loss, uttering only a congratulatory, "When you learn to play fairly, by the Marquis of Queensbury rules set down in 1888, and revised in 1939, 1950, and 1961, then I will show you what a poor player you really are." Doug left the field of play amidst a tremendous round of applause, led by the victor himself.

About seven o'clock, most of the frustrated young men started to leave. Soon The Room was empty, and only echos were left behind. The little men with the brooms cleaned up and went home early. Everybody went home early.

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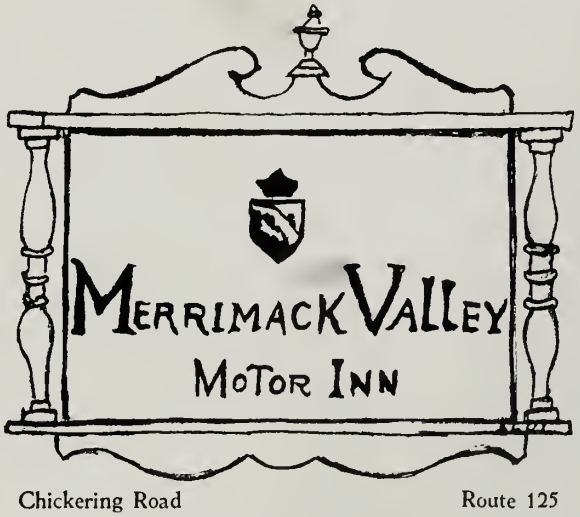

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MIRROR

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IN APOLOGIA

The Mirror wishes to express regret to the Merrimack Valley Motor Inn for the poor appearance of their recent advertisment. The Merimack Valley Motor Inn is one of the finest motor inns in this state.

INNOCENCE

/Jerry Heist

Pairs of glowing cigarette ends two-by-two in cars' back-seats. Once it must have been your mother, alone with some blank face. Once it was your big sister, also sole identity there. Now it is you, and now it is your partner there, not you, whose face is blank. Soon it will be your little sister. Someday it will be your daughter. When it is their turn, the blank, passing, momentary, irrelevant and suspect visage will once more be masculine. But now, for you, the masculine face of the back-seat pair is yours, and different, of course. It is not to be compared with the face, or the place, of any other male occupant, former or future, of the American back-seat. I understand that.

Ten year old boys in groups of boys, and little girls in groups of girls. Playgrounds, big and little, concrete, blacktop, grass, and dirt. Mostly baseball and jumprope and snowballs, but sometimes—rarely—a dirty joke, an awed whisper, a naive snicker. Mostly baseball and jumprope, though. Mostly running and shouting and laughing.

Move on up to junior high. No more playground. No more recess. Hallways. Hallways and homerooms. Hallways between classes, hallways at noon-hour, hallways during free periods, and hallways after school, before practices. Hall lockers. Big kids. Old kids. Some fifteen, some older, and everywhere around. After school, the school bus from your grade-school district, pulling around a semi-circular driveway, and waiting there in front of the school for the senior high to get out. Outside the bus windows, leaning against the building, hoods, smoking and calling out at girls heading for the buses. Girls laughing, sometimes nervously, sometimes, it seems, delightedly, but surely repelled without exception; undoubtedly indignant; certainly eager to escape from exposure to this coarseness into the bus that will bear them out of the vulgar city, back out into the country, where they can once again feel safe and clean and unpolluted.

Get to know your way around the junior high. Keep your ears open and your mouth shut for a while. Learn how things are without showing yourself up as a country boy, a hick, somebody who's out of it. Listen to stories in the boys' bathroom, in the locker room. Learn to claim the realization of desires you've just learned about. Learn to feel the desires you've just claimed. Nobody's going to laugh at you now.

Keep on talking your game while the girls your age do the same among themselves, and sooner or later things work out so that you're all alone, the right place at the right time, with a girl who, like you, has been talking her game just long enough to believe in it, and can no longer think of any reason not to play. So you get excited. And then more idealistic than ever. The lyrics of popular songs are profound truths. Life is good.

Idealism shifts extremes and becomes, overnight, extreme cynicism. No girl is on a pedestal now. A pedestal would separate her from other girls, and all girls are the same. Girls are victims, born victims. A girl had better have something to offer, something she can give to you. It doesn't have to be her body (although that's all most of them have), but if its something else, it better be something you can get something of If it's intelligence, if it's coolness . . . hell!, if it's money—it better be a kind that can rub off on you, buddy, or she's got nothing to offer at all. Don't feel guility! She figures the same way about you. It's just that you're going to win and she's going to lose. She's a born loser.

Moving into high school, levels of losers get sorted out. The heaviest losers you call "whores;" the heaviest winners, if they've had the chance to be losers, you call 'prudes," "untouchables," or maybe something that hints at perversion or frigidity. Winners are out of their minds, and whores are whores. Pretty well covers the ground for femininity. Dates

are the excursions from the reality that is the bull-session. Sex exists only in terms of your accounts of it, and the games you play become official only when their scores are recorded with the commissioner, the high priest of the bull-session.

Leave lowly high school for the scholarly, monastic, unhealthy private boarding school. Hear you Biology teacher tell you that the sexual peak for human beings comes naturally shortly after puberty, but that "in the interests of civilization, man has found it efficient to postpone the fulfillment of this drive until a time when members of the species have reached a higher level of intellectual and emotional maturity." You begin to feel what he means, and you begin to contemplate the worth of civilization. The bull session reaches its peak, and your cynicism rises correspondingly. What you took more seriously than your dates in public school now becomes an outlet of distinctly questionable heterosexuality.

There are the dances with girls' schools, painful farces. The bus-rides to and from them give a nauseating picture of your obsessed and depraved condition. Exploits fly back and forth across the worn leather seats like ping-pong balls over a net. "I got a damn fast make off her in New York a couple of Christmases ago. She was wearing this dress with eleven buttons down the front, and I undid an average of one every five minutes for forty-five minutes." "That makes nine buttons I got open," a story-teller explains. "Her family has a summer place near us in Maine," takes up somebody else. "Her sister's a real whore — gone down for just about everybody on the peninsula."

Back at the dorms after a mixer like this, don't say anything good about any of the girls you saw at the dance. "That scag! You must be out of your mind!" is appropriate if anybody else slips up. Talk about the way a certain slutty tenth-grader would work her knee between the legs of her dancing partner. Tell about the girl who's supposed to have said to somebody "Get me outside, past the chaperones, and I'll give it to you." Laugh like a maniac when the southern kid who lives on the second floor squawks repeatedly "Ah jus' kept feelin' lahk shahtin' SCREW THIS DANCE jus' as lahd as ah cud." Feel like femininity's beginning to make up some of the ground they lost in the days of your first conflict with them. Figure your tactics are going to have to change. Consider sincerity momentarily, but feel embarrassed and a little guilty. Rebuke yourself.

You've made up the difference; you're king again. You're way ahead in the game you started so long ago, and you're getting stronger as you play. You park your car a couple times a week, at least, along that road that winds up the hill above the city, the road you used to ride a bike along when you were little, wondering why so may people liked to stop for the view, wondering where all the people were from the cars that you thought were empty, the cars that looked empty. Now you're responsible for one of the orange, glowing cigarette ends that help illuminate the city below on the warm, humid nights of the mid-summer week-end. Occasionally, rising up, you see a boy of ten or twelve ride by, staring curiously, heading home, as you once did, from the movie theater up on the ravine, the one that always runs the late shows in the summer.

Remember that time when you were eleven and your big sister—the one who's married and lives in Connecticut, — remember when she was eighteen? Remember that night when, riding home, you recognized the car that she had ridden away in about eight o'clock parked in one of the less-frequented pull-offs of the road? You didn't see anybody in it, and you'd never known whether the parked cars had anything to do with accidents, so you stopped. The windows were down, of course, (it had been over ninety-five that afternoon), and as you approached the car, you heard a deep male voice swear angrily, and you caught a glimpse of red hair, the color of your sister's, tossing suddenly in the haste of its owner to straighten herself. The male voice growled "Get the hell out of here, kid," and you wheeled off down the hill. When you asked your sister about it the next day, she explained that it must have been someone else: there were lots of blue 1955 Chevy convertibles in any city, and red-heads weren't really as rare as it sometimes seemed. The next time that date picked her up, though, did you notice that he parked away from the house, and didn't say anything while you were around?

Remember the time when your Boy Scout troop was way up at the top of the hill on a hike, up past the movie theater where you'd never been in your bike because the ascent was so steep, up where you could see not only your city, but practically the whole central part of

the state, for miles, it seemed, on all sides? You may not have thought too much about the episode involving your sister, but you must remember this one. She if it doesn't come back to you: you'd started out at about nine in the morning, carrying packs back down the mountain (if this rings a bell, try to figure out why the hell your troop was doing that!) You'd found a wooden trail down that ran parallel to the road about half a mile from it. Toward noon, just when it had been agreed upon that you'd stop for lunch, the trail started swinging back toward the road, and you spotted, from about five hundred yards off, a clearing beside the road, part of a natural terrace in the hillside that overlooked several counties. As you moved closer you could see that this terrace was covered with low ferns, wildflowers, and various kinds of foliage that clung close to the ground, seemingly predestined not to obscure the view out over the valley,—purified by its distance from you,—that you knew you were going to see. From about fifty yards, you could see the tire tracks over the mossy terrace that indicated knowledge of the site's beauty on the part of visitors over a period of years. You clearly remember it all now: the memory of those dozens of ancient and recent condoms strewn about the ground, hanging from the branches of shrubs, cought and ripped to shreds on bushes, must even now be almost enough to crack your highly developed shell of cynicism, if you don't mind calling it that. You've got to admit that even if you weren't sure just what they were, you sensed the implication of evil that poured over the clearing like a waterfall the moment you stepped into it. You've got to admit that the distress of your scoutmaster and the snickering of the explorer scouts you were with have stuck in your mind.

Anyway, there you are, sprawled in your back seat, maybe with somebody's big sister, maybe with somebody's little sister, certainly with somebody's daughter, probably with the mother of some of our future citizens. How does she look from close up? Sisterly? Daughterly? Motherly? Pure? I guess not.

Well I'm not so sure, buddy, that I like the way you yourself look from where I stand!

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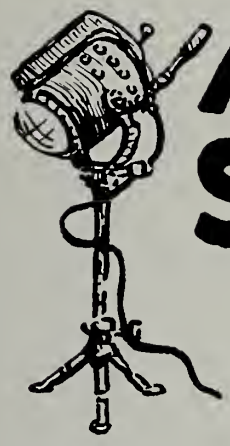

John Cowden

Dear Martha,

We are now in the hotel in New York. Billy Joe is taking down this letter. Well, I finally made it to a regular television studio. Yessir! You should see it with all them lights and real bright too. We went to the place, and we took the elevator up to the floor where the man said the "Uncle Bob and His Little Friends Show," all out. So we got out. Then they showed me and Billy Joe where to go. We went into the place where the show was.

They had two places with seats. They said one was for parents and another for the kids. Well I figured that I was a parent and Billy Joe was a kid. But when he sat down at the kids place they kicked him out; said it wasn't no place for an eighteen year old. Billy Joe was kinda red when he came over to the parents place, said the kids' section was for kids from three to six. I laughed, ho, ho.

Before the show after all the kids had sat down, this guy came out, said he was a friend of Uncle Bob's. He told them kids to behave good and proper. No picken' their nose, no waving, an' help out Uncle Bob an maybe they could win a prize. He said the girls could win some kinda robot doll that does everything but sass its ma. The boys got some kinda beat-the-Russians rocket. Then the guy came over to the parents place and said not to yell to their kids no matter whatever they did.

Soon enough the show started. Uncle Bob came out and yelled hi to the kids; and the kids yelled hi to Uncle Bob. They musta forgot what that other man had said 'cause the kids were yellin' and screaming like crazy. Uncle Bob didn't tell 'em to hush up so I guess it was O.K. Uncle Bob said for the kids to sing the "Bubbly Song". It was about bubble soap for the kids, and the kids knew that song perfect.

This guy who was sitting next to me had on a real pinchy suit with a real small thin tie; said wasn't it a perfect crime how sponsor used the kiddies to sell the "Bubbly Soap" by using a catchy tune that the kids could sing. Well I told him I thought it was real fine that the kids could know the song so well, them bein' so small and all. He looked at me like I was a idiot or something. But he was real smart, you could tell.

Then Uncle Bob asked the kids if they wanted to see how Joe and Little Marky were doing. One of the kids kept yelling he had to go the bathroom. It was funny, ho ho. Uncle Bob didn't pay no attention. The rest of the kids did want to see Joe and Little Marky though.

Joe and Little Marky were little puppets and this mean puppet named Mr. Fluster had locked them in a house so that they couldn't meet their friend Professor Dogood at the depot. Well ole Uncle Bob didn't know what to do at first 'til he thought maybe he could get 'em out through the window. Well he pried that window open with this little crowbar an' Joe and Little Marky snuck out. Mr. Fluster still thinks they're inside. Joe and Little Marky just made it to the station, yessir, just as the train pulled in.

This guy in the pinchy suit said something I don't understand and Billy Joe with all his readin, and writing an' all doesn't know what the hell he is talking about. I remember it real good so's you might make head and tail of 'er. Now this is what he said. He said the kids identify with Joe and Little Marky, and Mr. Fluster represents the parents, and Uncle Bob is a friendly older person, and the kids were working out their aggressions, and wasn't that a Crime. Well I suppose it would be if I knew what the duece he said.

Then this clown came up and squirted Uncle Bob and threw a pie in his face. It was funny, ho, ho. The pinchy man said that this a disregard for even Uncle Bob's authority and wasn't that a crime. Well I figured if everything was so terrible somebody woulda done something by now so this pinchy guy couldn't be all that smart even if he seemed so smart.

Uncle Bob asked the kids if they wanted to see a cartoon. Well they all said yessireebob! in no uncertain terms. The one kid was still yellin he had to go to the bathroom. Well finally when the cartoon started Uncle Bob let the kid go. Poor kid was about to bust.

Then while the cartoon started Uncle Bob turned 'round real quick and pointed to a little girl. Then he said with a broad grin you was pickin' your nose. The little girl said no, but he said I saw you and Uncle Bob asked you not not to. Then she said no and he said yes. She was bawlin' and ran to her ma. I laughed, ho, ho.

The cartoon was a pip. It was about this duck who did real crazy things. He blew up a firecracker in the cat's face and all crazy things. The pinchy guy said that the duck was the same as the clown. I beat him to the draw this time. Yessiree *I* said ain't that a crime. He nodded his head real slow-yea he says. I thought he was gonna cry.

After the cartoon Uncle Bob said now wasn't that great. We all yelled, er . . . the kids all yelled yes. Uncle Bob said well that's all the show's over I guess; but the kids reminded him that it was game time an' he put on a big act about bein' so forgetful but me and Billy Joe knew what he was up to.

The game was kinda silly. Uncle Bob picked out two kids. He made 'em put on these baggy pants and they had to see how many balloons they could stuff in the pants. Uncle Bob had to stop about six kids from trying to steal the baloons. It was funny, ho, ho. The girl that won got the robot doll and the boy who lost got the beat-the-Russians rocket anyway. Then this guy started to clap like crazy. The kids finally got the idea and yelled and screamed.

Uncle Bob then smiled from ear to ear and said he'd see us same time tomorrow. Half the lights went off and the show was over. Ole Uncle Bob looked like a balloon with half the air out of it. Then he looked over to the parents and said get em the hell out of here. He looked so sad. Billy Joe wanted to go over and cheer him up, but I said no.

Well we said goodbye to the man in the pinchy suit. Took the elevator down and walked back to the hotel. We got lost a couple of times but people are nice. We'll be back home day after tomorrow.

Oh I forgot to tell you. They gave us a free box of "Bubbly Soap". Billy Joe and me tried it out and you know its just like that jingle says "Bubbly soap is sooo . . . .

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THE DOG, THE CAT, AND I

/John Levin

The apartment where I first lived was black and ugly. The people were cruel — all of them were cruel. They used to scream at me all day and make me cry. They used to tell me that I should have been an animal. They were right. I should have been an animal. Then I would not have had to cry all day. Oh, God, if I only could have been born an animal.

But I was not. Each night I would go to bed after crying all day. At midnight I would crawl down the back steps and out to the gutter. I used to lie in the gutter all night long and crush ants with my thumb against the black pavement. No ant was safe. I crushed all sizes, all colors, all shapes of ants and never tired of the sport. I crushed those carrying food, those out for a stroll, the trackers, the biters, the leaders, the followers, the aphid-tenders — all. I had given most of them people's names, yet when I saw one that seemed kind I let it live. I was happy outside in the night, and no one ever saw me crush a one under the lamplight in the gutter.

One night, as I lay in the gutter watching for ants, I noticed two shadows moving up the street towards me. At first I could not tell what they were, yet I knew they were not ants. I lay still to see what kind of animals belonged to the shadows. Soon a dog and a cat came into view. They wandered side by side, looking so different yet so united, like two travellers drawn together only by loneliness. The two walked into the light, and their shadows crept up underneath them as if scared by the light. The dog was old and thin, and the cat was black — just black.

The black cat must have been the smarter of the two for it stepped forward and meowed as if to tell me they were hungry. The dog said nothing. It just stood there, breathing hard. Its eyes were sad brown. But the cat's eyes had not the love of the dog's eyes — but hate and coldness. They were green and bright, and they glowed in the night like two specks of phosphorous, floating side by side on a black ocean. At first, the dog looked away when I stared at it, but not the cat, the cat stared back steadily.

Then, as if their point had been made, the two stepped back into the shadows and sat down to await my reaction. I was too busy staring at the cat's eyes, which still had not left me, to notice that many ants had gone free. Yet they seemed unimportant, for now I had some real animals. These animals were not to crush with the thumb, but to love and possess. It would no longer be I. Now it would be the dog, the cat, and I.

I rose and showed them my palms, almost instinctively, as if to say, "Wait and trust." I hurried inside to get them some food. When I came out several minutes later, they still had not moved. When I gave them the old meat and milk, they did not eat savagely. The dog ate first. When it had finished, it stepped back, and the cat came forward and finished the rest. When they both had finished, they turned to go. As they walked back up the street, the dog looked back several times, as if to thank me; the cat did not. Their shadows grew longer and longer and then were gone. I went back to bed.

From that time on all I could think of was that pair — the dog and the cat. Every day was spent in secret expectancy of the coming night. I even forgot to crush ants and took away the people's names I had once given them. The screaming and the crying ceased to exist in my memory. I could even forget the cruel people with whom I lived. There was no more sadness, no more fear, no more loneliness — only expectancy and satisfaction.

The satisfaction came when they returned each night. They must have needed me, as I needed them. I wandered all day and they wandered all day, and each night we were together again sitting in the gutter — each night a triangle under the light — the dog, the cat, and I.

After the dog ate each night, I would stroke his back. It was thin, and the hair was not full. He would look right at me and I at him for several hours it seemed. We would lie there together in the gutter like old friends who need only each other's company for contentment. The dog loved me and I loved it. It would obey me and try to do the tricks I would teach it, and I loved that dog.

Though the cat came each night with the dog, it never stayed very long. Each night when the dog had finished eating, the cat would eat and then rub on my leg until it was happy. Yet it would never let me stroke it, nor would it obey

any of my commands. I grew to hate that black cat. It was wicked enough to be human. It would just come and eat and look at the dog for a while and then walk back up the street, never looking back. I hated that cat.

Why was the cat so cruel? Perhaps I had robbed it of a friend. I did all I could to win it, but only the dog was mine. I became obsessed with conquering the cat's coldness. God, it was so human. Soon I was no longer happy with the triangle. Yet I could not resist the temptation of meeting with them each night, they were still better than people and ants.

One night I lay in the gutter and waited for the travellers. They did not come for a long time. Then the two shadows came around the corner and started towards me. I could see that the dog was limping because his shadow jumped each time he took a step. When they came under the light, I could see blood all over the dog's back and hind legs. The cat was licking him. When I motioned to stroke the dog, the cat hissed and haunched its back. Its mouth opened and all its hair stood up. I got up to go inside for some rags and water. The dog was crying, and I started to cry.

When I got back outside the old dog was on its side. As I came to the gutter, it started to twitch and convulse, and I just stood there in sort of a miserable stupor. The horrid contortions came to a sudden and violent end, and the dog died, moaning with its jaws stretched wide and blood flowing from its mouth and hind.

The cat turned and left. I lay there almost all night holding the dog and crying as if it were my brother. I buried the dog late that night. Now there was only sadness and hate again — the cat, O God, it was hardly an animal.

Towards morning I heard a noise and looked up to find the cat in front of me. It meowed for food as if it had already forgotten the dead dog. This time I met its haunting stare and hideous grin not with fear, but with hate. In a sudden impulse I smashed its head with a rock. I kicked it down the sewer and could not help crying as I watched it float off, for now there was nothing left for the animal in me to love or for the human to hate.

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STUDENT ART SHOW

Sculpture/*Lee Gilbert* Painting/*Joel Slotnikoff*

Construction/*John Mayo*

Sculpture and Paintings from left/*Ferrara, Moody, Heyworth*

Sculpture / *Heyworth*

JOURNEY THROUGH HELL

/Mordecai Miller

A ponderous door swung smoothly shut behind me, without the least trace of a sound, gradually extinguishing the last rays of heaven-sent light. The darkness surrounding me was filled with a ghostly purple light; shadows were cast, though no objects were visible on the flat plane on which I stood — an unsteady plane, seemingly extending infinitely in every direction, shrouded, in the distance, in utter blackness. Looking back through the purple mist, I thought I could discern a dull light streaming past the coaming of the door, an unstable door that rocked and shimmered through the distance. The damp mist wrapped itself around me, and, shivering, I floundered forward with drunken steps. The door receded! It was gone! Was I doomed to rush forever through a chilling purple mist, over a wildly lurching floor, half-crazed by the unceasing, absolute silence, more unnerving than noise, to choke each time I attempted to utter a cry for help? I frantically tried to run forward to the door — only to find I could barely walk; I looked back and plainly saw the maddening door behind me, only to have it fade in the mist. Time flowed like an ocean over me, around me, past me, silently eddying about me. One moment it came crashing about me like a breaking wave, the next it flowed quietly out again, digging my bare toes deeper in the sand as it rippled out to sea. Profound stillness . . . .

What was that? Again, the same sound, from behind me. Tensely I held my breath, swaying with the effort, straining to discern from whence the glorious reprieve issued forth, from what honeyed lips the sweet sound cascaded. Silence. I frenziedly cupped my hands and, with all the will I could muster, attempted to shout, as a person lost in the dark labyrinths of a confused cave shouts to his imagined rescuers, only to hear the silence echo his plea, "Here I am! Here I am!" No sound was audible. In my delirium I fell and madly beat on the floor with my hands, until all feeling was driven out of them and they were as the body of a man who has just died in the gas-chamber. Still no sound. I lay there, exhausted by my exertions, frustrated and panting, the blood pounding like a sledge hammer in my head . . . Time flowed like an ocean . . . over me . . . around . . .

My shoulder was brushed by the cold, tough, hairy body of a giant tarantula. I leapt up in utter horror, peering around for it. There! Off to the right! With dread I held out my hands to keep it off, and stepping back, nearly fell into a ditch whose bottom was shrouded in shadows. With an inaudible shout I sprang away from this obstacle, drawing nearer to Them, hoping to escape by leaping it. The throbbing of drums rose to crescendo after crescendo, each more fearful and more damning than the preceding one. My doom was marching out to meet me! The legions advanced ever closer, bearing towering war machines, cornering me. Each soldier was a dollar bill, each machine an intricate combination of dollar bills. Hysterical fear tore at my body and soul, scattering the shredded rags of my rationality. They were so very many and so big, and it would have been very easy to give in to them. As the drums grew louder, I turned and ran — oh! so slowly — toward the ditch. To my greatest horror, as I approached, the ditch grew wider and deeper, and I was repelled by a terrifying fear of falling forever in darkness down some never-ending shaft. Panic-stricken, I stopped, tore off my shoes, and with desperate strength hurled them at the approaching fiends. My harmless missiles slowly floated towards the semicircle of staring beasts, floated on and on and on, until they were absorbed by the darkness. I stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed by fear; the armies came nearer, Nearer, NEARER! The unbearable noise made my entire universe tremble and pitch and toss; my head ached, and I was unaware of anything except the ever advancing, massed, semi-circle of fiends, cornering me, preparing to subject me to a torture more fearful and unbearable than the psychological brain-washing I had been undergoing ever since that fateful moment that the door had shut behind me. Terror-crazed I sank to the ground, covering my head with my arms, praying that I might soon be trampled to a bloody pulp, pounded into the ground by the iron-heeled boots of the thousands of soldiers. . . Time . . like an ocean . . frozen . . the Red Sea . . allowing the children of Israel to pass . . then — . . . an ocenan over me, around . . . crashing . . . breaking . . . rippling . . .

I was awakened by a commotion in the hall; the dancing clock on the desk told me it was

12:30 A.M. I rolled out of the reeling bed, my head feverish and bursting with pain, and staggered into the hall and down to the bulletin-board, around which vague masses of students were grouped. The faceless people about me were all silently staring at The Board. I concentrated my gaze on it, and gradually the spinning motion slowed down, reversed, slowed down more, and finally ceased completely. There at the top, in big letters, were the words, "Results of THE TEST." For a moment the rest became blurry, but I finally discerned my name, and opposite it, "60$\sqrt{7}$." Suddenly I seemed to sink back on warm snow, and blackness came at me like a stream of light, finally obliterating all sights, all sounds, all sensations . . . Time flowed like an ocean over me, around me, past me, silently eddying about me. It came crashing about me like a breaking wave, then flowed quietly out again, digging my bare toes deeper in the sand as it rippled out to sea . . .

At 3:30 AM my room reverberated like a bell, and I leapt from my bed to restore silence; it was time to get dressed for my next required appointment. In the ensuing silence, I sank back in a chair, wishing that I were allowed to sleep 'til at least 6 o'clock. Time flowed like an ocean . . . Suddenly I jerked my drooping head and glanced fearfully at the clock: 3:47! I would be late and they would torture me with the most ingenious torments they could devise, unless I could get there immediately. I tried to spring up, dash to the dresser, snatch the necessary clothes, but my body only responded reluctantly, as though the slightest movement required my utmost concentration. I was frenzied by fear, yet incapable of acting with determination. Precious minutes eluded my grasp as I hesitated over the choice of garments, unable to make a decision. I finally managed to somehow get dressed and on my way to The Appointment. It was only then that I realized that I had forgotten to put on a shirt, but as I turned back to my room, a bell began to toll my doom. Suddenly little men surrounded me, and I tried to run fast, but I really only ran very slowly, and they ran so much faster, and just then I fell down and blackness rushed in on me and I felt them tugging at me . . . Time — like a hurricane-tormented sea — sweeps urgently up the beach, at one moment bearing me along with the foam, at another scraping me along the sand, — onward, 'til there is water in the streets and I am crushed on the side of a house and the water comes and everything is flooded and there's so much waste and and its all so useless; — and the sea calms, and on the beach the waves flow about a body, past it, silently eddying about it. The endless waves break lightly over it, then flow out again with a soothing, murmuring sound, digging the body deeper in the sand as they ripple out to sea . . .

Gradually the darkness faded as the sun, in a red-yellow shroud of glory, rose higher and higher, silhouetted against the brillant blue of early morning. It smiled on a world bursting with the joys of spring, a world full of the beautiful sounds of spring. The sun's warmth permeated the scented air and gently brushed the tears from off the grass; and in a meadow of blooming flowers quietly swayed by the sweet breath of the cool breeze, I chased her as in a dream, swept up in love.

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MADAME BOVARY, C'EST MOI

/Michael C. Beard

"Madame Bovary," said Gustave Flaubert, "C'est moi." I would like today to discuss this enigmatic statement and its many implications and subtleties.

I think that to begin with, it is most important to ascertain under what conditions Flaubert made this declaration. Just what, really, would prompt an otherwise normal fellow (though a Frenchman to be sure) to say a thing like that? It certainly isn't the sort of remark that would get a conversation very far at a cocktail party (unless of course he was going to follow it with an impersonation). In fact, I would go so far as to say that it would be decidedly difficult even to work into a conversation. I like to imagine it taking place in a little domestic scene, with Madame Flaubert knitting on the settee while Gustave sits at the desk, writing frantically.

"What are you writing, dear?"

"Words, words, words. Please, dear. I'm in a hurry. I've got this deadline to meet, so try not to bother me any more than usual."

"Is it a mystery story, Gus? You know how I love mysteries."

"No, Dear, it's a psychological novel called *Madame Bovary*."

"Oh, I hope that absolutely darling Daumier is going to illustrate it. Is he?"

"Please, Dear."

"Is it a romance?"

"Please, Dear."

"Is the heroine based on me?"

"No, Dear. Madame Bovary, c'est moi."

Much as this little scene charms me, I'm afraid it's too humble an origin for such a significant statement as the one we are considering. Picture if you will a mammoth press conference, where dozens of reporters are clamoring for the truth about Flaubert's latest shocker. Flash bulbs are popping and the smoke-filled room resounds with the noise of the jostling crowd, all straining to catch the words of the celebrity.

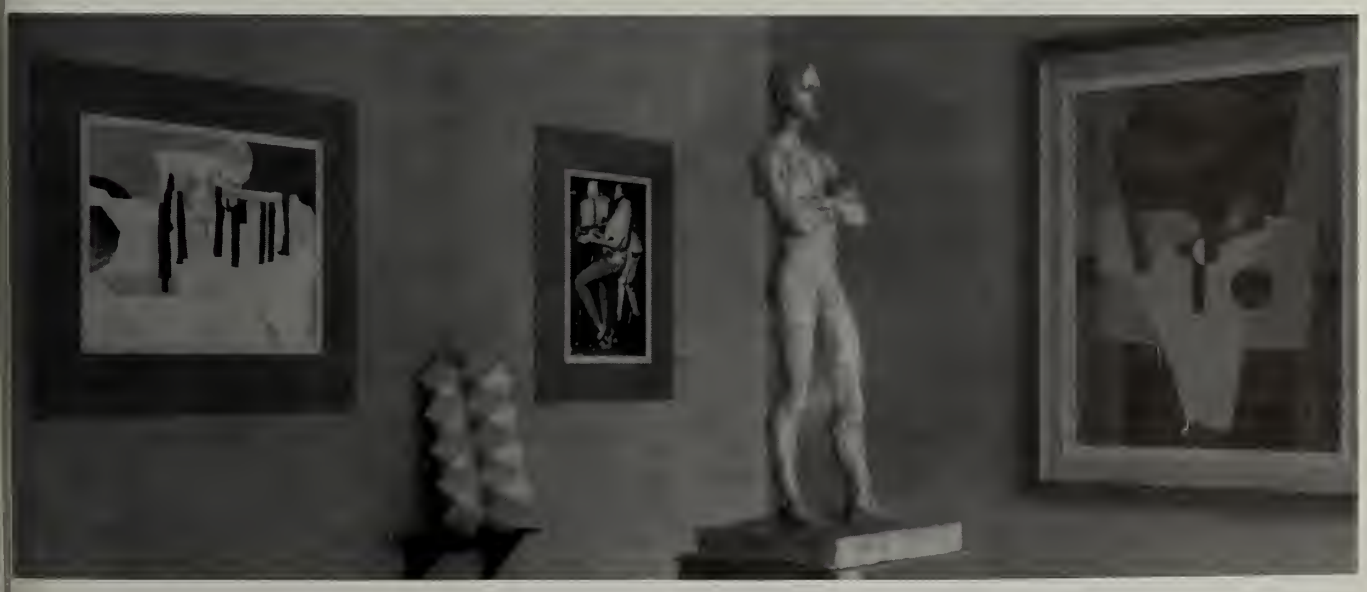
"Tell me, Mr. Flaubert, is it true that *Madame Bovary* has been banned in Tijuana?"

"I'd like to go on record as saying that I think that any astute reader of my little book should not be . . . uh . . . dissatisfied with my methods of description. Heh,heh."

"Mr. Flaubert, would you care to comment on the social significance of *Madame Bovary?* Many readers find some explication necessary. In particular, what does Emma symbolize, and in what way can we compare her strivings to those of the rising bourgeoisie?"

"Well . . . that's a difficult question, one to which I haven't given much thought. I think I will content myself with having you tell my readers: Madame Bovary, c'est moi." (An excited murmur arises at this cryptic statement; an epic riddle is born.)

How sad it is that great moments of literary history should be lost to today's students!



Paintings and sculpture from left/Heyworth, Gramlich, Gilbert, Moody

CHILDREN'S STORY

/Skipper Lee

Trees were blackly discernible against the faint, eerie luminescence of the starless sky. The haunting breeze of night shuffled softly through the unseen leaves. The wind seemed to be whispering something to someone, someone who understood the language of the wind. Someone in the immediate vicinity.

Suddenly he had a gripping feeling, as if his innards were shriveling up inside of him, as if a slimy hand had grabbed his heart and started to contract. George shrugged it off. His pulse had seemed to stop beating, then it had been beating loudly. The silly ghost story about a hand disembodied which strangled Londoners on foggy nights popped into his mind; he remembered the man at camp almost embarrassed to tell it. It was so ridiculous. George laughed at his having been frightened, both then and now. Quickly, he glanced up into the sky. Unlike the story, the stars were visible and there was no fog. George was then ashamed. Why had he looked up? Then he felt an urge to look behind. He fought it. "It's just my imagination," he said to himself. Still the urge was there, insistent. Finally, he glanced around quickly. Of course there was nothing behind him. He had known it all along.

However he kept turning around and scorning himself for it. "It's getting chilly," he thought again. He started to trot toward home. Then he broke into a run. Running as quickly as he could, faster and faster. Now that he had turned his back on his enemy, his enemy seemed to grow enormously. He stumbled as he looked over his shoulder once, but he ran on. Finally he reached his porch. Slowing himself down, he forced himself to walk up the steps. He stretched his hand inside, fumbling for the light switch. George laughed at himself for his causeless fear. He, a grown man. Well, at least he'd conquered it, whatever it was. Hadn't he made himself walk that last bit? Where was that switch? His hand began to shake. Frantically he felt over the wall. The Men were watching (the Hand had developed into a vague group of devils now). They would get him. They were approching closer, CLOSER. Panic stricken he ran his hand along the wall. They would get him. They were closing in. Then he found the switch and the room was flooded with light. He signed with relief, but looked distrustfully at the menacing darkness, which was held at bay by the light. "Cut it out," he said to himself. "Well, it won't happen again, ever." He forced a laugh and started inside. Then he remembered the light. George went back and switched it out. Darkness overwhelmed him. Unable to control himself, he sprinted from the switch to the front door. He jumped inside and slammed it behind him.

As soon as he had stepped inside he forgot his fear. George spent a pleasant evening watching TV. But as soon as he went to bed, he became uneasy. In the dark he was unsafe. They could get him in the dark. He must put the hall light on and leave his door open a bit. Just a crack. A little crack wouldn't matter. After all, lots of people left light on at night. It was nothing to be ashamed of. Moreover, the light would drive them away. Having determined this, he carried out his plan. On his way back into bed he pulled the windowshade down. That way they wouldn't be able to look in. With the feeble light in the room, George felt safe. He disdained even to pull the covers over his head. George looked at the window and laughed. "They won't dare come in now," he thought to himself. "The boobies are scared of light." Then he giggled strangely. A feeling of overall well-being spread through him. He was drunk with pleasure of victory. With lights on, the fools would never dare come near him. He laughed again. He had conquered his enemies.

Nothing, Nothing, Nothing – Nothing At All

/Pete Johnson

The cigarette is glowing in the ashtray, the soft sound of music is floating in from the study, the crickets' chirping far away is the only natural sound that reaches my ears, and I'm sitting here doing nothing — not worrying or thinking—just nothing .My head feels light, it doesn't ache — I'm not sick, just tired. But no—I'm not even tired—I could stay awake forever almost. I'm merely empty.

The music just stopped on the radio, and now an announcer is talking about something his sponsor has told him to and why doesn't he shut up and put on some more music so I can escape again and not be reminded . . . more music.

Why does a cigarette taste so good at this time of night — because it's illegal? No. It's my only companion besides the music and now the music seems false because the announcer was just talking. Soon the music will be real again and not just a round piece of wax that an unsensitive radio fella threw onto a turntable so he could sleep. Light another cigarette, sit back and listen, listen. Listen to the crickets chirp outside the window and think how I'd like to be outside the window chirping at me trying to think of something to write that isn't about Napoleon. Napoleon is all I can think of now because I've been reviewing my French history notes getting ready for a three hour exam. Nopoleon's dead and doesn't have to think or worry and isn't he lucky? No.

Why wouldn't I rather be dead now? Because I want to know what's going to happen tomorrow and the next day and next year, and I want to find out how long the Berlin Wall will divide a city, and how long greed will divide a world, and how long it takes for the whole world to break down around me. Maybe dead people have eternal souls that can laugh at the poor harried world, but I don't want to commit suicide and take the chance that Christian theology might be wrong. Suppose I slashed my wrists and jumped off my dormitory roof and the Epicureans turned out to be right — you know, life ends with death and there just ain't no more after that. Then I wouldn't know what finally happened to the world. I would have no way of knowing who dropped the first bomb or whether Hitler was really dead or if a virus caused cancer or if I was really going to make it through another year without cracking under pressure like other guys have.

Why do they play Greek music this late at night because Greek music reminds me of "Never on Sunday" which I saw during summer vacation and summer is a long time away. But summer isn't really a long time away but it is because even tomorrow is far away. It's late and I have hours of studying ahead of me and my next exam is Wednesday afternoon and after that my next exam is Friday afternoon and then I have College Boards Saturday and a biology project due Monday that I haven't even started yet and I don't even know what I'm going to write it about and then I have a history prize exam next Tuesday and I hope that's the end of it but I know it won't be because then I'll have a new set of worries that I don't even know about yet. Final exams seem like nothing now but pretty soon they'll seem awful important because they'll stand between me and summer. I've often thought of saying the hell with exams but I can't do it because I feel that I have some kind of obligation to the school or my parents or myself or somebody.

Then summer'll be here and you know how you always talk about what a blast you're going to have when you leave school but you don't really. The booze and broads aren't as abundant as they seem to have been last summer but then you think about last summer and it wasn't really as great as you had told the guys at school. That big beer blast in the apartment when all the girls got plowed and banged like bunnies turns out to be nothing but a ridiculous little can of beer in a '52 Ford's back seat and all your friends pretend to be plowed but you know they aren't. That voluptuous broad you've been raving about in bull sessions becomes again that innocent girl you left behind last summer and she doesn't do all the sexy things you thought she did. But you don't

really care because you're home and free and everything's as it was before and wouldn't summer be terribly anticlimactic if it was just the way you had told everyone it would be. Somehow you're not disappointed to break out of your cool shell of suavity and become me again even if me isn't all you've made it out to be.

Now some sappy singer is wailing, It's always you," but is it really always you I wonder. I don't know if it's always me — I don't even know who "I" am — oh those disillusioning bull sessions. Why doesn't somebody invent an instant school that can give you an education in one swallow instead of making you sit up for hours thinking about nothing except how to make nothing make sense which is impossible. Sitting with drooped head and heavy pen listening to heavier music is no way to spend a night but if I turned the music off and listened to the silence I'd hear the crickets and want to quit altogether which I can't do because there are always deadlines, deadlines, deadlines.

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EXPERIENCE, MAN

/Bill Damon

Howie walked slowly down the beach, avoiding the scattered blankets and softly singing *Darlin' Cory*:

"There's a pine log shack in the mountains,
That's where my Cory dwells.
She makes the finest mash liquor,
But she doesn't drink, she sells."

Suddenly, as if doubled over by a cramp, he stopped short with a brief moan and then punted a mound of sand into the wind while hissing "Goddamn it!"

"Thanks fella." He turned around to see a whirling ball of black hair, then distinguished a small white hand brushing sand from it. He comprehended.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said, shaking his head. The face that emerged from the hair smiled. "I guess I forgot there was anyone else on the beach. When I kicked the sand, I mean." The girl kept grinning, so Howie grinned too. "You see, I'm a very deep thinker."

"Good, I am too. So you can buy me a coke." She jumped up from her blanket, threw her sunglasses in a large straw bag and walked over to Howie. "Let's go," she said. Howie laughed happily and began walking the girl toward the boardwalk.

"Well, you can tell me what you were thinking about if you like," she said, still smiling.....

"You see, I have a problem. Back to school in two weeks. Boarding school. Every time I think of it I kind of lose control, and forget about everything else, like just then." .....

"Boarding school? Well, eat drink and be merry. Say, look." On the boardwalk ahead of them sat a young man with a somewhat puny goatee, surrounded by a small, noisy crowd. Sitting next to him was a girl whose right hand clutched a Dylan Thomas poetry book, and whose left snapped out a rythym of jazz which she melodiously hummed by.

"Great!" said Howie, chuckling. "I've always wanted to meet a beatnik. Sort of as an experience, man."

"Are you serious?" the girl asked.

"Sure. Let's go." He led the way over to the crowd.

"Have you always been a beatnik?" a girl was asking in a very innocent tone.

"No, I'm just an off-an-on beatnik," the beatnik answered, smiling.

"When are you 'beat'?" she asked.

"Oh . . . whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul," he chuckled.

"What's the beard supposed to signify?" asked a boy next to Howie, derisively.

"Just that I haven't had time to shave for a while."

"Oh, the busy, busy life of a beatnik," said some girl, laughing.

A skinny red-headed boy snapped his finger and asked "Hey, man, where do you come from, anyway?"

"New York."

"Well, why don't you go back there?" said a girl standing in back of the beatnik.

He turned around, and asked good-naturedly, "Am I bothering you, sweetheart?"

"Very much."

"Then why are you still here?"

"Oh, morbid curiosity, I suppose," she answered, embarrassed.

"Nothing wrong with that," he said.

An intellectual-looking young man edged his way through the crowd to pose the question: "Did your mother and father die when you were very young, or did some other similar tragedy lead you to this sort of life?"

"Mom and Dad are in fine shape," the beatnik quietly answered, turning his back on the inquirer.

"You just don't get along with them?" asked the same man.

"That's understandable," a girl snickered.

"No, no, no! I didn't run away from home. I just wanted to try a different way of living."

The red-headed boy again snapped his fingers, and asked, "Why, man?"

"To learn. About some part of life you can't find out about without being there."

"Where?"

"Everywhere."

"Say man," said the red-headed boy, pointing with his toe to an open paperback book lying face downward on the wooden floor of the boardwalk, "if you do all this 'living and learning', what do you read this for? Isn't real life better, man?"

"Reading saves time; leads to intensity.

More than one way to learn, you know." Just then, as if tired of being on the defensive, the beatnik dragged the girl to her feet, picked up his book and pushed his way through the crowd. After he left, the skinny boy with the red hair said, "Man, I'm glad no one started anything. I've seen those guys in *action*, man. Someone murmered, "Good for you," and the crowd began to disperse.

"Let's get that coke," Howie said to the almost-forgotten girl still standing next to him. He was silent as they walked down the boardwalk to the coffee shop, letting the girl do all the talking. They entered the coffee shop together and sat down at the counter next to two old ladies.

The girl pointed to a jukebox. "Let's hear some music."

"No, not now. What did you think of the beatnik?"

"I don't know, I guess he was O.K. Played the role a little though."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, just before he left, when . . . "Howie's interest was suddenly captured by the last remarks of the two old ladies next to him, now leaving.

"You know, I'm really glad I had Welsh Rarebit tonight for a change," said the older of the two, red-faced and smiling. "It tasted *so* good to me."

"It did *look* good," said the other, sulking, "but I'm afraid, if I eat anything excepting eggs . . . " her voice faded off into insignificance into the distance.

Howie laughed involuntarily, then realized he had interrupted the girl's beatnik theories.

"What's so funny?" she asked, a bit annoyed.

"Nothing, nothing," he said quickly. "Let's have something to eat."

When they left the coffee shop, the sun had gone down; the change of the hot day into cool evening delighted Howie. He heard singing from two or three beach parties scattered around the beach. Taking the girl's hand he walked with her slowly down the boardwalk, whistling softly to himself. After a while she said softly," Well you seem to have stopped feeling sorry for yourself."

"About school you mean.? Oh sure. It probably won't be so bad. At least it'll be different." She laughed, but he said nothing.

A short while later she said, "I left my blanket down on the beach." He looked at her and murmured, "Let's go." As they stepped off the boardwalk onto the beach Howie heard the music of the waves on the sand, and was happy.

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PROGRESS

/Rick Barry

According to age and experience, prep school students "eventually" find about four different ways in which to report on a book. Usually, however, all boys have the single goal of pleasing their respective teachers. This can presumably be done by gushing fourth unequivocable praise for any book on the assumption that English teachers like all books. *Babbitt*, a book report type book, is a satire of the upper middle class business executive in the early twentieth century. The author uses a mockingly serious tone to describe Babbitt's sterotyped ideas, his illicit love affair in which he almost breaks away from the jaws of his securely formulated life, and his final return to his shallow friends. The characterization of Babbitt is the source of the novel's greatness; the plot is secondary.

Most juniors come away to prep school with the fear of the gods in them. Gone are the days of nice, old, stupid Mrs. Feemster and her eighth grade home room. The hour of the male English teacher has arrived. Late to his first English class, our timid and confused lad is immediately informed that in exactly twenty-eight days from that hour he will be required to submit a book report on *Babbitt*. His report must not be simply a retelling of the plot, and it must contain specific examples from the book to support all his statements. Twenty-eight days, several cold compresses, and a pack of smelling salts later, his humble opinions on *Babbitt* have been recorded for all posterity, but mainly for the sake of passing for the term:

> "*Babbitt* is a very good story. I liked it very much. I liked it so much I could not put it down. It is a very realistic and lifelike because everything seems so real. The plot is very good. I really liked the plot. And I also liked Mr. Babbitt a lot, too. A specific example of how good the book is is in Chapter VIII on page 97. Isn't that good? Also it is good in Chapter XVI on page 168. There are many other specific examples to support my statements, but these are the best ones. Don't you think so? You can see how funny the book is very easily. It is a very etc., etc., etc."

But eventually the junior gets straightened out.

A year later he has discovered some important techniques. Upon studying his comps when they come back, he realizes that what he says is unimportant. The secret lies in how he says it. Big words, even if they don't quite fit perfectly, will be the key to his success, he decides. He determines to use polysyllabic monstrosities at every chance. And besides, he rationalizes, not only do big words sound terribly impressive but they take up a lot more space. There are several degrees of "bigwordology." They range from occasionally using a thesaurus to picking random giants from a dictionary and actually working the report around them. Our specimen, anxious to take full advantage of his discovery, goes wild:

> "*Babbitt* is a mirth-provoking travesty of the superior mean genus business administrator in the prime of the vingintius century. The creator engages a mimicingly grave modulation to particularize Babbitt's canonical conceits, his unsanctioned concupiscent "liaison" in which he all but abscinds his being from the enmeshments of his inexpugnably formularized existence, and his terminal revertation to his unprofound compeers. Among other things, it would not be aquitable to allege that Babbitt is an irremeable man nor . . ."

And so it continues. Somehow, an artificiality can be sensed.

But going into his third year of prep school, our specimen really knows what is going on. He is fully aware of what a simple matter it is to wait till two days before the report is due, skim the book, and write out a quick essay. This often works, but it is a tragic fact that it more often does not work. He is forced to confine his masterpiece of deception to broad, general statements to make up for his lack of concrete knowledge. This limitation, coupled with our type of tragic hero's amazing ability to completely miss the author's point, makes his report interesting:

> "Some books are history books; some books are children's books; some books are novels. *Babbitt* unquestionably suits the latter category. Some books are good; some books are bad; some books are fair. *Babbitt* must certainly fit the first group. Some books are depressing; some books

are inspiring; some books have green covers. *Babbitt* definitely answers this second description. In short, *Babbitt* is a good book, it is an inspiring book, and above all it is a novel. Thus we can easily see that *Babbitt* is a good, inspiring novel. But is it really enough to say that *Babbitt*, which Sinclair Lewis published in 1922, is a good inspiring novel? Personally, though of course I would most certainly never claim to be necessarily right, I do not think it is enough. I strongly, very strongly, very strongly, feel that there is more to be gained from reading *Babbitt*. George Babbitt is a symbol of success, a man to be respected; we cannot miss this. By setting up a worthy standard in the form of George Babbitt's life, something to imitate, something to work for, something to look up to, something to emulate, something to pattern our lives after, something to respect, something to honor and cherish, something to . . ."

But as the essay progresses, an excruciatingly strained use of both words, it becomes clear that it will not become clear.

Finally as a senior — but wait a minute. As someone probably said, "Discretion, thou art a pearl." I think that sounds like what someone might have said.

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It was an early April mist that hung over the road and the countryside, one of those cool, sweet substances that hold both the promise of summer and the lingering memory of winter. All through the afternoon the hesitant sun had tested the land with warm fingers, softening the mud and fondling the tiny green buds. But now it was dusk and the sun was retreating before the chill of night. The advancing darkness sent the mist spilling over the land before it, and in its last preventive efforts the sun suceeded in warming it slightly. But the world quietly waited for the inevitable.

In the lone car on the road a young man in a tweed sport jacket drove, swiftly, silently, for he had no passengers. All was quiet except for the constant hum of tires on asphalt and the subdued sound of music from his radio, neither of which he paid any attention to. There was only an occasional house on this stretch of road; there were no other cars, nothing to distract him, and he was left to his thoughts.

James Brandon was extremely pleased by the weather he had found on this first day of his spring recess from Harvard. Cambridge was a fine place to get an education, but he couldn't say much for its climate. His mind filled with all-too-well-remembered sensations, of the wind seeping past his window in Thayer Hall, and of the chill cutting thorugh his sweat shirt as he sat in a flimsy shell, working out on the Charles, in the gray early morning of a gray day. Yes, it was good to be back in Maryland, where Spring came when it was supposed to. The day had been so good, a warm easy day spent relaxing at home. And now he was going to a play at his favorite theater. It was a place in the country that had started as a summer stock theater, but had proved so popular that it was now used all year round by various amateur companies. He and all his friends had started going there the year before, when they were Seniors in high school. Many evenings in later spring and on into summer a bunch of them, dressed in shorts, would go in Tom's Impala covertible, driving at breakneck speed, their laughter ringing out above the loud radio. Jim remembered that a couple of the boys sometimes brought flasks, but he had never felt any desire to drink with them.

He was the only one who ever went there any more.

He supposed he would call a couple of them up in a day or so. It would be good to see them, but he felt no real urgency. The vacation seemed endless.

Checking the landmarks, he realized he had a few miles yet to go, and settled back to drive. He contemplated the sunset for awhile. This sun was so different from the one at Cambridge. This one had warmth and joy and tenderness in it, almost a human personality. The Cambridge sun was just a light, and a seldom seen light in that damned long winter. This sun made him think of his freedom and happiness in the long sensual summers. How could summer be far away when the sun felt so good? He looked at the trees along the road as he sped past. Hundreds of infantile buds made their branches seem surrounded by a kind of soft green vapor, and the shadows they threw in the setting sun were no longer stark and skeletal as in winter.

Those shadows were getting longer, and Jim noticed that the road ahead was becoming obscure. He switched on his headlights as a precaution, and was almost startled to see the ghostly swirl of one mist in their beams. He suddenly realized that there was a definite chill in the air rushing past, and quickly rolled up the windows, a little incredulous. How could things change so fast? He had boyishly forgotten all the times he had felt the sudden cooling of an early Spring night before, and he was a little irritated and hurt. But the lower the sun dropped, the colder it got. The buds were no longer visible, and the road was becoming quite dark. As there were no houses just along there, and no other cars, the only light came

from his headlight beams, and the mist twisted and turned coldly in the mist. It had lost all warmth now. There had been no change in the sound level; the tires still hummed and the radio still played softly; but to Jim it seemed appallingly quiet. The realization of how very alone, how very lonesome he was, came like ice water poured on a sleeping man. He shivered a little and drove on, anxious to get to the theater, feeling somehow betrayed.

At a certain point the road he was on met another. There were no buildings at the intersection, no sign of life, but there over the crossing hung a solitary in congruous traffic light, glowing bright red against the fading rose of the sky. Jim stopped and sat, noticing the absolute silence — except for the idling of his engine and the radio.

The Impala glided up beside him, braking smoothly, and he turned to look. The metal gleamed black as a wet panther, shining deep, deep down even in the little remaining light. The bucket seats were upholstered in white naugahyde, supple and smooth, and the boot over the lowered convertible top was done to match. Jim noticed that the driver, a muscular teenager, was wearing only a T-shirt and light chino slacks but showed no sign of being cold. He sat casually, coolly, with a hand desting on one polished black knob of the floor shift, waiting for the light.

It didn't seem quite so cold to Jim just then. Sitting still, he felt no rush of air, and the Impala brought back many warm memories. He was neither too old nor too sophisticated to feel a certain warming of his blood. He remember parties . . . girls . . . nighttime rides . . . loud, loud radios.

The Impala's radio was blaring across the night, but above even that sound Jim heard that beautiful engine. It murmured in a fast idle, and when the T-shirted driver revved it, the whole gleaming car quivered and rocked a little, a motion so swiftly checked that Jim knew the suspension was the heaviest available. The whole thing seemed to him like some warm, living, powerful beast.

The light changed.

There came the explosive snarl of a caged animal and the scream of half-muffled and very hot exhaust. The smoking streaks of rubber ended after a short distance, and Jim, who had pulled out slowly, watching the Impala, listened for the shifts — first . . . second . . . But third and fourth never came. The Impala slowed abruptly and the engine backed down disappointingly. A few seconds later Jim discovered why. The smooth road surface was marred by several large and unavoidable potholes, great deep wounds left by the cruel winter.

The Impala disappeared up a side road and Jim was once more left entirely alone.

The sun was gone completely now, leaving not so much as a fingerprint in the mud. The real deep-chilling cold set in and Jim felt even worse than before. A rush of air came from the vents onto his feet, which had only that afternoon been warmed by air from the same inlets. When he had closed them, the music from the radio sounded tinny and adtificial in the sealed car. Once again he felt loneliness. He thought of his friends of high school, but he realized that he would be just as lonely, in a different way, with them, and so found no consolation. His one desire was for the escape, if only temporary, of the theater, and he spurred the car faster.

One mist swirled evilly in his headlights, but the theater was close now. In a few minutes the hum of his tires dropped and changed to a crunching sound as he rolled onto the gravel of the parking lot. The theater had been many times remodeled, and it bore little resemblance to the old summer stock structure. It might easily have been in the city instead of fifteen miles out in the country. The lot was crowded, and there was a slamming of doors and a murmur of voices as people threaded their way between creeping cars, whose brake lights glared like red lanterns against the woods beyond. Occasionally a laugh was heard, clear and strange above the general quiet. Jim found a parking place and killed his engine. Turning up the collar of his tweed jacket and buttoning it tight down the front he walked quickly through the mist toward the glass doors of the theater.

In the lobby he turned down the collar and unfastened the jacket with a shiver, as if he had just come in out of a snowstorm. He stood there for a moment, looking downly at groups of other theatergoers laughing and talking. Then he strode across the thick red lobby-type carpet and into the theater itself. He was ushered to his seat, but did not take; he just stood beside the row and glared. He was irritated and half convinced that his whole vacation was ruined.

He felt a light touch on his arm and heard a quiet voice saying, "Jim, Jim, how are you? I haven't seen you for so long." Turning, he faced a very pretty girl with shining, wavy brown hair. Her name was Renée, and she was

one of his companions of the previous summer. She seemed not at all surprised to meet him there; but then, everyone knew that Jim still went to the theater, that he actually seemed to enjoy he plays.

Jim was flabbergasted. He was convinced that all his old crowd had given up the fad. He could see no other reason for Renée coming than to see one play. He was pleased beyond belief when he saw her quietly smiling face.

"Renée! Renée, how good to see you! And here . . . I thought . . . well, never mind what I thought. I'm always wrong. Say. look, where are you sitting? Oh that won't do. Here, well have to change that!"

And before she could utter a word he was leaning over a portly, bold-headed gentleman in the seat next to his:

"Sir. I beg your pardon, sir, but I wonder . . . that is, would you mind changing seats with Ren . . . ah, with this young lady? You see her seat is right over there, sir, only four rows down, a better seat in fact, sir. You'd be doing us a great favor."

The portly gentleman was a little startled, but he agreed, and somewhat laboriously changed his seat, with much wheezing on his part, and many profuse thanks on Jim's.

As the house lights were dimmed, Renée found herself seated next to Jim. And as the first act began, Jim had forgotten completely his despair of a few minutes before. All through the first act he sat contemplating his stroke of luck. It was warm and comfortable in the theater and the music from the orchestra pit soothed him. He wasn't really listening. Renée seemed to be engrossed in the play. At least she said nothing. He kept glancing at her. She really was quite pretty, with the soft lights playing on her hair. He knew there had to be *one* of that crowd who came for more than the hell of it. Thinking back to the previous summer, he was reminded of the beach parties on Chesapeake Bay. He seemed to remember that Renée was always the quiet one there. She was never the soused one they dunked in the salt water. She was never the one who went laughing softly off into the bushes with Tom or some other guy.

He remembered how she looked in a bathing suit, on the beach in the moonlight, the soft curves. He could almost feel the warm sand.

Somewhere in the second act he reached over and took her hand. She looked up, then quickly turned her face away, and he thought he saw the corner of a smirk, but in the half-light he could not be sure. He kept her hand, though, and they sat that way all through the act.

At intermission he led her gently by the hand out to the lobby. She walked with her head slightly down, looking at the floor in front of her. He was struck by her resemblance to a certain Madonna he had once seen; she had the same exquisite sweetness. Once or twice she glanced up at him, and then down, as if she were thinking, but she said nothing.

When they stopped in the lobby he was again taken by her hair. In the full light it glowed even more, and it waved so softly across her temples, Without saying anything he lifted his hand and stroked it once across her hair. She started, for she was still looking down, but she did not object.

He took his hand away and sought words.

"Wonderful play, don't you think?"

"Hmm? Oh, yes, it's very good. May I have a cigarette?"

He gave her one and lighted it.

"I especially liked that scene on the beach. It's marvelous how they created that summer atmosphere just through words."

"Sure is. Say, did any of the other kids come out tonight?"

"Why . . . No. Why should they?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just thought . . . Well, I had this idea the other day that maybe since its Spring again, maybe Tom and some of the others might start coming out again, and we'd have some fun."

"No, I don't think they'll be coming." They had wandered to a quiet corner of the lobby, and the ebb and flow of talking voices was softer. The lights were a little dimmer, too, and they brought out the highlights in her wavy hair. He took her hand again, drawing her closer and making a conscious effort not to sound like a lovesick schoolboy. "Renée, we can have fun without them. We don't need a mob, you and I." He slipped his arm around her waist. She leaned against him briefly and he felt the warmth. "You're all the summer I need."

All this time she had said nothing. At his last words she looked at him hard for a moment, then turned her head and looked back at the people in the lobby. Through the glass doors the mist could be seen playing on the glass with cold fingers. She slipped from his arm and glanced at him once.

"I need some fresh air," she said.

AVALANCHE

/Skipper Lee

The two boys tramped through the fresh, white snow on their way home from kindergarten. They wore thick cotton coats and their legs looked too short for their torsos. The cloud cover was gray and billowy. One could see the occasional sunbeam pillars which thrust themselves through the blanket. The boys, unmindful that they were the first to mar the earth's white veil, walked on.

They came to a snowbank which blocked the path. The first scampered over it, sliding down the far side, giggling in ecstasy. The other hung back. He scooped two large handfulls of snow out of the side of the drift. He brought his hands together just in front of his stomach, and pressed with all his strength. His body bent over double with the effort. As he straightened up he examined his snowball. Unsatisfied, he began to alternately pat and squeeze it, and it became icy in his hands. Quickly he scrambled up the snowbank and skidded down its other side, catching up with his comrade before his absence was noticed. He stepped in front of his friend with his snow-filled hand cocked behind his ear. A look of surprise, then fear passed quickly over the unarmed boy's face. He stood uncertainly, his eyes staring as if hypnotized at the snowball. Then he began to cringe, edging backwards. The other boy smiled, then feinted as if to throw. He laughed as his friend shut his eyes tightly, covering his face with his hands. With the snowball still cocked in his right hand, the boy poked his friend in the stomach with his left. The boy gasped, quickly bringing his hands down to his stomach, and received the snowball in the center of his face. His nose began to bleed, slowly. The boy saw the dark red blood trickling from his friends nostrils. He thought of his mother scolding him and pinching his cold ears. He became very angry with the boy whose nose was bleeding. He jumped on the boy, his weight carrying them both down into the sparkling snow. The boy shoved his friend's face under the surface of the snow and held it there. His friend, half-conscious under the chilling whiteness, could not see clearly any longer. He saw armies of shiny needles repeatedly piercing his exposed face. The mucus in his nose, mingling with blood, began to run out onto his face. There it froze hard, sticking to him like ancient gum on the bottom of a desk. He thrashed wildly until at last, chilled and exhausted, he sank down quietly into the snow. After a while his friend, bored by the inactivity, stood up and trudged away.

THE CONCERT

/Robert Levin

The young man waited in front of the apartment door, impatiently tapping his foot, hoping that Jane's mother would let her open it. Talking with measured innocence to her repetitious parents had always annoyed him, though he had frequently felt more at ease with them than with Jane alone. Her reticence, to which he had long ago resigned himself, was intensified by the presence of her parents; but at least when they were around, he could be objective about Jane, which usually meant defending her unwillingly against her parents. Unfortunately, he never really thought about her when they were not together, and when they were together he could not think clearly about her. The only thing he knew for sure about her was that she was smart: she had to be to get the grades she did in school. His conscious intention in seeing her was to draw out her natural intelligence and thereby lay a foundation for the deep relationship he wished could exist between them. However, he was beginning to regret the constant effort he needed to make to get her to talk: there were times when it did not seem worth it. He polished a scuffed loafer on the back of his trouser leg, and, mildly pleased that he was well dressed, smiled at the doorknob.

When Jane opened the door, he was again seized by her delightful appearance, the same short brown hair and catlike blue eyes that had first attracted him to her. At first, to justify his interest in her, he had tried to prove her intelligence. Now when they went out together, it was no longer a real problem, since he had learned to repress his distaste for her unsophisticated, artless mind. There were still times, however, when the doubt haunted him that his interest in her was purely physical. Then he would exaggerate her sensitivity, even make up things about her to tell other people.

"Hi, George," she said.

"Is it all right if I don't come in?" he asked. "Tell your parents that we'll have to hurry to get to the concert on time."

Jane understood. "We have to hurry, Mom," she called back into the apartment.

"Well, run along, then." Then he had to start another conversation, ask her some inane question merely to avoid spending the whole evening orating instead of conversing. As they talked, he became gradually less aware of the differences that really existed between them. They took their seats in the concerthall well before the music was due to begin; they engrossed themselves in the program notes. He was temporarily fearful of having forced her to go to a concert she might not enjoy, painfully conscious of the unbalance of their relationship, despairing that she might never reach his level.

"What does '*Verklaerte Nacht*' mean?" she asked.

"Transfigured Night. It tells you on the back anyway." He was always irritated by her ignorance of music. Perhaps it had been a mistake to take her to the concert. She wouldn't enjoy it; he would become upset that she was not having a good time, and thus contribute to her malaise.

She sat patiently through a Mozart Symphony and the *Verklaerte Nacht*. He could see that she was making an effort to listen closely and please him by her attentiveness, if not her understanding. He half wanted to explain the music to her, but he knew that it would just take too long. He nonetheless tried to discuss the performance with her after they had filed out with the rest of their row for a cigarette a intermission.

"How did you like the Schoenberg?" he asked.

She was sipping deeply at a straw plunged halfway into a conical container of tepid, watery orange soda. "Which one was that?"

"You know, the romantic, the second one."

"I can't really say, George. I found it pretty hard to follow. I liked the first one by Mozart better. You know I can't really concentrate on music too well. Most of it just makes me daydream."

George nodded, frowning.

"I think I understood the Mozart piece better," she added hopefully.

Intending to spare her the embarrassment of failing him further, he ceded to the noise in the smoke-filled corridor. He knew now that it had been a mistake to take her to the concert. He should have known better, yet he blamed her. They stood silently facing each other, sinking into the insidious quicksand of their meeting, where, in reaction to his feared indifference, George forced himself to become involved with her, but only sank faster for all his thrashing about. Her passiveness only helped

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prevent him from seeing that in being smitten he had jumped the tracks of his original intention. He stood, sweating silently, determined to have a good time with her that evening. As they walked back toward their seats, he assured her that she would enjoy the second half more. He had always loved Brahms' *Second Piano Concerto.*

Afterwards, as they stepped out into the warm evening air, he asked how she had like the soloist.

"I liked him pretty much," she said. She could sense how much he wanted her to say something intelligent.

"What a fabulous technique," said George. Then he remembered. "Remember those amazing octave runs in the second movement, like strings of pearls?" She was nodding so dumbly that he had to stop.

They walked aimlessly for a while, now that there was no pretense of rapport to combat their estrangement. Finally, she suggested timidly that they go to Jack's, a soda fountain she frequented, before he took her home. He agreed, thinking to save the evening by doing something she really wanted to. However, he immediately regretted his decision and followed her reluctantly through the revolving glass doors of Jack's.

After ordering, he noticed with vague annoyance that he was drumming his fingers on the counter in time to the popular song blaring from the jukebox. He turned to see if Jane had noticed, but saw only her flushed cheek and smooth rounded chin. Then, when she laughed, her round blue eyes shining, at a joke he told her, he forgot his former impatience. His gaze travelled across her smooth forehead and even eyebrows, down her pink cheeks to her full mouth, then back again. It was not so much her appearance as her nearness, her presence that fascinated George, who had put his critical faculty to bed. He didn't even count his change as they left.

Stepping out into the warm evening air, he took her arm, becoming unexpectedly excited by this contact with her bare flesh. He slipped his hand into the sleeveless side of her dress, stroking the soft, warm skin of her shoulder. He no longer knew where he was or why he was holding her so, but it didn't matter. And then he was encircling her shoulders, pushing her firmly back against the building, pressing against her, viciously.

It was nearly two minutes before a policeman approached and they had to move along.

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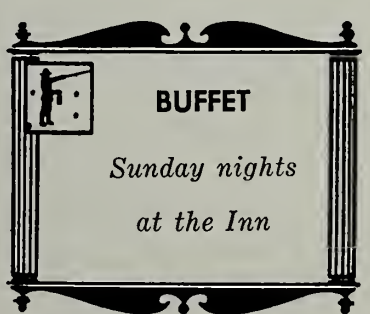

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ὤμοι, πέπληγμαι χαιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω

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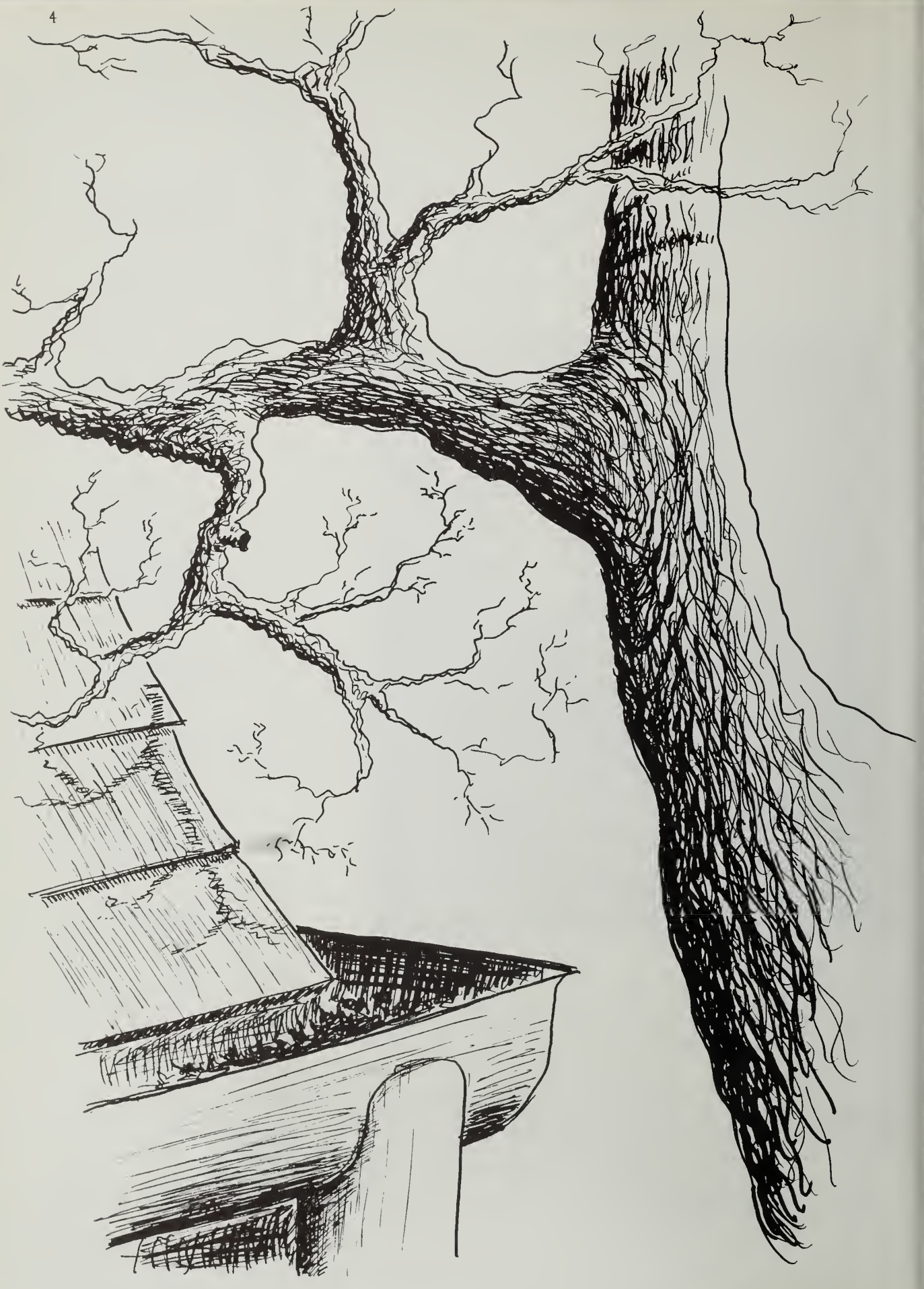


EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS

The popularity of *The Mirror* has rapidly deteriorated during the past few years. This has been accepted as inevitable by past *Mirror* boards, and consequently little has been done to improve *The Mirror's* acceptance by the student body. This year's board is acutely aware of the problem, and we have analyzed the situation to determine the factors which have led to this declining popularity. We hope that we have, at least in part, diagnosed our weaknesses; our proposed remedies have been administered to this, our first issue.

First and foremost, *The Mirror* has gradually assumed an air of detachment from the school in general. Rather than being a literary magazine, *The Mirror* has evolved into a literary club. possessing its own peculiar standards and paying little or no regard to the tastes of the rest of the student body. Such useless institutions as regular book reviews on books of absolutely no interest to the student body have plagued *The Mirror's* scant issues. A clique of writers, infatuated with their own writing, has in the past gained control of the magazine. The table of contents of each magazine in any given year has been essentially the same throughout the year: the same contributors writing on the same subjects, a uniformaly subdued and lugubrious tone. This soon becomes a viscious circle — the student body ceases reading *The Mirror,* contributions become scarce, except from the habitual contributors, and another weak and unaccepted issue rolls off the presses. Last spring, it will be recalled, we published two of the best *Mirrors* in quite a while, both over thirty pages long, and both containing a large number of stories, from new authors, on widely diversified subjects, and each with its own peculiar tone. Hope was expressed from many corners that these issues might be the forerunners of a new generation of *Mirrors.* In this first issue of 1962-63, we hope we have continued a trend toward freshness, originality, and vitality.

The first *Mirror* each fall sets the tone of future issues and also determines the students' attitude toward *The Mirror* for that particular year. Usually, this issue appears about halfway through the fall term. It is an issue put together hurriedly and containing very few articles, most of which are not representative of the best possible student writing. This year we have delayed publication for three weeks, and during that time we have been able to organize fairly well, give student writers ample time to "get back into the groove," and put out a full, well-balanced magazine. We have reinstituted a regular humor column, and we have introduced a regular feature entitled "Truth, Beauty, etc." which should have universal appeal of some nature. All of our stories and poems are solid and substantial — nothing has been thrown in arbitrarily in a last-ditch effort to fill up the magazine. We have not been sitting back in our plush leather lounge chairs waiting for students to crawl to us, begging to have their works published. Our task is evident — we have to work more closely with the student body and with the English department to find out who is writing, and who is writing *well.*

Finally, we have changed the appearance of the magazine. Our new paper gives *The Mirror* a much finer appearance; not only has the literary quality been improved, but the physical quality also. The art work shows the result of a more organized and efficient art board — it, too, has descended from its lofty, detached plane to become much more worldly and appealing.

We hope that the rest of the student body will share our enthusiasm for a better literary magazine, for *The Mirror's* existence depends on the interest of the students. In declaring that we are shaking off our tendency toward detachment we are counting on student support. *The Mirror* must be written by the student body in general, not by *The Mirror* board and their personal friends. So, I appeal to you, the students. The quality of *The Mirror* depends on you. Trite though it may seem — this is your magazine.

P.C.J.

SON OF ALL RIGHT

LUCAS PATRI S. D.

/BOB BURTON

Not so long ago Luke, a fourteen year old member of Williams Hall, was walking past Rabbit Pond toward the gateway to the Moncrieff Cochran Sanctuary. As he scanned the quaint body of water to his left, he wondered why the boys of Abbot Stevens weren't outside swimming. Luke, being a junior, didn't understand that uppers and seniors don't have time to go swimming. As he passed a sign that said something about walking on grass, he wondered why more people didn't hike in the bird sanctuary. He wondered why the outing club insisted upon travelling hundreds of miles to New Hampshire every week (a lower had offered this bit of information) when Mr. Cochran had planted so many shrubs and trees, at one end of the campus. Luke surmised that Mr. Cochran must have been a wealthy man. The school probably paid him "a great deal of silver", as a fellow classmate had once put it, for growing all the trees and the like. Picturing Mr. Cochran sitting nude in a large tub filled with quarters, Luke entered the Sanctuary.

Like most people, Luke had a specific reason for being in the Sanctuary. He was looking for a stone. He didn't know what kind of stone. In fact, he wasn't at all sure that a rock might not be more suitable. He finally decided, however, that he was looking for a stone, since he figured that a stone might be somewhat easier to find than a rock. With eyes peeled for any little stone that nature might push his way, he continued his walk.

It was not that Luke disliked his English teacher; he just thought that he was senile. Well, how could anyone in his right mind assign such a topic for an essay? "Luke, my boy (Luke loathed being called 'my boy')," his teacher had said, "write a three hundred word essay for tomorrow concerning the parable "Spit on a stone and it will be wet at last." Luke had said "Are *you* kidding?!" and had received one demerit for his little effort. Luke did *not* consider his English teacher to be at all normal.

With resolution that's uncommon in a junior Luke was trying to do a good job. His plan of attack was quite simple. He first wanted to find a stone. Having found one, he would then proceed to spit on it till it was thoroughly wet. The next step, of course, would be to write the essay. The only real trouble was that Luke hated to write essays. Everytime his English teacher assigned an essay, he would think up a new epithet for him. This morning he had gone even further. He had written in bold letters on his notebook "Sweety (that's what he called him) belongs in a zoo for sterile monkeys!" Luke was, nevertheless, determined to write a good essay.

Luke found a stone in half as much time as he had thought it would take. He began to spit. He spat for eighteen minutes, finally being forced to stop owing to a lack of saliva. That's one thing Luke did not have, foresight. If he had used his head, he would have brought someone along to help him spit. He didn't care, though. Sweety would not have the slightest idea whether he really had stopped spitting at eighteen minutes, or at thirty minutes. Luke, and only Luke, would ever know when he actually had stopped spitting. This fact gave him a little needed consolation.

As Luke left the Sanctuary, confident that the parable had some bearing on his own life, he started to compose a letter to his father concerning his first demerit. Figuring that his father would not be too pleased, and knowing that his father was not much of a linguist, he decided to write it in Latin.

"Lucas patri s. d.

Multa nova quidem cotidie nobis gignit hic Andovera nostra, pater carissime, sed quaedam eius sunt generis ut arbitrer nec tibi gratum futurum legere nec mihi tutum scribere . . . "

TRUTH • BEAUTY etcetera

.22

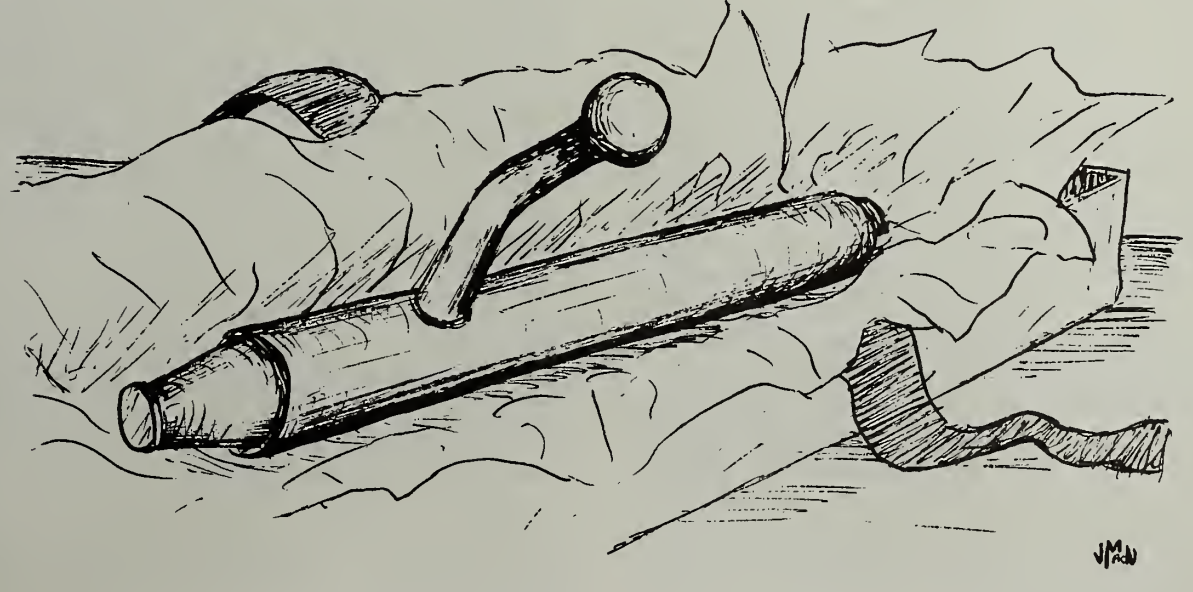
/CHUCK ROUNDS

Five years ago yesterday Sammie was given a .22 Caliber Remington, bolt action and single shot, with one reservation: that his father keep the bolt until he was eighteen. Sammie took this decimated weapon with extreme anger for his father had promised that he could have the gun when he was thirteen, lock stock and barrel, and Sammie felt that he was cutting things pretty close when the bolt wasn't included. No persuasion worked—no amount whatsoever—so all he could do was wait for the big day when he was eighteen.

As each year went by a strange kind of anger arose in Sammie; he felt that he was betrayed; he felt that he wasn't allowed to possess the responsibility he felt he deserved. Sammie possessed a desire for revenge. Outwardly he could not describe the feeling; but whatever it was, it enraged him when he thought about it. The feeling frustrated him for he had no idea what it was nor how to appease it.

As his eighteenth birthday approached the emotion constantly gripped him; he wanted to seek revenge for the responsibility that was not given him.

Yesterday after supper, a few friends came over to Sammie's house to have ice cream and cake, and watch him open his presents. Sammie opened Jim's present, his sister's present, Ellen's present, his mother's present, and finally there was only one present left which was labeled: To Sammie from the Family. Sammie opened it. Inside the small white box was the bolt, all wrapped in pink tissue paper and tied with a blue ribbon. Sammie ran into his room, chamber, and blew a small hole through his skull.



A Blue Thumb (As Seen through a Jaundiced Eye)

/Anonymous

Years ago, when I spent Saturdays in late fall splitting wood and helping my father pile the splits between two trees in the oak thicket beyond the fence which surrounded our front garden, one day when the blue of the sky and the outline of the knobby twigs against it blew harsh and brittle into my eyes with the wind that moved noiselessly and bitingly among the tree trunks, across the dry brown of leaves piled years deep, stippled green with insignificant weeds, when I simultaneously caught a mote in the eye and a log from my father, and my hand between that log and one I had just handled, I then definitely possessed for the first time what I have since unashamedly called my "green thumb."

I have always been at the mercy of those capricious humors — (which may trouble even one not the victim of my strange affliction of the thumb) — humors which will cause me to stare stubbornly, hatefully, scornfully at a lower-case J, refusing to give it a dot. A less violent sympton occurred the other day in a spelling test, when, given the word RIK-oh-shay, I had to write what I must have known was the proper spelling three or four times, in script, print, and a sort of neo-Gothic which comes naturally to me, before I finally recognized it with a Greek E: richocEt. Gardening took me by surprise one day when I was out repairing the ravages of a low-flying thunderstorm. I must have been daydreaming — leaning on my rake or something — so I guess I had it coming to me: suddenly I realized that that lilac had no business being in front of those forsythias like that, and I straight-way dug the whole thing up and heeled it in behind a willow tree. I think I enjoyed doing it; at least I hope I did, but I do know that the harmony of willows and lilacs has had a curious appeal to me ever since.

From then on I was our house gardener. Sequestered bowers of wild grape vine and wild cherry tree fell before my axe, only to rise anew in the splendor of coddled hybrids. I planted rows of poplars, spread tons and tons of manure, poisoned moles by the bushel. But one day, in the middle of an irrigation project of mine which involved ditching in a one-and-one-half inch plastic pipe about one hundred yards from our well house to the field, late in the afternoon when the air was ninety degrees and even the oak leaves hung limp in the double glare of the sun and its blistering reflection from our roof, when my ears squinted in the silence, for even the birds were so parched that they gathered and waited when they saw me with a hose, I went down into the shaded well house, and leaned with my bare back against the cold, wet pressure tank; and I must have daydreamed.

For now my passion is for plumbing. My grandfather was an apprentice plumber in Scotland before he immigrated and made his killing in the steel industry. For all I know, I may have plumbing running in my veins. More than the average bear, that is.

But I have had the violent relapses. No garden will ever really be safe in my Jekyll and Hyde presence, I suppose, until Death grabs me by the fingernails and drags me shrieking off into darkness.

DREAM OF A MOUNTAIN

/JERRY LILES

He had climbed for almost two hours, struggling upwards against the loose shale sliding underfoot and the hoard of mosquitos attacking his face and neck, buzzing in his ears and drawn into his mouth with every breath. He cursed his choice — made out of a foolish feeling of invulnerability — not to rub the sweet-scented oily repellent on his his skin. The hour was late, near nine o'clock, but for two hours more there would be light in the mid-summer, subartic sky. Now he clambered up over the grass-strewn rubble that marked the top of the incline, and feeling the long-sought breeze, he broke into a run along the easing rise of the little knoll-summit. Spinning into the fullest force of the wind, he felt the cooling evaporation and rejoiced in the disappearance of the mosquitoes, carried away by the gusts. Then, remembering his mission with a start, his gaze swept the jumbled chaos of rock and till that curved away to the east. At the end of the sweep, clouds met rock in a high-mounted mass, and there he knew was swathed his idol of ice, his chalice of silver — the great mountain he had seen only in his dreams and fantasies. Eyes strained to penetrate the veil of seething clouds dissolving and remassing to the demands of a rising south wind. Soon the sun dropped from view behind the great range, leaving the clouds bathed in a delicate rose and throwing on the barren hills a purple cast. Reveling in the scene, his gaze wandered, and when it returned to the range's yonder end he perceived there above the highpiled rosy strata a different shape emerging, sharp and glinting, thrusting itself farther and farther out of the clouds until it soared, suspended and detached above the baser earth of dingy servile hummocks that knelt around it. the proud hoary head of Denali itself.

He established a communion with that long-sought high place. Spellbound by the majesty and mysterious serenity of his surroundings, he vowed to pay homage at the very crown of Denali. He stood so, gaze intent on the distant spectacle until, too soon, the eastern horizon melted into an obscuring gloom.

In the long days that followed, the mountain filled his thoughts, and what dreams he dreamed during short nights reflected his growing obsession. He tried to talk of the mountain to the men of the road construction crew with whom he worked, but he was disappointed, even appalled by their lack of interest and respect for Denaili. Well, they had respect enough for the danger of the mountain because they "wouldn't be caught dead on her," and when he casually mentioned his intention of standing on the very top, they scoffed. "Leave us cash for the coffin," one said; answered by "Hell, anyone fooling around that mountain gets a coffin of ice." He didn't speak again of the mountain to them. So the girl became the first to share his dream. She was different, different even from any girl he'd ever known. She believed whatever he said, and when he told her he'd climb the mountain, she knew it and was afraid for him, but never skeptical nor even dissuasive.

He first found her sitting among the firs and boulders overlooking the little jewel-lake that he would run to almost daily — down the dusty trail to the jutting rock for the long dive into deep blue glacier water that swirled off an ox-bow of the silty torrent Tanana. That icy pool had been dammed at the outflow end by a beaver family and was surrounded by tall firs filled with nesting gulls and jays. He had found her above that lake, sitting quietly, her eyes showing the reflected blues and green of all the trees and sky and water. Almost a man in size and strength, but still a romantic, a dreamer — a boy. And so the boy and the girl often met where they'd first met, to hold hands beside the little lake at midnight or early morning. And he'd brave the icy water for a single breath-taking plunge and fast-crossing to the beaver lodge opposite and back, just to spring out icy-shaking to have her waiting to envelope him with a towel.

She shared his dream, went with him to the very foot of the mountain to watch it in every cloud-mantled mood and ever-changing light, as he'd point out tentative routes — leave tim-

berline there, skirt the glacier to that ridge, like so, up through that notch, onto the last long ridge and up. Sometimes the mountain, sharp, clear and bathed in the red light of a slanting sun, looked warm and inviting, and his heart and ambition would soar. But other times the fog blew across the tundra to swirl about the feet of Denali, mountain its sides to obscure all approaches, while the wind blew wet and cold, chilling the very center of his heart, tossing tempests about the summit and chasing somber shadows that swooped and dashed over couloirs and ridges. At such times he fancied he could hear the wind's shrill whistle over knife-edges of ice, could feel the driven shards, and he knew the mountain was testing him even as he stood in the warm valley, watching across still pine-tops the violent motion of summit clouds three miles above his head. After witnessing such moods of the mountain, he'd go way depressed, angered by the stealthy gnawing of ermine-fears set loose among his confident bird-thoughts of glory. Was it glory he sought? Once he never considered the motive, pure at the inception of his dream, as on the day he'd first seen the peak sixty miles away rise above the clouds. Things that can shake a boy's confidence, were clouding the purity of the dream. His scoffing companions, the terrifying aspect of the mountain, and even the unquestioning faith of the girl provoked the questions, "What if I can't climb you, mountain?" and "Why do I want to, anyway?" Why does anyone risk his life to climb any mountain-top? For him — a pristine dream, an adulterating challenge — catalysts to some inborn incentive, the mysterious ingredient. And in spite of his antagonists (and maybe because of them) he would react to that challenge, perhaps sooner than if he had a mere dream to realize.

Work on the new road had accelerated to a frenzied pace, competing crews racing toward each other for earliest completion of their respective stretches, to join at the Susitna bridge and thereby open the interior wilderness to auto travel from the Alaskan Highway. Daylight hours were working hours, with two shifts getting all they could out of a long day, high morale and the prospects of overtime pay. Some days past mid-summer, his crew had its stretch under gravel and grade, and the boss offered him a few days off to get in some fishing during the big run of King Salmon. They had just begun arriving at the local reaches, having flailed and fought their way in seething clots and masses up 150 miles of fast rapids already brimming with glacier-melt and now overflowing

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with bright-hued, thick-fleshed giants of fish, all suicide-bent on procreation. He reflected how such fantastic reaction to instinct did not require the catalyst of dreams or even challenge. But his mind was not on fish, not even on procreation, as he lit out of camp with the boss' final words, "And don't be climbing no mountains" ringing in his ears. He never planned to climb just any mountain — and none at all that day. He'd see the girl tonight for the first time in nearly a week. Driving a company jeep, he rattled across the bridge before her cabin at the family's usual hour for supper. His timing was good, but the news awaiting him left him no appetite. She was not at home — had just left for the square dance in the company of the railroad station-keeper — that coast dandy with the showy manners and smooth talk. Her kind mother, at once apologetic and demonstrative, tried to lull his disappoinment by urging him toward the spread table and reasoning that her daughter had waited all week, up till yesterday in fact, for some word from him, and not wanting to miss the dance, accepted the other fella's invitation. But his hurt was not palliated. He'd always considered the girl as his alone, since their meeting two months ago. She'd had no boy friends before him and led him to believe she cared to have no others but him. He was beside himself with jealousy and dismay, but through the mental turmoil a single course rang clarion-clear. He borrowed her father's great fur parka and eider down sleeping bag, and hastily mumbling something about salmon running at Susitna, he departed. But he gave not a thought to fishing as he raced the jeep east along the narrow road. It was the mountain that now loomed strong and alluring in an imagination intermittently spurred by disturbing thoughts of the girl. Soon, all such sentiment faded before the scintillating vision of Denali. He recovered food and climbing gear cached long before at the foot of the mountain, parked the jeep out of sight and struck out on foot. The night was clear and a low moon just three days waned lit the meadow floor in elongate strips between fir-cast shadows. Soon out of the sparse timber, he encountered the first of a network of rivulets criss-crossing the glacier's outwash plain, a plain laid down, built up and reconstructed for untold centuries by these wandering out-streamings from the glacier's snout. Fording each in turn, bootless, was numbing work. When he halted midstream to select the shallowest route, he'd find himself up to his ankles in silt, sinking as if in quicksand as the

racing current ate away around his feet. Once across the delta, and hitting his stride on the easy tundra, he swung along mechanically, mind on the girl, when he incautiously blundered upon a bear wallow and stood muscle and heart-frozen while the startled grizzly crashed away snorting through the alder thicket. He recovered breath and continued to climb.

Oblivious to time's flight, he found the sky outshining the moon, and soon he looked down on the results of six hours of steady hiking. It appeared meager returns for such labor. He could still detect the jeep as a speck among the willows where he'd hidden it, and he observed how the glacier-fed rivulets cut an intricate pattern upon the broad delta. The view upward was at once exhiliarating and discouraging. Although the great peak itself had dropped from sight behind a jumble of intervening ridges and spurs, the latter mounted in confusion to the heavens above him. He eased the heavy pack from his shoulders, and took time to munch a snack of raisans and dried meat. He watched a pair of golden eagles take flight from the crag of a neighboring ridge and soar without wing-beat in ascending circles up the erubescent backdrop of ice and sky. He envied their power and wished he could spare time to hunt down their nest, but weighing the hours against the journey ahead, he moved on. Now the easy walking was over as the springy tundra gave way to ice-heaved rubble. He found himself making wide detours around great basins in the till, left by the melting of ice masses that once longed there to gradually thaw under the cover of later deposits of gravel. The way upward was being defined into a numbr of barren ridges separated by deep serrated cuts, and he worked his way up the dominant far-reaching lead. This route came to parallel the glacier which curved in a sinuous arc so close by on the left hand that its grumbling and cracking constantly reminded him of its living power. The thunder of sloughed-off ice falling echoed eerily from the chasm walls. He planned to keep that ice river on his left and follow the graded incline of its bank up into the higher altitudes. The shaggy spine he followed became a rib and then a splinter, and with a shock he saw its termination yards ahead in the junction of a tributary ice flow that cascaded montionless away to the right, cutting directly across his path. This was a glacier spur heretofore invisible to him. He now had no recourse but to cross it and gain the broad ridge that rose from the other side and led up to the limit of his vision. Although this ice barrier was but a fraction of its progenitor's breadth, he felt he had clambered a full mile by the time he attained

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"midstream." It was a nightmare of upended and on-edge ice-blocks the size of cabins and sometimes barns. Deep fissures ran among the blocks, criss-crossing the glacier floor. He climbed over, walked around, slid down to all but attain the other side — glad now that he was crossing without mishap, not noticing the fatigue that was creeping into his hard-used muscles. It happened suddenly — his feet churning water, finding no bottom under them. Ice water closed in on him. His incautious step had plunged him into a crevasse whose surface was choked solid with floating chunks he'd mistaken for solid ice. The fissure was narrow enough for his pack to catch the after lip and his outflung arms the other side, but so deep his feet never touched and he was quickly soaked up to his chest. He couldn't recall freeing himself or gaining the other side, but he found himself there, snugly enveloped by the down bag, the stripped-off clothes wrung out and spread on the sun-warmed rocks. He knew full well that the sun had already begun its roller-coaster downslide from midday to midnight and that he was hardly half way up the mountain He felt a vague urge to waste no more time, but the need for rest was greater and he surrendered to sleep.

He found himself upon an open ridge where fog swirled at his feet and the wind drove in cold fury at his body. He was climbing again in full light, his eyes assailed by the glare from ice not only flowing below him but rimmed in sheathes upon the rock around him and reaching up in seracs from deep-piled recesses in the rock, where potential avalanches poised above him. Even the granite ridge up which he labored had succumbed to the icy onslaught. He was ice-bound, creeping up an interminable lead on clumsy home-made crampons. Wind shrieked over the knife-edge, carrying splinters before it, cutting his face and obscuring the pathless way. Avalanches and ice-fall ripped and echoed around him, drowning the windwail in thunder. He was too cold, too tired; he no longer saw the route ahead. He heard himself shouting through clenched and chattering teeth words that the wind seized and carried away to Denali's impassive face. I do not want to fight you, mountain. If you would rather kill me than have me invade your secret places, I'll not fight you. I am not like a fish, a creature bound by instinct to reach the top and die. If I retreat, what is lost? I will retreat in honor until you are ready to receive me. The words were lost to the wind. Left was a wail, a moan, and the stare of a relentless face of rock. He turned to retrace his steps. The knife-edge crumbled and he felt himself slipping, falling. White space opened below him.

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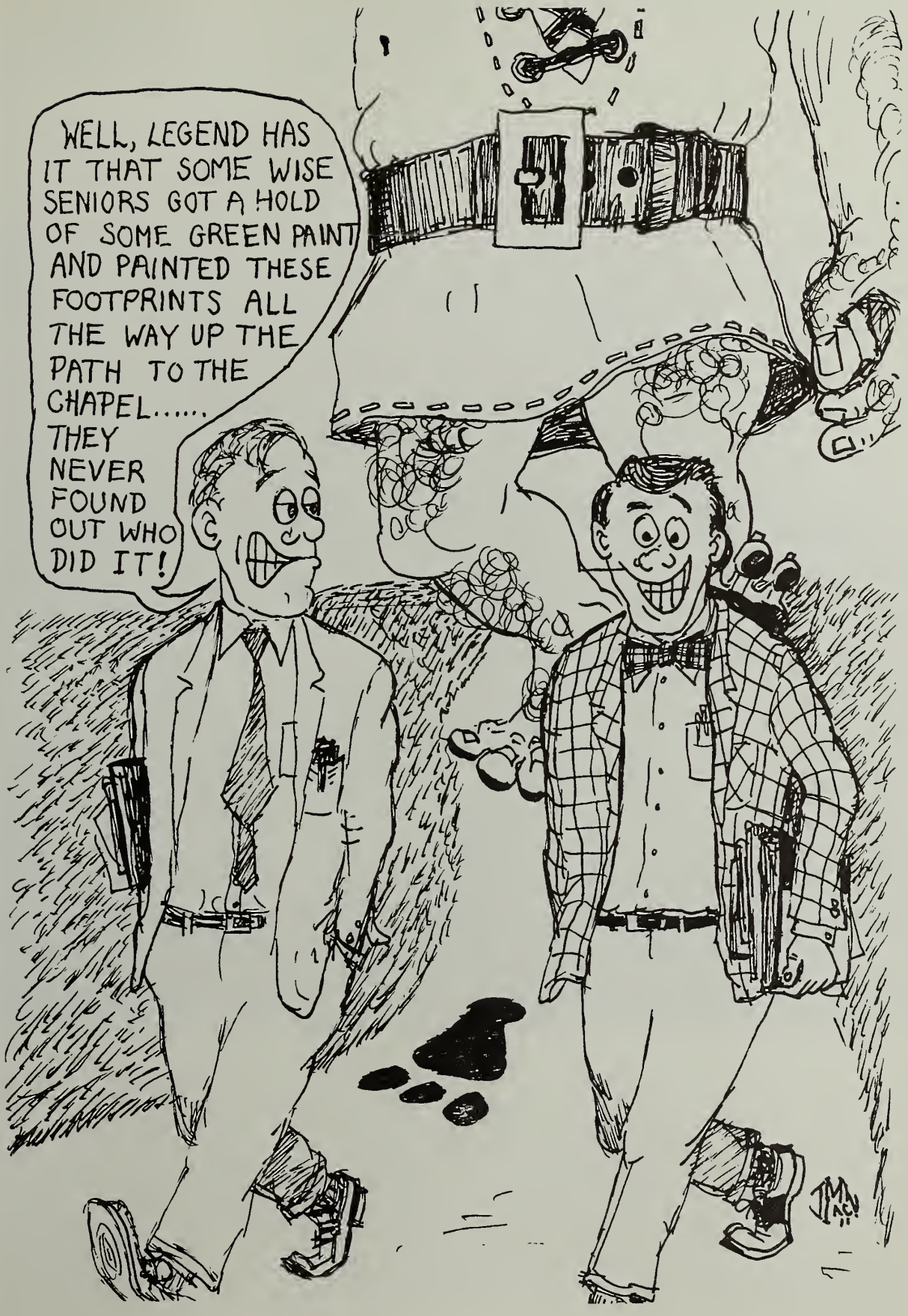
He opened his eyes to see the dry clothes spread upon the rocks and the sun getting a foothold on the edge of the earth before launching itself into a beautiful day. Some alpine bird flung a cheerful twitter up from the tundra and the mountain smiled. The horror of the night-the mountain smiled. The horror of the nightmare dissolved. He shook himself from the depth of eider-down, stretched, and caught the mountain's mood. "You look especially inviting today," he spoke aloud, "but I've learned enough from you to last a while." He ate heartily from several cans and cached the remainder among the rocks. Then, picking his way back across the little glacier with care, he began the long descent. Springy turf and light heart carried him easily along. This day he had time to detour by the crags, where he spied on the homing eagles to discover their lair. Further down, in a meadow above the fire, he strode into the midst of a brood of countless fluff-balls, all of which melted into the rock and moss while old mama ptarmigan trailed a wing across the tundra. From the road he glimpsed a grizzly sitting on a gravel bar to slap a trout dinner from the stream. And farther along he hit the willow flats where across the way a cow moose was bending young branches down to twin calves. Wildlife was in magnificient abundance here, and he observed as he descended how each species was existing in its own level of environment. As he drove the narrow road back, he considered how these creatures were content to stay in their respective habitats, and he was feeling a little envious of their freedom from compulsion to climb higher, when, far up toward Anderson Pass, he saw a few straggler Caribou, the last of the great summer migration from mosquito-plagued lowland up to alpine range. And it struck him how the salmon hoards were right then striving to reach their headwater birthplaces to spawn and die. Sometimes, he decided, man and all creatures yield to a compulsion to go to higher places. Whether compelled by instinct, or famine, or love, or whatever — all creatures must sometime abandon the safety of familiar lowlands.

Back in camp before dusk, he was met by the boss with "You're back early — fishing no good?" "Fishing's great," he replied. By supper-time his jeep was rattling across the bridge before her cabin. But she was already running toward him with a cry of welcome home from the mountain on her lips, although she never once asked if he'd climbed to the top. She was in his arms, where she belonged, and his dream was still in his heart where it belonged. And anyhow, he had base camp with food cache already established. All he had to wait for was another day and another instinct — or whatever.


WELL, LEGEND HAS IT THAT SOME WISE SENIORS GOT A HOLD OF SOME GREEN PAINT AND PAINTED THESE FOOTPRINTS ALL THE WAY UP THE PATH TO THE CHAPEL..... THEY NEVER FOUND OUT WHO DID IT!

Sculpture / *Craig Moody*

A DEATH

/FRANK HIGHT

On the day that eventually turned out to be his last, Mr. Jones felt as though he were somehow floating, and everything seemed cloudy and oppressive and there was a ringing in his ears. He heard doctors' voices, muffled and far away, but whether they had just started to speak or whether they had been talking always was something he couldn't be sure of. Then he felt a needle prick somewhere and the darkness began to clear a little. An image took shape in his mind and he started to dream, and he knew he wasn't dying yet and was glad of it.

The air was tinged with deepening shades of twilight by the time he awoke from his fitful sleep. He turned over on his back and looked dimly around the room. Shimmering patterns of orange and yellow were cast on the walls and ceiling by light coming in through the colored leaves of a tree near the window. A gust of wind blew a single scarlet leaf up against the window pane, and it stayed there a moment before falling away.

He recognized the scene instantly. He was in his bedroom in the house he had lived in as a child. And he remembered his mother's telling him how he had cried the first time he saw the naked branches silhouetted against the wintry sky and the ground covered with fallen leaves. Autumn always filled him with a wistful sort of longing that made his heart and chest feel empty.

More darkness, unclear darkness, and more muffled sounds. Foghorns, and a different scene.

In the glare of the streetlights the pavement sparkled with newly fallen rain. He walked part way across the bridge and looked out across the bay. It was rather cold, and mist was rising from the water under his feet and a dense fog was rolling in from the sea. He could barely make out the red and green lights on the channel marker buoys flashing in the gloom. There were no lights he could see by on the bridge, only dock lights along the shoreline. Another foghorn moaned faintly over the lapping of the waves against the bridge pilings. And longing again. He puzzled a moment and remembered a girl he had seen at a New Year's Eve party one year in New York. Somewhere out in the fog a ship's bell rang softly, three times, and for a second he thought he could make out the far-away softness of her voice in the sound of the bell.

The darkness was growing darker, and the sounds were even softer now, the sound of rain.

He had never seen a night so dark. Sometime during the evening it had started to rain, a gentle rain that fell with a soft thudding on to the grass. Or was he crying? Yes, that was it. That afternoon. Way in the distance he heard someone laughing, a light, gay laugh. It was his wife, who had died that afternoon. And it was only a matter of hours.

The images were moving faster now. He found Death in his thoughts and it made him uneasy. He would have to hurry.

Everything was starting to move in circles. He saw a dead crow, lying in a mud puddle. Couldn't be. A wisp of cigarette smoke. No. A slot of yellow light under a closed door. No again. Now he was walking down a lonely country road on a winter night. Something was following him, and he was afraid to look back and see what it was. Hurry. It was chasing him. Faster. Then he was pushed down hard and he stopped struggling. What now? Anything like Truth? No meaning, to be sure. Beauty? Be serious. Everlasting life? He laughed delightedly to himself and heard the sound of his voice echoing and vibrating. Everything became black, except for one printpage of poetry. And that was all. He only wanted to be there when the last leaf fell from the last tree on the last fall day, and with fifty billion people watching he wanted to run over and pick up that leaf and shout for joy. The page grew smaller and smaller into nothingness, and he stretched out and the blackness relaxed.

Photograph/*W. S. Pérsons*

THE TREE

/GRAHAM BULL

The tree stood rattling with wind
That hides in the cove,
And I sat watching it
With my hands on the dull,
Soft-brown needles
Which once hid its bare and brittle limbs,
Now dropping, dry and dead.
I sat by the lake, down below,
And I could see its hideous scars
Of age and wind and rain.
They smiled their pitiful, toothless smile,
And I left
Because I could not smile back.

I met an old man on the road above
With widening eyes at the sight of the tree.
He saw only the greener boughs
With the grace and flow of young pine.
It's nice — that tree, he said,
And smiled that same toothless smile.

A TIGHT BLACK DRESS

/RICHARD PECHTER

He had met her seven weeks ago, across a cold and boring Physics Lab desk; but that is just about as far as it had got. Their brief association together was strictly limited to those long labs and a bad cup of coffee hurriedly gulped down between classes.

Tonight, however, things were very different. Having finally got up enough nerve to ask her to go out, he found himself sitting across a small, intimate table from her. You might honestly say that he was scared as Hell and that he really didn't know what to say or do. He had asked her out purely on the assumption that she would give him a brusque no, due to the rather large difference in their ages: she being about four years older than he and much more experienced. Yet now he was alone with her, driving her home; he was scared, embarrassed, and a little panicky.

He had double-dated to avoid just such a happening. He hadn't wanted to be all alone with her; but now he was. The other couple had suggested that he drive her home and then come back to pick them up since she did live so far out of the way. He had panicked when the suggestion was made. Normally, he would have welcomed the chance to be alone with such a beautiful girl. And beautiful she was: red hair, nice figure; but, Hell, she was so much older and he didn't know what to say to her or how to act. How do you make love to a girl older than your sister? What kind of line could he possibly give her that she hadn't heard before?

Yet, he could not let his friend know just how scared he was. So, he had left with her rather hesitantly, and now, he was sitting there in the car next to her. He tried to talk to her, but couldn't. It just didn't seem to fit into his normal character to tell her what he wanted to. He found himself, as himself, inadequate to tell her what he now felt for her; for in the short period of that three hour evening, he had fallen into what is a seventeen year old's version of love.

He had had a few beers previously in the evening and was a little high; but he was sober enough to drive and had complete control of himself. The fact that he was known among his friends and to her as being unable to hold his liquor offered him an easy escape from the uncomfortable atmosphere which had enveloped the car. He decided, that as a drunk, he could manipulate his character and show her exactly how he felt.

And so, under the cover of alcohol, he began to tell her things which his normal-sober-self could never have said. As a half-drunken kid, the things he said seemed more than right and most sincerely truthful. As a drunk, he could hold her hand and make a pass at her. He could joke around about his inability to be romantic, laugh and joke about the way he was sober.

It worked very well that evening. And so, when he took her out again, three days later, he used the same pattern: start the evening out being shy and reserved; drink quite a bit; look a little dizzy; and climax it by a fake-drunkedness so that you could tell her how you really felt and how much you really loved her. His love for her grew into a new type of love which was strange to him. It was no longer the typical love of a seventeen-year-old which he had experienced so many times in the past. This was to him what love should be and not what it had been. This was a type of love he had always imagined. It was the kind of love where he set her upon the ancient "Greek" pedestal and worshipped her.

She was everything he would ever want from a girl. She had class, and he more than knew it. He was in love with a girl in a tight black dress who held a cigarette in one hand and a drink in the other, while the flickering light of a candle played with the outlines of her "Classic" face as the sounds of jazz moved in her eyes. She was a girl who was meant to have the best: to be wined and dined; to listen to good music and jazz; to give parties for society. She was love.

He began to tell her things about himself that he would normally have told no one. He told here about things that were very personal and intimate to him; but then again, he thought that he loved her and that she would surely understand these things which meant so much to him. It seemed only right to tell her these things and she did seem to understand.

He told here of the things which were of greatest value to him, his ideals and morals. She accepted what he said, and him for it. He told her of his fear of middle-aged respectability, of becoming a Babbitt. And eventually, he told her that which he had never told anyone before in his life, much less a girl whom he had only known for about two months, that he really wanted to become a writer. He couldn't

possibly have told her in his normal state; but now, in the drunken phase of one of their many evenings, it did not seem at all out of place. She looked at him and smiled, a smile which seemed so out of place.

Writing was his ideal, one which he was trying desparately to reach. He told her again, on their next date, that he wanted to be a writer and in the same breath told her for the first time that he loved her, At first, she was a little taken back by the latter part of this statement; but then, she discounted it to her own beauty and the few drinks he had had earlier in the evening. She changed the subject from love to writing and posed many questions to him. What did he feel he had to say? How did he feel he wanted to say it? Little by little she came to realize that he was much more serious about his desire to write than she had imagined. He told her of his many attempts at trying to set down how he felt. He related all these failures, telling how each manuscript had ended its life of imagery as a torch searing his unskilled hand.

She knew that during the seventeen years of his life he had been a success at almost everything he had ever tried. He had a good mind and had proved his prowess scholastically and socially. Yet, at seventeen, she knew that he was a failure at the only thing that would ever matter to him. He couldn't write; but he wouldn't give up, he knew he was learning. He didn't want to be any goddamn moralist and try to tell the world what was wrong and how to be saved. He didn't want to be a sarcastic, caustic individual who gave everyone Hell for being themselves. Public acclaim and recognition meant nothing to him, if he could just sit down and write what he felt. That was all he wanted, to be able to say what he felt in writing. And so far, he hadn't been able to accomplish this.

But now, he had had a new experience to stimulate and activate his mind. He would try to write down what this new love was to him. He thought of it as a sort of English Assignment. It would merely serve as practice and through this practice he knew he would learn a lot about writing. Overcome by love, he thought that maybe this experience would be strong enough to push his feelings through his hands and allow him to express what he felt. He began what became a desperate quest for these right words. He became completely devoted to his task and did not see her very often.

He tried time after time; but he only failed. It was the typical dime-store novel of the writer who could not satisfy himself, which he was now living. He pounded on the typewriter keys for hours on end and produced nothing but worthless material which made him very despondent. He could not find the words which said what he felt. He wanted to quit and give up; but he couldn't and wouldn't allow himself to fail again. He worked daily for months which quickly ran into years.He finally produced a two-thousand word story which accurately revealed with each single word the way he felt towards her, three longing-short years ago.

He no longer loved her as a radical kid. In fact, his association with her since he began his task had been limited to receiving her weddign invitation and sending the proper gift . . . He was glad that she had married and had married well, so that she was now enjoying the social position she deserved. He was quite happy for her and proud that he had had an association with her.

In the course of three years, she had been materially successful, and he had a story. A story which passed his own severe criticism and was what he thought to be an intellectual presentation of his thoughts. He was ready to show it to her.

He took a hurried-cab to her Park Avenue Apartment and ran up the stairs, preferring them to the slow moving elevator on its way down from some distant floor. The maid answered his impatient knock and showed him in, asking in her Baltimore-colored-voice who was calling. He told her, and sat down in what must have been the study. He had his manuscript neatly typed and double spaced on six sheets of tying paper tucked neatly into a manila folder under his left arm.

She walked into the study from the rear entrance, so that he didn't know of her arrival until she had rather pretentiously cleared her throat. He turned around slightly startled by this and stared at the girl he had loved so violently and to whom he had dedicated three years of his life. His first words were hindered by his stammering, which was the only thing that he could do to get that extra few seconds to think of the appropriate thing to say. His opening gambit struck home, and they had a nice long conversation. She was quite prim and proper and seemed very happy.

Tea was served, and she finally got around to asking him about the folder which was under

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his arm. He had been so absorbed by her retained beauty and his now renewed love for her that he had quite forgotten about the past three years of his life; but her words shocked him back into reality. There was an embarrassing silence between them for the ensuing moment. He tried his best to tell her what he had done. He was not at all sure of himself as he explained to her what he had been doing for so long. He told her the whole story while she sat there apparently absorbed and fascinated by what he said.

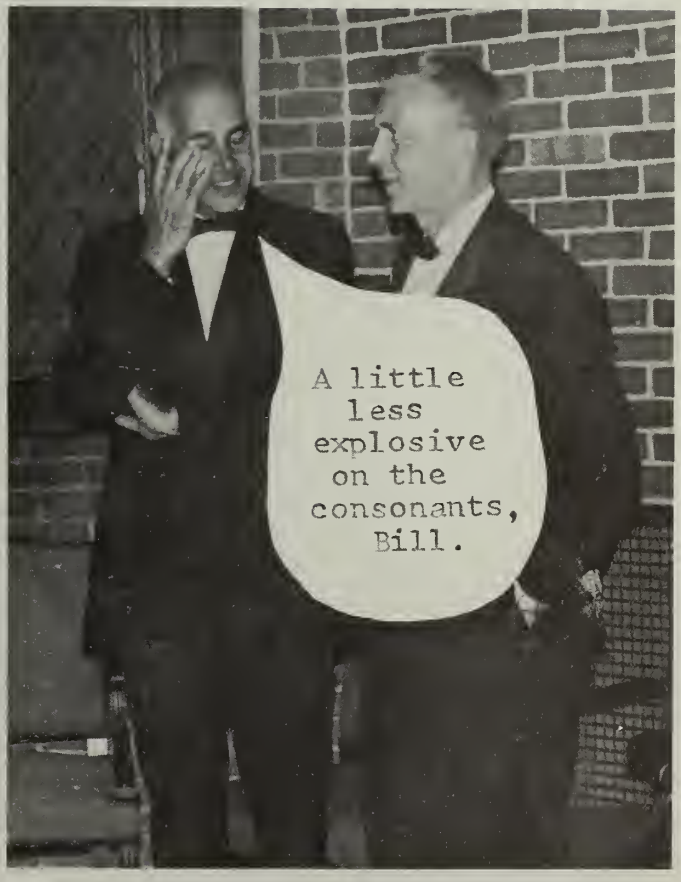
He finished and she looked at him as she had done three years before. He realized that he loved her more than he had ever before. His story had kept his love for her alive and had in fact nurtured it. He could not accept the fact that she was married and that even now he could not express to her how much he loved her now, only how much he had loved her three years ago.

He handed her the manuscript and she began to read it under his uneasy eyes. He felt himself blushing as she read the things which had meant so much to him. She read it through twice without saying a word then looked up at him.

She said that she knew that he had always wanted to be a writer, but did he think that this story would sell? She laughed with an out-of-place smile which he had seen once before, and asked him if he had really felt that way three years ago? He forced a laugh to his face and again stammered out the first few words. He got control of himself and replied that a writer has to write about something. She queried as to whether he had honestly spent three years writing this cute story? This time he came back quickly with an of course not, saying that he had had nothing to do last night and had thought it would be fun to write something about her. He told her that his real reason for writing it was so that he would have an excuse to drop in and say hello.

She laughed and thanked him, telling him that he was always welcome in her house. She asked him to come to dinner some time next week, and then said that she really must run because she had a lot to do. He graciously accepted her dinner offer and said that he would not think of detaining her from her engagements this afternoon. He left the apartment and took the slow moving elevator down to the lobby and emerged onto the hot street with a nauseated stomach. He walked the forty-odd blocks back to his apartment very slowly and sat down at his typewriter, a disillusioned kid of seventeen.

Hot tip on Mystery Mound in the fourth.


A little less explosive on the consonants, Bill.

ὤμοι, πέπληγαι χαιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω

/PETE JOHNSON

Till earth shall no more grace
With life this ashen soul
To ever follow towards the land
Of emptiness my course.
The desert barren calls; cactus
With spines attack the air about
To puncture, shatter, bang!
But th' enclosing atmosphere
Repels with arrogant laugh.
Strike, lash they may —
The protector of Versailles
Remains to taunt, provoke.
Ah! For that day when the
Sand shall choke the palaces,
The suburban monarchies.
The 8:19 with muffled whistle
Shall then cease its dominance.
The returning martinis rasp
The throats.
With whirlwind force to
Vindicate the sands rise.
The air smothered
Loses the battle obliterated
And the cactus stands, the
Gobi is still, and I am there,
The servant of my benefactor,
And the sands are silent.

DAY

/GRAHAM BULL

Day
is an endless
what
that sits on obese haunches
grinning a question.
We grin back
not knowing —
the latecomer who
doesn't know the joke
but laughs despite.
But mourning
brings on the endless night.

JOHN OLINGER

/JERRY HEIST

There was born in North Carolina, to Caleb and Martha Olinger, a son whom they called John. From the day of his birth, there was never a doubt in the minds of these most devoted of parents: this son was unlike any that the colony of Sutton's Bay had before seen; he was seeking with unheard-of passion true communication; and he was destined, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to become an immortal artist. Until he could attain that most exalted of the roles existence offers, he would be tortured, the apprehensive parents warned each other, by the normal limitations of human communication, the boundaries that art alone can transcend.

The watchful mother began to detect foreshadowings of genius in her son long before he exhibited any unquestionable evidence. She was later to recall to Caleb the singular cry of mingled ecstasy and despair by which the newborn John took in his first breaths of life. This cry, she said, was undefinably but unmistakably the cry of a man come into the world aware of the contradictions his fellows would need a lifetime of awareness to understand. Caleb, though he hadn't heard the cry, was inclined to agree.

In the light of later evidence, Martha's interpretation of the natal scream takes on momentous significance. At the scant age of two years, young John was consistently transfixing the local folk with his agonizingly expressive, precociously despairing cries of "Maaamaa!" Appreciation of the singular qualities of this cry, like appreciation of all things profound and not easily grasped, was slow to come to the folk of the colony. "Shucks, Caleb, all babies *crah!*," "Oh, *really* Martha, Ah mean *really* — the way you Caleb do go on 'bout that boy of yours, Ah just don't . . . ," "What in tarnation is so gosh darn different about that kid's *bawlin!*" — such were the first dissenting, reactions of the neighboring settlers. Later, though, they too were to recognize and celebrate the human mircle that was taking place: here, in a mortal not yet adult, lay unparalleled perception, and a superhuman sense for the cosmic significance of things. Ashamed of their initial blindness (poor folk! they need not have been!), many of them ultimately indicated their understanding in modified terms: 'Well, hell!, Caleb. If you *say* so." "Well, of course you *would* know, Martha; you *are* the boy's mother, and *you* see him more than *we do*." "All I can say is if anybody talks about somethin' as much as you all talk about that boy o' yours, there *must* be somethin' mighty rare about it."

Indeed, soon everyone along that part of the Atlantic seaboard had heard of the Olingers and their offspring; before long all conceded that this was no normal family. Wary, no doubt, of the responsibility inherent in contact with a budding genius, friends of the elder Olingers gradually drifted away; by the time John was old enough to walk, all the neighboring folk were careful to give him and his parents a wide berth wherever they went. It is fortunate that these people recognized the isolation that is ideal for a maturing artist's soul. They left all responsibility for John's early years solely in the hands of his parents, and ceased to risk interruption of his soul's conditioning by cutting off all relations with Caleb and Martha.

The chosen parents never shirked that responsibility. Caleb had married late in life after piling up a comfortable capital in the livery trade, and he readily yielded to his wife's urging to retire; they resolved to dedicate their full time to their maturing progeny. They forgot the outside world and set themselves to creating, for this son born with all the equipment of genius, a satisfactory fund of human experience, without which there would be grave danger of his aesthetic soul's being wasted.

First they set themselves to determine the mode of expression best suited to young John, the Muse who would guide him to his destined greatness. In this process, they were initially misled to the field of music; young John had derived his greatest apparent pleasure, up to the

age of seven, by banging on the family cauldron with Caleb's disused axe-handle. His mother was hard pressed to recognize the inevitable truth that eventually presented itself: John was abysmally insensitive to music; he was a trifle deaf in the left ear, — stone deaf in the right. Who knows why he liked to bang on the cauldron!

The way he was destined to communicate the exceptional depths of his artist's soul soon became evident: not long after his eighth birthday, John noticed for the first time the bookcase over his bed, where the humble, thirty- volume, Olinger library reposed. For twenty-seven minutes, he stared, transfixed, at the hand-tooled leather covers of the fine editions; he slowly moved his hand toward them. Some misfortune, perhaps a spasm of intellectual anticipation, overtook him as he reached the ledge of the uppermost shelf; he lurched, caught at the rack, and pulled the entire library down upon his head. His parents, hearing his cry from outdoors, were they had been priming the pump, rushed in and revived him. Seeing their son sprawled, contorted, on the bedroom floor, great writings lying all about him, struck the two elders simutaneously as symbolic; a look of understanding passed between them, and they smiled mystically. Caleb pulled John's tongue out of his throat to keep him from choking.

From that day on, the Olingers had something to work with. No longer did they satisfy themselves with merely convincing the naturally humble John of his preordained immortality. They were able to specify his grounds, as a man of letters, for eternal distinction. Everything they said to their son thereafter was relevant to his maturing soul and to his future as a writer.

"Cull experience, my son; savor the full extent of human feeling; do not hide yourself from the onslaught of torrential existence," Caleb would read to John from Davidson's *Essaies on Authoreship*. "Turn not your brow from the storm of cruel life." "Be home early,— if you don't want to imperil your glorious future."

John was not one to require such an admonition. His only protracted absences from home in his life had been the half-days and days he had dutifully spent sitting in bushes, — communing mystically with nature, his mother called it, — waiting for divine communications, and contracting poison ivy. Those unfortunate excursions excepted, his life until the age of sixteen had been limited to his home, the Sutton's Bay Colony Grammar School, and an occasional political rally.

One day as Caleb sat drilling John on the responsibilities of genius, Martha began to look pained, then embarassed. "Caleb," she interrupted, "Don't you think there's somethin' that a normal boy of John's age would be experiencin', and that, therefore, it is John's duty to make part of his own experience, so he can place it in its deserved perspective when he sets about in his personal ordering of the universe?"

"How's that?" her somewhat deaf husband queried.

"I was just sayin', Caleb honey, that it's about time our boy started lookin' at girls; I mean . . ."

"You mean SEX, woman?! Is *that* what you're hintin' at? You sayin' Johnny oughta be messin' round with little females? Is *that* what you mean?"

"For his fund of experience, Caleb; how else can . . . he . . ."

"I guess you're right, woman, I guess you sure are right."

Oblivious to the interruption, John had continued his mechanical recitation of Caleb's precepts: " . . . and finally, the man of genius must fulfill his artistic destiny by absorbing the experience of those less gifted, and displaying it to them in sublimely ordered form. He stopped; then, realizing that he had finished, looked up with a happy grin.

"Son," said Caleb, "tomorrow you gonna have something new to absorb; reckon you better get some sleep."

The old man carried out his mission with dedication, and returned home the following evening leading a heavily painted and rather sceptical young woman of pleasure, whose confusion was dispelled when the ancient explained her mission to her. The dedicated parents, listening devotedly through the wall to the exertions of their prodigy, were indescribably gratified to hear him exclaim, at the supreme moment, "Aaaah, what a glorious experience is this! How greatly this will aid my understanding of the nature of things!" Caleb and Martha at that moment realized that John's values were directed entirely as they should be: toward his development as an artist, toward his future as a genius.

They say that when a man's mission in life has been fulfilled, his will to live is vastly diminished. Thus, for many men death seems to follow their greatest achievement. Perhaps Caleb and Martha, seeing the torch of their desire rekindled in the vigorous young heart of

their son, felt slip away from them the greater part of their need, their will, to live. They knew that the best interests of John's immortality were as firmly entrenched in his mind as in theirs, and that nothing could now impede his march to his destiny. In any case, the simultaneity of their death is ill explained if their lack of further *raison d'etre* is ignored. They died on August tenth in the fire that destroyed the old town meeting hall.

For a boy who had never really known any society other than that of his parents, John took their demise with a minimum of tears. "Oh," he was heard to wail, kneeling beside their mutual casket, "how deep can human misery be! How much more must there be for me to know and feel before I can write of mankind's sorrows? This is certainly none too early to start." He rose from kneeling, determined to follow Davidson's third precept, "Do not hide yourself from the onslaught of torrential existence." He walked from the funeral, and from Sutton's Bay, ignorant of where he was going, sure only that if there existed anywhere a part of the human condition that he had not yet savored, he would find it, and know it as thoroughly as it had ever been known.

His understanding of the nature of things was, of course, formidable, but his naiveté in practical matters was equally extraordinary. It would be tedious and painful to enumerate the misfortunes that befell our wandering hero as he made his way northward along the Atlantic. Only let us say that his ignorance of mechanical devices and his lack of tact regarding his gifts resulted in partial loss of: his upper limbs; his lower limbs; his groin; his teeth; and his eyes. What must be noted is that our hero maintained a remarkable equanimity in the face of all these disfigurations. Always he realized the invaluable quality, for the artist, of these microcosms of human misery, these epitomes of frustration and grief. Always he said to himself, "Mr. Olinger," he said, "you were born with the insight of an immortal artist, and there remains little you do not know of man's experience. Soon you will be ready to fulfill your destiny; soon you can turn loose upon the world the greatest synthesis of perceptivity and Experience that has ever inspired man under the name of art. John Olinger," he said, "your time is near."

It is desolating to report that the artist never set pen to paper. Several weeks after he last proclaimed his time near he contracted the dreaded smallpox and failed rapidly. His parents would have felt no sense of loss, however, if they could have heard his dying words: "Praise be to God, for at last I am gaining knowledge of Death, which must surely be considered the ultimate experience."

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/WILLIAM KANE

Land with the sooty face,
I know your gutter rain.
I know your grime-encrusted snow on greasy ties,
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And cities — Canyon-like above the els,
And life gone forever under the stamp of steel feet
Striding in cadence through the spark-filled night,
Shrieking of steel on steel,
Until there is no quiet place.

Behold your mother,
Come with a girdle of ice blue water
Glistening uncorruptible in the dancing sunlight,
Come with a dress of green
That all your soot cannot conquer,
Come with a song
To drown the stamping feet with green remembering.

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EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS

In the far distant and foggy past, there existed a race of elves, capricious little fellows who inhabited the depths of the green forests and were rarely seen or heard of by their larger human counterparts. The elves were quite content to go about their own business and remain oblivious to the turmoil and tension of the world, enjoying their carefree life. They needed no government, since they were quite compatible, each having respect for the sentiments and properties of the others. Yes, the elf nation (if so free a society may be called a nation) had no worries outside of their daily necessity of cutting wood for houses and fires, and hunting and gathering herbs for their already bursting food warehouses. Theirs was an idyllic society — the realization of many a poet's pipe dreams.

But one day the sound of axes and machines disturbed the tranquility of their sylvan homeland, as men felt the need for elbow room and sought new worlds to settle. At first the elves were hospitable, giving their tacit consent to man's territorial expansion, and allowing men to build settlements in the forest and till the fields, for at first there were no encroachments on the elves' sovereign rights. But eventually man and the elves became interested in each other — they talked about each other, man in his town meetings, the elves in their campfire discussions. And as man continued to cut down the forests, the elves registered their complaints that man was becoming too domineering. The elves were even willing to subordinate themselves to man if only most of their territory might be left intact.

Of course, to make themselves heard, the elves needed some sort of organization to communicate their desires and complaints to the men's leaders. It became obvious that complete joint meetings of elves and men would lead to confusion, so it was established that the heads of the two societies would confer once a month, or whenever necessary, to discuss the issues brought up in the town meetings and campfire discussions.

This plan worked quite effectively, for a while. But soon, as the elves became more and more acquainted with the peculiar mortal insitution known variously as "organization," "chaos," and "bureaucracy," they became more and more fascinated by the concept. Soon, the campfire discussions became "organized." The men were most obliging in setting up a sort of elf government, complete with a president, vice-president, committees, sub-committees, and red tape. The elves were at first terribly enthusiastic about this new scheme, and they busily set about making motions, tabling motions, referring motions to committees, electing more and more special officers. But soon the novelty wore off; the "organization" was not as free, not as uninhibited, not as efficient as had been the now defunct campfire discussions. The elves blamed this failure on the men, on their own leaders, and on their fellows for not taking a more active interest in their government. The once tranquil elf society was now torn by conflict. What had happened? Why did the elf organization fail where the humans' government seemed to run so smoothly?

The elves, in their enthusiasm to imitate men's government, had forgotten one essential fact. Elves, by nature, are carefree, unorganized, capricious, and in their own way, very efficient. The men are by nature very serious, careful, organized, rational, and also efficient in their own way. But as soon as the elves tried to organize and become as efficient as they thought men were, they forced themselves to accept customs which were basically alien to their nature. The elves failed to see the efficiency of their campfire groups, and in striving for greater efficiency they lost sight of the fact that men's organizations are contrary to elfish tradition.

But, fear not! The elves eventually realized the error of their ways; they shook off the chains of "organization" and returned to their original campfires, sadder but wiser for their failure to establish a defined government. Yes, they returned to their own customs, and soon found that their comparatively disorganized society was much more effective than their short-lived government.

Today, the campfires burn brightly in the forests, casting a glow on the small faces surrounding them. The elves are still there — the forests are still there — the men are still there. Each group governs itself by rules arising from its own peculiar nature. Elves of the world, to you we offer our sincere congratulations and our eternal thanks.

P.C.J.

ALL RIGHT FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

/ED GARDNER

Once upon a time, there was a young squire named Wort. Wort was a very handsome and brave squire, but he was unhappy for one reason: he had never earned a chain mail letter sweater, as had most of his friends at knight school. As hard as he worked on jousting and fencing, he never was good enough to be awarded his chain mail letter sweater. — the one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world.

One day Wort was sadly walking in the forest when he saw a sign nailed to a tree. On an old piece of parchment was scrawled,

"If ye can fetch the forbidden dish,
I'll grant ye anything that ye wish."
- Zelda Witch

Wort was so excited he ran all the way to the to the old witch's house. He found her mixing a potion in her old kettle. Zelda looked up and said,

"Take this wand and wave it about,
And say 9126 inside out.
When ye see a ghoul without any hair,
Ye'll know the forbidden dish is there."

At first Wort was puzzled. What did the old witch mean by "9126 inside out"? If you put the inside numbers on the outside it was 1962. He tried saying that and waving the wand. Suddenly everything changed around him, and he found himself inside a big castle with granite walls and a high ceiling. Wort found that the wand had turned to a sword.

He began to creep stealthily down a hall and soon came to a great room with mirrors on the walls. He found another hall leading from this room and began to make his way down it when he saw the terrible hairless ghoul. The ghoul took one look at him and bellowed, "Get out of here, swine!" Wort held his ground. Then the monster came toward him, waving his huge fist and cursing. Wort held out his sword to ward off the beast, but one blow of that mighty hand broke the weapon in half.

Wort ran out terrified. How could he possibly steal the forbidden dish from under the nose of this monster. Then he heard a voice saying,

"To get the dish and then escape,
Pull from your pocket the magic cape."

Wort looked and, sure enough, there was a cape in his pocket. He put it on, looked to admire himself in one of the mirrors on the wall, and found that he was invisible. Then he heard the voice again saying,

"To avoid a certain doom,
Don't admire yourself twice in the same room."

What sense did that make, he wondered. He was too happy at having found a way to get by the ghoul to pay attention to a silly proverb. He turned and went back down the hall where the ghoul was, being careful not to make a sound to give himself away. He sneaked right past the monster and grabbed the forbidden dish off of a long table against one wall. Then he thrust it under his cloak and scampered out into the room of mirrors again.

Wort was overjoyed to have performed the feat just like a real knight rescuing a damsel. He threw the cape off and admired himself proudly in a mirror. Already he could see the chain mail letter sweater.

But suddenly, to Wort's horror, his face began to change as he was looking in the mirror. Soon he had not the face of a boy but that of a horse. But how? Then he realized that this was the doom that the witch had spoken of in her proverb.

Wort sadly waved the stub of his sword and said 9126 and, sure enough, he was back in the witch's hut. He told her that he would now use his wish to change his face back, but Zelda said,

"With all the potions on my shelf
I nay can stop a curse ye've brought yourself.
And yet ye nay need have a fear,
I know how to make the curse disappear.
Just wash your face in the magic fountain
That's found way up on Dover Mountain,
And when ye come upon a riot
Of eight hundred lads screaming their diet,
Ye'll know that ye have found the place
And it is time to wash your face."

Wort wasn't sure he could find this magic fountain, but he was determined to end the curse, so he headed for Dover Mountain and began the long climb to the top.

Halfway up, Wort met a Colonel riding his steed down to the bottom. Wort told him the directions the witch had given him and asked if he could make them clearer. The Colonel re-

plied that the directions he had were sufficient, but he said Wort would need a weapon to kill the monsters guarding the fountain. He gave him a vessel full of red paint and said if Wort could paint the fountains with it, the monsters would drop dead.

Soon Wort reached the top and began to search for the fountain. Since the top was very big, he searched a long time when, at the other end of the mountain, he heard a distant chant. He came closer and heard that they were saying, "What do we eat? Red meat!" He knew that this must be the riot the witch had spoken of. He ran closer and saw the crowd of boys yelling. He glanced all around and saw far off to one side the magic fountain!

As Wort ran toward the fountain, paint in hand, he could see the dreadful monsters blocking his path. One was a huge pig whose awful squeals sent terror through his heart. The other was a giant turkey with great claws and a terrible beak. Wort was about to turn back, when he saw a shield with the word "Daydreams" printed on it. He snatched it up without trying to decipher the sense of the word. Then he charged the monsters determindedly.

First the turkey flew at him, but he warded it off easily with the shield and ran on. Then came the pig. Scared as he was, Wort kicked it and pushed it away too with his shield. Now he was safe. He flung the vial of red paint on the magic fountain and the two monsters both died.

Wort lay down his shield and washed his face in the cool water of the fountain. Then he looked at his reflection in the shield and saw that his face was restored. He picked up the shield and marched triumphantly back down the mountain. Finally he reached the old witch's hut and demanded his chain mail letter sweater in return for the forbidden dish he had brought her. Zelda simply said to him,

"Marry me, fool, and I confess,
I'll immediately turn to a lovely princess.

The witch had been right every time so far, so Wort decided that he would profit in marrying the witch.

As he walked down the aisle in his chain mail letter sweater, Wort could imagine the sight he would feast his eyes upon that night. He just couldn't wait. But he did — ever after.

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THE RECLUSE

/LAURENT ALPERT

A few miles east of a small country village was a brick building, inhabited by a bachelor. At least, the villagers thought he was a bachelor; all they really knew was that a young man in his early twenties had been recently seen in town, and that after buying several months' supplies he had disappeared into the brick building. A few friendly folk had tried to talk to him, to welcome him to their town. But he had answered their questions coldly, their invitations with a curt "no." And his muscular frame, scarred face and sunken eyes frightened them from future attempts at conversation.

That was all they saw of him. But from that day they perceived a light in his building, in the window facing the village. It was a light such as they had never seen before, blazing day and night; it could be seen even when the sun was shining, and it emitted a vibrant warmth that burned their faces when they tried to look at it. "I wonder what that light is," muttered the villagers. "I wonder what he's doing up there all by himself." And late at night they talked about him, and about a weird fellow who had committed suicide the week before.

Then one day a travelling salesman noticed that ivy was growing at the bottom of the building. At first, slowly; then, with increasing vigor. Strong vines pushed their way upwards and grasped higher and higher bricks. Leaves sprouted forth, — red, green, and brown leaves, wide and tenacious. The vines meshed and thickened as they covered the whole wall. Only the window was free; the light glared as brightly as ever.

The vines around the window hesitated. One on the east warily stuck out a tentacle; the attack began, and vines and leaves rushed to crisscross a wicket. The villagers noticed that the light was getting dimmer and dimmer, and as they sat on the porches in the evening they said in hushed tones, "I guess he'll have to cut that ivy." And all of them wondered at that lonely life.

At last, only a pinpoint of light was left, a pinpoint that a small leaf soon covered up. And all that the villagers could see was the shroud of ivy.

WORKERS OF STONE

/TOD LUEDERS

Whenever men have worked with stone, I have always been among them. At first they chipped stone against stone, but I taught them to use the fine blade. My hands were theirs as they smoothed the sandstone and pounded the granite. We have shared dreams of immortality.

I stood in the chilling dampness of a cave and watched the Cro Magnon flick lice from the mat of thick black hair blanketing his chest. I remember how he grunted and stooped to pick up a stained reed from the clay floor. He peered at the sandstone wall in the dim torchlight. A quick, rude stroke of the reed, and history began.

Yes, and I sweltered under a searing Egyptian sun as they dragged a living memory past my seat. I heard the whip crack on gleaming backs bent to the rope. They stumbled past me in the swirling dust, those skeletons of humans, and I turned from their empty faces. It was said the Pyramids would stand until Ra descended from the heavens for the last time.

And I have draped my shoulders with the Roman toga. The way of the Caesars was mine. It was I who raised the temples and captured the Hurler of Thunderbolts in stone for all the ages. Every road led to the Imperial City, and the world lay prostrate on my shining marble steps. All was Rome. I stood in the Forum and heard the sliding slap of leather on marble. A Cicero, a Caesar, and a Saviour walked my polished floors within the Roman reign. But the gods grinned.

I also raised the spires. For decades I watched them quarry, transport, and transform the stones until the arches soared. I surveyed their gleaming altars and lofty buttresses, and was pleased. I heard them chanting, too, and stood in awe before the hushed silence of massive mastery. And yet, a hollow echo reached even to the altar when I walked alone in His house.

You could have found me among the hills, too, as I watched them enshrine the spirit of a nation in stone. I peered from a high bluff while they hewed the features of a country's greatest from granite. Even today they stare ahead, in search of peace, or God, or an honest man, far beyond the hills. Again they soared, straight and clean and white, in honor of a Father. The Great Ones sit, stand, and gesture in chiseled silence.

They have dammed the waters, scraped the skies, and spanned the plains with black ribbons of stone. I have seen them grind, chip, and chisel away to carve the foundations of life. They have done well. They live, they worship, they remember, and they try to forget.

And yet they fall and will forever fall, for I also raise the gravestones.

O Ozymandias, my son, my son . . .

THE SIAMESE CAT

/BOB COTTLE

The motor hummed steadily, and the ground sped past. The man leaned to his side window and watched the plane's shadow slide over the desert clay flats. In the distance, the mountains rose, cool and blue in the morning sun, to pierce the clouds heaped one upon the other. The terrain remained flat, but was now covered with mesquite and cactus. Rattlesnakes slid unseen beneath the blistering sun.

He turned to the cat sleeping in the seat beside him. "Martha better like you. Cost me enough. Don't know what I'll do with that girl. Must be out of her head, wanting a Siamese cat!" The cat swished her tail, and purred softly.

Then, it happened. The motor stopped. It didn't sputter, didn't cough. The sound just died as if the engine had been snatched away. Only the whistle of the wind on the wings remained. The nose dipped. Pulling back on the controls, the man felt the plane shudder. It wouldn't obey! Beads of sweat broke out on his face and neck. His wet hands slipped on the grips. The cat sat up, and gazed about with half-shut eyes. Frantically, the man looked for a smooth landing place. There was none. It would have made no difference, for the plane suddenly veered to the left, and the ground rushed up to meet it.

When his mind cleared, he was conscious of a dull, thick sensation in his head, and of droplets splattering on his hands. He opened his eyes, and found himself hanging upside-down by his seat belt, with blood dripping from his nose and a gash by his hairline. He released the buckle and fell hard, hitting his head with a crack.

Darkness seeped into his brain.

When he came to once more, it was night. The reek of gasoline filled his nose and throat. He had stopped bleeding. A door hung open by one hinge, and he crawled outside on his stomach. He stood up, but dizziness came on, and laid him out among the thorn bushes. When his vision cleared, he gazed up at the stars shining fiercely in the jet sky. "I wonder what time it is. Wish I could see my watch." Just before lighting a match, he remembered the gasoline. Lying on the shattered wing, he slept.

The grey of the early hours changed quickly to white-hot morning. He rose and limped around the crash. The plane lay on its back in a yellow and red heap, canvas hanging in great patches from the sides. The engine was a mass of twisted steel, the prop splinters. He walked to the cockpit, and removed all the baggage he could pry loose. Ripping out the water tank, he placed it in the shade of the wing.

Finding his sunglasses, he put them on. He couldn't say much for the scenery. Flat, brush-covered land stretched as far as the eye could see, save where the mountains rose in the north. Even these were but a featureless smudge between the brown of the earth and the blue sky. Not even a bird broke the monotony of the blue, nor a hill that of the brown, just these two, and a smear to the north.

He was angry. He cursed his mechanic, for the crash, and his daughter for sending him on a foolish errand. "It's too bad her mother died. "I can't handle her. She's no good! Where's the damn cat?" He turned and, there she sat, watching him. "Why couldn't you have been killed?" He kicked at her, but the cat sprang to one side. His foot hit nothing but air. "Damn cat!" He sat down on a rock, bit his nails, and cursed everyone he could think of.

When night came, he shivered from the cold, though he had on three jackets. The night sounds of desert frightened him, and he couldn't sleep. The cat lay asleep on a seat cushion, protected from the wind by the plane.

By noon, he had used most of his water. But this was not the greatest of his worries. He had no food. Have to get some today. Must be something around here. Should be looking for me by now. If they don't get here fast, I'll sue for so much, they'll be living in a barrel! You'd think it was my fault it happened. Blasted mechanic! If he knew his job, this never would have happened! Bet he gets good pay too, thanks to those damn unions. If we didn't have those things the county'd be better off! Giving money to a damned idiot!"

It didn't take him long to discover that there was no food of any kind in the entire area. "I can always eat that cat! Wouldn't be too good, but better than nothing." He returned to the crash, and stretched himself under the wing, out of the burning sun. The cat sat atop the baggage, gazing with half-shut eyes at a spider crawling across the ground. "Bet you'd be tough." The cat only paid attention to the spider.

The night was colder than the one before, and the stars were so clear and sharp they seemed to pierce the sky. A full moon shone down, ghastly and white. Exhausted, he slept without dreaming.

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The next day, he was famished, his stomach contracting into a hard knot. He sat atop the plane's wing, and studied the steady horizon line, and the deep blue sky, sprinkled with white puffs that could have been smoke for their appearance. Then, he saw in the distance what appeared to be a huge dragonfly. Looking again, he realized that it was a helicopter. He cried and screamed, screamed till his dry throat cracked, till his eyes wept with what little water they had. But it was no use. He sat back and cursed as the sound faded in the distance. He still sat there as the sun shone red over the horizon. "I'll eat the cat tomorrow."

The cat left with the night, as if it foresaw its future. The man was angry, and felt cheated. "If I see that cat again, I'll eat it raw, on the spot!" He had almost no water left, and knew he was really in trouble. He spent the day under the wing, over which he had placed a rag of canvas as an awning. He watched a cactus wren fly by, and wished he could catch it.

The days passed. He eyes were hollow, his tongue black and swollen, his lips cracked and blistered. Then the cat returned. She came towards him slowly, very slowly. He staggered to her. Bare toes sore from the coarse, hot sand, he stood, and watched the cat drop a dead kangaroo rat at his feet, she brought it to me! Good Puss."

After dark, he lay on his back beneath the wing. The air was crisp and electirc, thunder in the distance. Or was it a plane? He didn't care. His end was near. A low moan gravelled from his throat, and he closed his eyes. The cat walked to him and lay across his legs.

His stomach, aroused by the little food he had eaten, seemed to be eating itself away. He lay in pain and unbearable heat, unable to move from under the scorching sun. His head was swimming, and the pain died away. He felt as though he were floating. The sun shone full on his face, and he closed his eyes. "What will Martha do? I wonder if she worries about me. Probably doesn't. Probably is off having a good time somewhere. I was worried. When was I worried? I shouldn't be afraid. Good thing for them all. I, I. . suppose . . . Things have been so lonely with you gone Beatrice, since . . . since you died." The sun went behind a cloud, and his face was in shadow.

They found the plane five days later. The cat came up to them purring, and rubbed against their legs. He was where he had died, what remained of him.

"So that's why the cat's so well fed. Hey! Frank! Bring the basket! We got a stiff one."

THE WORKER OF WOOD

/GRAHAM BULL

I am the worker of wood
who wanders aimless through the town
and these are children whom I know well.
I conceived them before they were conceived,
I named them before they were given names,
And why they're here — only I can tell.
I am the worker of wood
who wanders aimless through the town.
All the children's mouths I've fed
before their hunger was perceived.
Before their sin I gave them shame.
And I will build their boxes before their death.

THE SEA

/CHUCK ROUNDS

The sea rumbled.
Silhouetted against the inked night sky, his coat tails
Flapped and snapped like swallows darting from a rafter.
From his position high on the cliff he could see the waves
Thunder and roll up on the dull, compressed sand. Overhead,
Clouds floated by, blotting the yellow light of the moon,
Filtering only the blue veins of light —
And the sea rumbled.
The sea was murky; and as the waves rolled in, the water-cooled air
Poured against his face.
Barren, bleak terrain spread out in a panorama before him.
Marsh grass flattened, snapped back, and flattened again as the wind
Whipped the sand into his face —
And the sea rumbled.
The waves rushed in, then retreated. The wind blew, and there was
The continuous rumble, and
The sand, the swaying grass, the wind, the cold rush of air.
And then he jumped . . .
And the sea rumbled.

DEPRAVITY, 1962

/PETE JOHNSON

Hester Prynne lay beneath the plush covers of the great four-poster bed. Her hair had been set a few hours earlier. Her make-up was immaculate. And as she lay there, many thoughts scurried through her apprehensive mind. Would everything come off as it should? Of course it would — it had happened so many times to so many women in the past. It always worked. But would she be happy with this man Arthur Dimmesdale — happier than she had been with that old crank Roger Chillingworth? Naturally she would. But even if Arthur proved unsatisfactory, she could arrange another scene such as this with another man, and start afresh. But didn't she feel guilty about her role as an adulteress? Guilty? Come now, don't be ridiculous! If you don't like your husband, adultery is the most natural course, for it gives your spouse more than ample grounds for divorce. Guilty?! There was nothing to feel guilty about. Adultery is fascinating, intriguing, and oh, so fashionable. And the publicity! She almost swooned when she thought of herself walking the streets of the city. Society would brand her with a scarlet "A," the symbol of one of the highest balconies on the social tower. Hester Prynne, the mistress, the exotic concubine, the seductress. Her heart jumped at the mere thought of the word — seductress, the highest honor that society can bestow upon a woman.

Next to her lay Arthur Dimmesdale, the playboy preacher, the bronze idol, the desire of all women. He sported pink silk pajamas and a cigarette all but envelloped by a long silver holder. His black, wavy hair was perfectly combed — with just that touch of carelessness. He, too, was thinking. He was congratulating himself on his conquest, and also on the clever way that he had tricked that old fool Roger Chillingworth — how his eyes would pop tomorrow morning when he picked up the morning paper and saw a picture of Arthur Dimmesdale in bed with *his* wife! Why, the old codger might even drop dead on the spot — he chuckled craftily. And he too thought of the publicity. How the affluent circles would be buzzing with the talk of his latest exploit! Ah, so this is true happiness. Nor did Arthur feel pangs of guilt. Great God! Nobody feels guilty about such a commonplace thing as adultery! It's a status symbol — something to separate the sophisticated from the weary, toiling masses. But wasn't he a preacher, a man of God? Well, maybe it was just a little bit wrong. But God was a pretty good sport about the carefree antics of the social elite. As a matter of fact, maybe God even slipped into bed beside an occasional well-developed angel — after all, He was the head of the social set, so why wasn't it logical to think that he enjoyed the same privileges of rank?

Guilt? Conscience? These were empty, abstract, incomprehensible, and useless values to Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale as in that hotel suite they continued man's relentless assault on Puritanic morals. How free, how tolerant is this liberal, progressive society! Here one is free to do as one chooses. And how ridiculous were our fore-fathers, who proclaimed adultery a sin. No wonder they considered man to be totally and irreparably depraved — they had such a rigid moral system that men *couldn't* follow it to the letter. And any deviation from this utopian code was a sign of wickedness — *sin!* We are modern, realistic. Why set a standard of morality that nobody can hope to reach? Why not lower our requirements, and thus consider man free, liberal, maybe a little unscrupulous, but never evil, never sinful. Morality is a human invention, not divine law, so let it fluctuate to allow for the liberal practices of society. No, there was no sense of guilt — for conscience was but a vestige of defunct Puritanism.

Suddenly, the thoughts of the two lovers were broken off by the entrance of newspaper photographers. Hester grabbed a mirror and made a final check — she was beautiful. Arthur tousseled his hair a little. Both assumed a look of surprise. Flashbulbs popped on all sides. The photographers stayed for a while, chatting with the couple. Arthur then produced a great roll of bills, paid each man generously, and thanked them for their co-operation. The newsmen left,

the lights were extinguished. The rest of the night was devoted to passionate love-making.

The next morning Hester and Arthur saw their photographs emblazoned over the front pages of the local scandal sheets. The whole town was talking about their affair. Telegrams poured in, offering congratulations and hope for a long and happy marriage. Roger Chillingworth didn't drop dead — he *was* a bit shocked. The divorce proceedings went quite smoothly, and Hester and Arthur were soon united by the holy sacrament of marriage. They went away on a six-month honeymoon around the world, happy that their plan had met success. Roger Chillingworth went back to his medical practice and soon forgot about the whole thing. The lovers' marriage soon went the way of all flesh, and was no longer news. It had been replaced by a much better, more intricate scandal.

"The world . . . is a strange affair."
-Molière

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INADEQUACY

/JERRY HEIST

The girl sees more than I ever will.
She's far more now than I can be.
The girl can say where her life leads,
And that it won't touch me.

1. But why?, say I,
But why not try?
I'm young, and change each year.
Last month I thought
I'd loved; you can't
Tell where I'll go from here.

Why by tomorrow morning I
Might love my fellow man!
I might age years in hours,
Minutes, — look, I know I can!

Just give me time, — a little, —
To become what you admire.
I'll be no more a thoughtless
Critic, self-deceiving liar.

If you just tell me now, and
For a while, what I must do,
I'll catch the thread, and in no
Time at all . . .
2. . . . In no time *you*

Will pick it up and wind it
As it's not been wound before.
I've heard: your brilliant Estra-
Gon; your Brick; — how many more?

The Pirandello, and the
Willie Loman, — but of course:
"A most outstanding talent;"
"A collegiate *tour de force.*"

Theatrical deception:
Only one of your strong lines,
Another being blindness,
Your immunity to signs

Of pain and fear and feeling
In the world that others know.
You're egocentric; you see
Just the path that you can go.

I think that I'm the same way;
But men I've known were not;
And I don't think I'm shooting
For such an awful lot

When I believe I want and
Need somebody unlike me,
In that the people of the
World are not to him a sea

Of faces, insensible,
Masks to but blood and bone,
But rather: minds, hearts, — *their* pain
No dimmer than his own.

You see, the fault of mine that
I most detest in me,
I'll loathe far more in someone
Else, — and with *your* quantity . . .

1. But if you'd only wait a . . .

2. I can't! Please: don't let's fight.

1. I guess you can't. I guess that,

As usual, . . . you're right.

OUT FAR

/MATT HALL

Put there a lump of silken brown
wound round the wire.
Add now a blunt black head and
wings of scrimmy black,
Then iron legs that tie this strange
insect to his iron bier;
But then he jumps. now undertakes
another tack
In grim determination against the
web of steel
That caged him there, unable, honor
bound,
To cast himself beyond that buzzing
wall unreal
To the shining sunlit garden green
beyond.
The room behind rashly discarded
by his blind glance,
Dark, but not disordered or in disrepair
Nowhere repugnant, is no cause for
futile arrogance;
But yet the fly there batters 'gainst
the screen in rancorous despair.
But now, for one once, the barrier up-ease!
The fly his freedom has, but glides
from breeze to breeze.

ONCE TOLD TALES

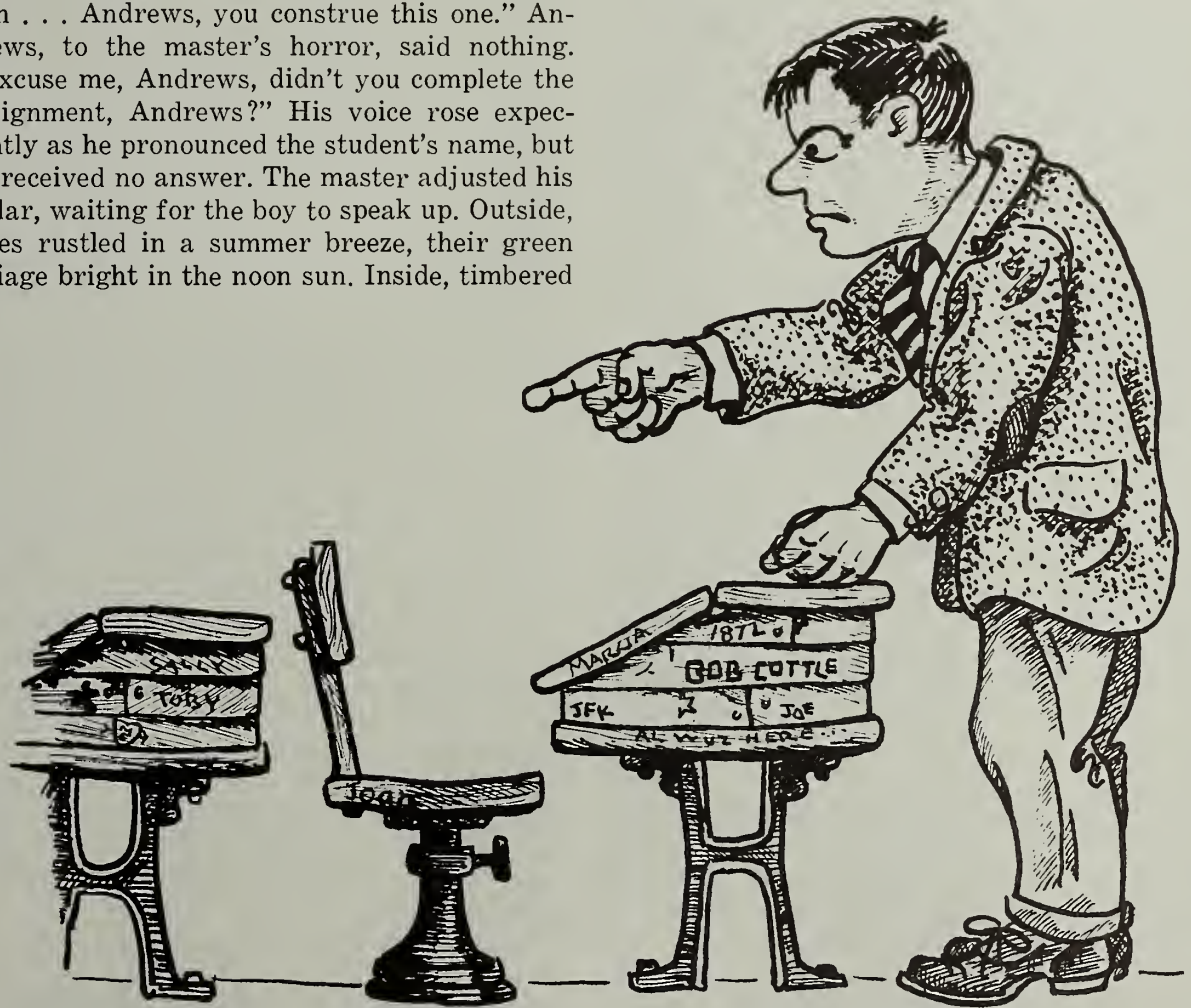
/WEB PHILLIPS

At first he did not notice the tall form standing over the bed: grandfather. The old man's face was splotched with purple, and Paul, entangled in sleep, started when he saw it. Grandfather held a gleaming metal instrument in his deeply veined hand. Paul half screamed; he did not recognize in this phantom the meek, kindly grandfather he had known the day before, who read the paper in the morning and sat on the porch in the afternoon. Grandfather began to jump up and down, his bald head seeming to absorb all the upward leap; and Paul in his horror thought the head was filling the room. Shrieking and shaking, the palsied frenzy that had once been a grandfather slashed Paul's face and throat with an old surgical knife that had been polished specially for the occassion.

The sky was a livid white and purple, but Mr. Smith went ahead with his plans to go fishing. A downtrodden clerk, Smith was embarking on his first vacation in twenty years. At the wheel of his '38 Plymouth he cruised over to the yacht club early and, ignoring hurricane warnings, hired a small wooden punt to ferry himself and assorted poles and hooks out to a good angling point. The boat manager's wife tried to discourage him from going out on such a day, but her remarks had no effect. After all, Charlie, five bucks is five bucks, and the guy had a funny look on his face, she explained later.

The wind had already whipped up to seventy miles an hour, and all along the waterfront boats were crashing into one another and splintering the dock. "I'm going fishing," said Smith, his face a mask of equanimity; and he heaved his equipment from the swamped dock into the waiting vessel. The wind-driven rain slashed like a razor across his face. "Damn!" he swore, "I'm going fishing!" Throwing himself into the hopelessly submerged craft, Smith pushed off in the direction of the inlet, paddling with his hands. Before he went under the first time he tried a Spanish back-hand cast, but his line tangled. When his head broke water, he heard the wind thundering insanely. "DAMN!" he said, and drowned.

The master entered the room. Standing erect, his pale face impassive, he was still conscious of ridicule as he shut the heavy panelled door and strode over to his desk. "You may be seated, class." The scraping of chairs pleased him, made him feel fully in command. The master first tested on a passage in Caesar that lingered from the previous day's assignment. "Gallos quoque velut testudine auxiliisque," he intoned, then stopped abruptly. Silent laughter in the rear. "Jones!" the master screamed, "I'll kill you if you don't pay attention!" I, I'll . . . choke you!" he howled. Gradually he calmed and continued reading, "Obstupefactos pontis miraculum . . . Andrews, you construe this one." Andrews, to the master's horror, said nothing. "Excuse me, Andrews, didn't you complete the assignment, Andrews?" His voice rose expectantly as he pronounced the student's name, but he received no answer. The master adjusted his collar, waiting for the boy to speak up. Outside, trees rustled in a summer breeze, their green foliage bright in the noon sun. Inside, timbered walls and shadowy corners. The master, his patience exhausted, called on one boy after another in a mounting rage: no answer. Swivelling in his chair, he let out a bellow and charged the boys. He battered here and there, breaking furniture, but soon collapsed crooning on the dusty wooden floor. Almost immediately two white-coated attendants rushed into the room followed by a doctor, who was noticeably agitated. Fettered now, the master left the room in the arms of the attendants, headed for his little cubicle on the fourth floor. "I knew it wouldn't work," said the doctor, gazing at the rows of empty desks.



VIGIL

/ANONYMOUS

Armstrong Cork floor coverings. They come in nine inch squares and you can put them in yourself if you are adept with glue and a putty knife. This one is called, I think, "Indian Summer". It has an orange background, and bits of bright blue and dull red are molded in, to give the effect of a gravel sidewalk or a slice of fruit cake. Mother chose the style because it was more subdued than "Parisian Holiday" and "Pennsylvania Dutch". I think it was also because it looked like fruit cake. Dad and I spent a week, two summers ago, laying it in the sitting room and on the verandah, and with what was left we did the inside of the pantry closet. It was a good job, Mother was delighted, and we saved a lot of money. That, of course, made Dad happy. But the tile has started to warp in a few places — over there in the corner by the radio.

Mother and Dad and I always used this room more than any other. If I shut my eyes I could trace it by heart. Over there is the radio, and the Audubon print above it. The wall is green, there are two doors, one to the verandah and one to the kitchen. The fireplace is there on the far wall about five feet from the corner. The card table used to be always in the middle of the room, but of course I folded it up last night and laid it over against the fireplace.

This is about the first time that I have ever let the coal bucket run empty. Ever since Mike got married it has been my duty — of course, all the chores have been my duty. I will leave in a few minutes to get it filled.

Mike always sat in this big armchair that I'm sittting in, when he lived with us. It's been five years. After he left, was when we all had to learn how to play three-handed bridge. This is the first time the whole family has been together in this room since then. I couldn't really imagine a family gathering in any room but Mother's sitting room. Here we all are again after five years, but I don't guess there will be any bridge today. Mike is sitting with Dad on the couch. Dad is all broken up, and Mike is looking at floor. Mary couldn't come, at least she didn't come. She didn't want to bring the children. That is a shame, because we will need a fourth. And anyway the children are too young to understand.

Over the mantelpiece is a modern art picture that always interested me. It represents a girl with her face all divided into segments. Her nose and ears and cheeks are heavily outlined and painted bright different colors like a cartoon picture. Mother bought the picture when I was in grade school, and I thought it very ugly. But I appreciate it more now. I always sat looking at it when we played cards. Mike and I had a signal, if I stared at the picture it meant I had the queen. It does look like a queen, too. She looks to the right, like spades. She isn't as pretty as the card deck queen, but more realistic. I like the bright orange spot in her throat best. I really do appreciate that picture now.

Trousers and shoes. I suppose it is very appropriate that I wear my suit, even if this is only a family gathering. Mother never got around to letting down the cuffs, I guess I'll have to do it myself. In all the years I've had Mike's suit, it has never fitted me. This is probably the first time I've worn it outside of church. It must be a nervous habit, the way I'm self-conscious about my trousers. During the prayer at the end of church I always bend over as far as I can and look at the cuffs. I bet I could tell the pattern from memory. Just black, with green and red threads in it. Mike is studying his cuffs, too, so at least I know I am doing a proper thing. I'll bet he doesn't even know the pattern of his suit.

Everyone would hate me if I laughed. This is a very solemn time, but the very thought of laughing makes me do it. No sound, only my back is probably shaking. As though I were sobbing. I can't imagine that we are all sitting here in our Sunday suits with our heads bowed.

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— FUEL —

Albany, N. Y.

It seems like crying over spilt milk. I don't feel at all natural. And why does it have to be this room? Now I really do fell like crying. My throat is all tight and I have a headache in my eyes. I suppose nobody would mind if I just lean back and have a good cry.

All my life I have heard that good followed bad, that the dry spell couldn't last forever. But for that matter I have always heard that good follows good. Something always has to follow something, because people won't accept the idea of beginning or end. But I know an end when I see it, just like where the tile floor ends and the green wall begins, or the stark outline of the queen of spades' cheeks. Just like a fruit cake you can eat it a little at a time and let the rest get stale and moldy, or you can eat it all at once, or you can eat none of it at all. But sooner or later you gather the crumbs into the wax paper, and throw it into the garbage can just the same, and you can hear the echoing ring of the slamming lid. Just like stamping on a cockroach. You're not afraid to sweep him up and throw him into the garbage can. And no matter how hard you slam the lid, the echo will die.

I feel rested, and the queen is watching me. I always feel that someone is watching me when I'm irreverent. And I always feel rested after a good cry. I feel as though Mother just brought in a big fruit cake and cut us all small pieces and we are playing canasta. The fire is bright and I am holding five queens. Mike and I can meld, and I can lean way back in my chair and spill cake crumbs on the carpet. For some reason I have my suit on, and I do not feel quite natural, but the family is all together again and everyone else is happy. I suppose I really should go now and fill the coal bucket.

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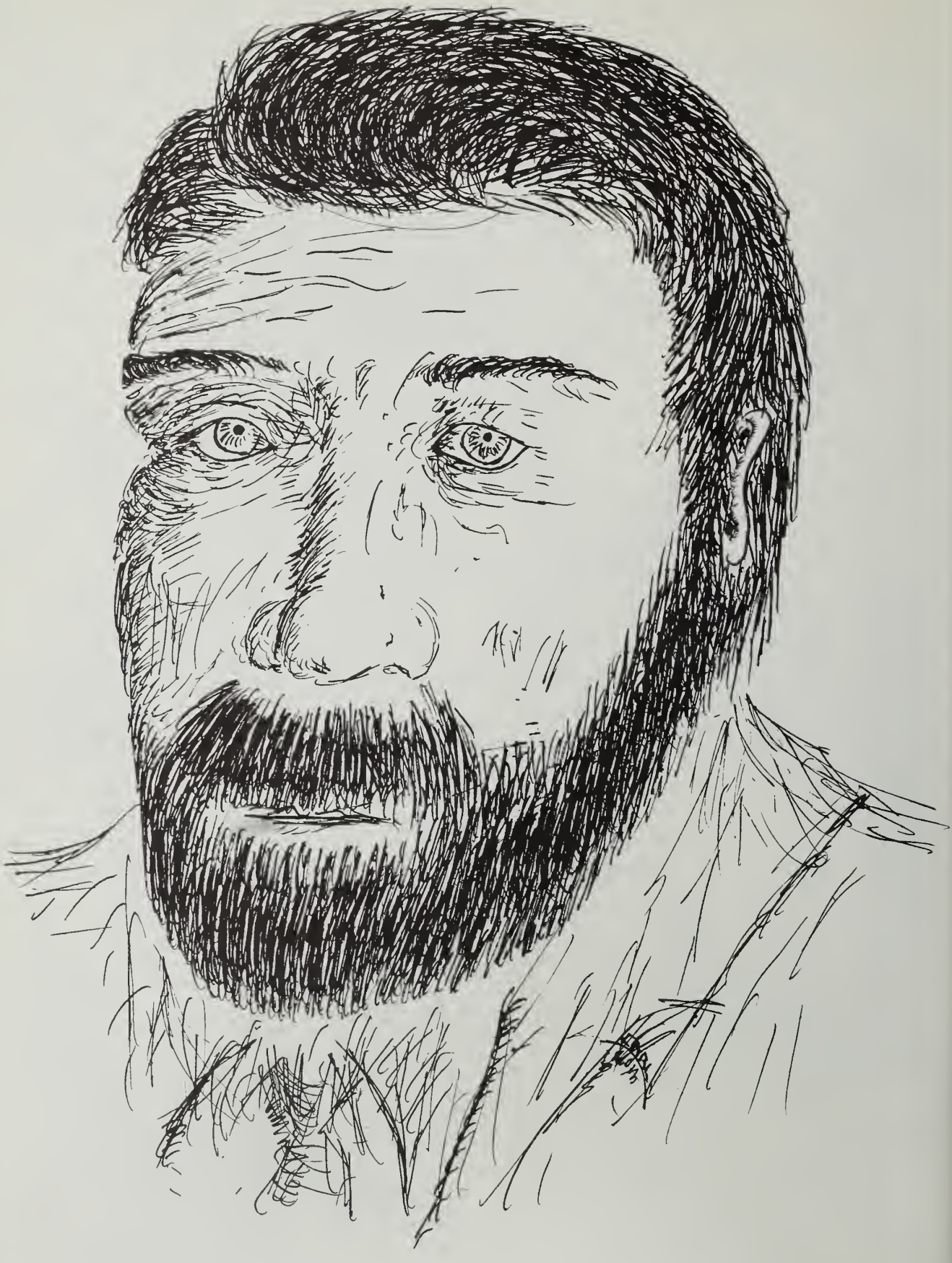
VISITORS

/BILL COLEMAN

Sixty-two years ago, my grandfather bought a tremendous tract of wilderness on the Canada-New Hampshire border and set up a summer camp for teachers, missionaries, and friends of the family. Two years ago, my father and I drove up to see the place, which he had just sold to the government. If it was heartbreaking for me to see the place where I had romped when I was very small, I can only imagine what it must have been like for my father to visit Camp Diamond.

Up the long, dusty, gutted road we drove until at last we came to the farm where Walter Clebe used to tend his cows and do his carpentry. Walter was there today too, visiting. Up the road a little further were Stony Point and the Chalet, where my cousins and we used to stay. Mother used to carry me up that hill in in a pack basket, while Daddy carried Anne. The wood was still in the woodbox at Stony Point, and the long sharp sticks we used to roast marshmallows with. The deer tracks were still on the path. Every morning at eight o'clock, Daddy, Mother, Anne, and I used to walk up that path to the dining hall. There would be dew on the ground, spittle-bug spit in the grass, and always those tracks on the path. Up by the dining hall, the boardwalks had been taken up. I remembered them well, for I always used to lose my prize possessions down the cracks between those sun-bleached planks: pennies, pieces of sandstone, and once a penknife, which my father had rescued. The dining hall wasn't there anymore; it had burned down, so Dad and I passed on to the tennis court, where he had played tennis every day I can remember, and rolled as many times.

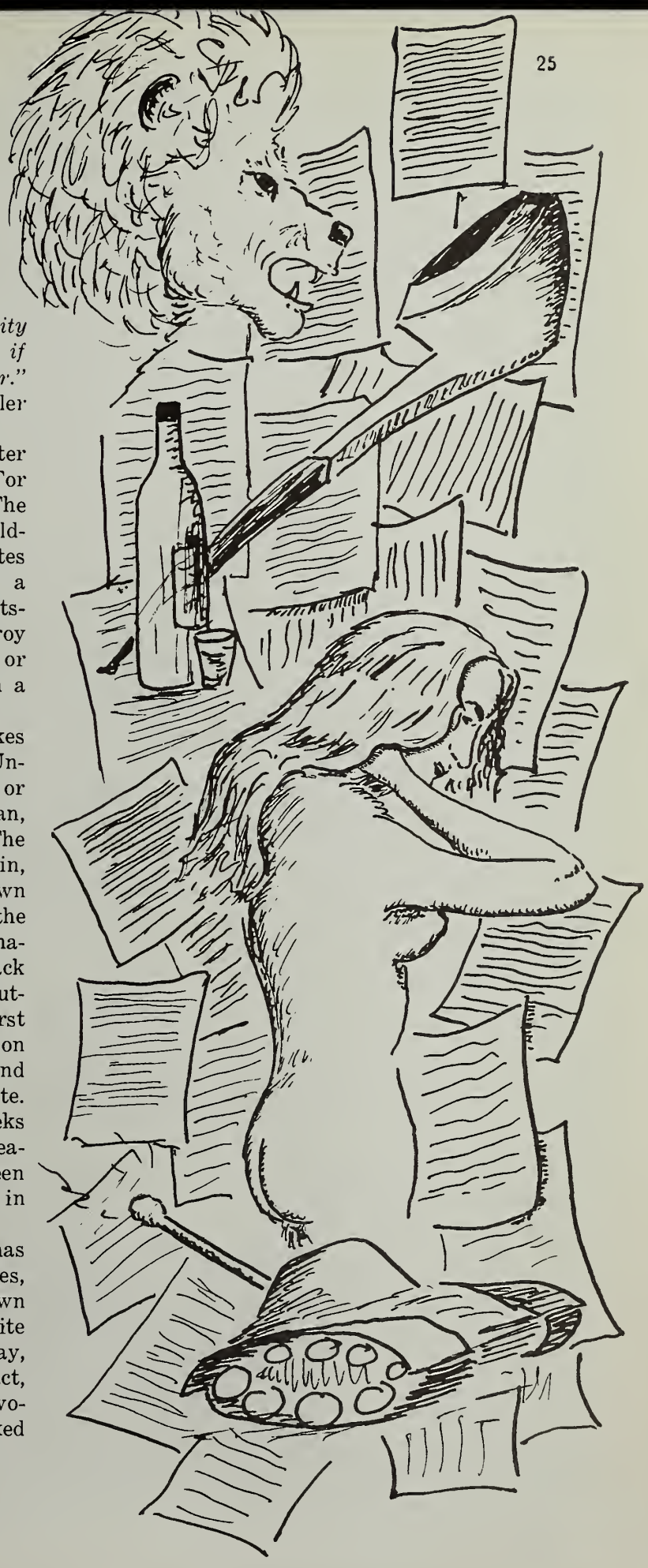
Finally we came to the lake, Little Diamond Lake, which used to be so gay, with the dock, the raft, and the boathouse. We little kids used to spend hours in that boathouse, playing with little toads, and watching the minnows. Dad and I didn't have towels or bathing suits, and it was a cold overcast day, but we took a swim anyway. The water did us good. It made us so cold that we were glad then to jump in the car and head back for the hotel. As we passed the barn, I turned around to take my last look at Stony Point. A cloud was climbing forlornly up the mountainside; soon it would be over Camp Diamond. Just then, we went around a bend in the road, and everything was gone.



THE TOUGH WRITER

/WEB PHILLIPS

"Robert Ruark has the kind of personality Ernest Hemingway would have had if Ernest Hemingway had been a bad writer."
— Norman Mailer



In modern literary society the tough writer is a rare though patterned individual. For "tough" one may read "virile" or "guts." The character remains the same. Tall, broad-shouldered, an impressive figure, our author cultivates some form of facial hirsuteness, usually a beard. He wears the casual clothes of the sportsman; at his most formal, tweed or corduroy covers his large frame. He smokes a pipe or cigar, and the expensive tobacco gives him a clean and manly smell.

The tough writer knows good food, but likes simple fare best: meat, cheese, bread, wine. Unless a bachelor, he is married to his second or third wife, and she is an uncomplicated woman, appreciating also life's fundamentals. The couple travels a great deal, to France and Spain, to the West Indies. In a small Spanish town they watch the running of the bulls to the arena; they see in the dusty ring Montez maneuvering the bull, the beast's thick barrel back heaving to free the pics, and the matador outcrafting him finally with a smooth, swift thurst of the sword. Afterwards they sit in a cafe on the shady side of a steep street over cheese and wine, the sun glaring on the buildings opposite.

Sometimes the writer spends a few weeks in Kenya on safari. He and a friend and a seasoned guide hunt the lion and impala. In a green clearing, behind the barrel of a .475, he is in his element.

Sometimes the tough writer writes. He has been shot in war and shattered in plane crashes, so he can write about that. He has known thirty-seven women Biblically, so he can write about that. He drinks a quart of scotch a day, so he can write about that. As a matter of fact, that is what he writes about — whiskey, women, and war — with variations. He has picked

up variations on these main themes travelling around the world and reading whatever his two years of high school allow him to understand. His most recent novel, *A Farewell to Bells,* did not receive many favorable reviews, although the *Daily Post* struck one bright note by saying "he tells a good story shockingly and well. His lean prose line colors his characters' views on life, death, and man." On his farm outside San Toresco he has a shed for writing, actually a panelled den, the walls covered with hunting trophies and pictures of himself. There, lying flat on his stomach, he chews on his pipe and moves his pencil stub laboriously over the finest linen paper.

"Shells went wham! near the foxhole. Christ! Nick said, a bottle would be good. Jesus! would a bottle be good. He remembered the time in Tortilla and the girl in the bar. Next to him a shell hit Charley. Charley screamed and his guts made a jellied pile on the ground. Christ! Old Charley; and he stood up and looked out on the field and on the field two of those stinking Krauts were coming at him, he heard his heart . . . "

The tough writer gets off the floor, exhausted after a day's output. But, he thinks, it takes time to be a stylist.

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THE MIRROR

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/stu davis

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Editorial Reflections

"Isn't anybody at Andover happy?" This question was put to me concerning the character of the writing that has appeared thus far in "The Mirror" of 1962-63. And on careful scrutiny of the text, I find that this is the most logical question that might occur to anyone who considers that "The Mirror" contains the embodiment of our philosophy, of our outlook on life. And why should it not be thus? For no one can take pen to paper without including some of himself in his writing, and we at Andover are no exceptions. Taking this as our hypothesis, and seeing the aura of gloom that seems to pervade the entire magazine, one *must* conclude that Andover writers are hopelessly perverted in their view of life. I hope I am not being presumptuous and naive in saying that this is not so, for certainly all of us must see some faint glimmer of hope for ourselves and for mankind. There must be some aspects of life, some part of ourselves that we can examine without ultimately despairing at the hopeless plight of all mankind. And what if we are treading the primrose path? Aren't there some primroses on the path that we may pluck and examine without fear and horror, without the feeling of depression that seems to bind us all? And do we really believe that we are treading the primrose path?

But to the question, "Are we happy?" what may be answered? It is a simple question, but as far as I can tell, we are afraid to answer it. I myself have asked the question of many people, and have yet to get any but the most evasive responses: from the joking, "Hell, no! I hate everything!" of the sneering senior, to the painfully revealing answer of the faculty sage who shattered my image of happiness by responding this: "I can't answer that! Happiness is a loaded word! How do I know what you mean when you use it? Be specific, lad! You can't speak of happiness without first telling me what you mean!" This is exactly the response that I hoped I would never get! When we reduce happiness to a word in the dictionary we do to it what man has for ages been doing to God. For when we speak of God, we automatically attribute human characteristics to him, and an anthropomorphic God is a castrated God, stripped of all his glory. You see? Even now I have debased God by making him in the image of man. And so with happiness. By analysis we can do nothing but destroy its exotic appeal.

How rightly did e.e. cummings write in "O sweet spontaneous earth" that earth, God, love, and all superhuman absolutes defy analysis. Though men try to unlock secrets, earth, though they do their best to be master of you,

> "(. . . thou answerest
> them only with
> spring)"

We are too analytical, from the "Mirror's", intellectual prodigies to the "Phillipian's" painfully analytical though often perceptive literary critics. I do not propose to analyze the forces that move us, nor do I want to insult you by outlining and dictating "the proper method" of writing, for no two of us are alike in our motives, and each of us must preserve his identity in his writing. Only let the sun shine through the clouds!

I leave you to your thoughts, and while I examine the copy for this issue, I find some excellent writing, to be sure. But it is writing that could be channeled through greener pastures. Perhaps I am alone in this, and so I shall live in a barrel and spend my days searching the world with a lantern in my hand, looking for a happy man who is honest enough to admit it to me and to himself.

p.c.j.

All Right On Campus

the editors

(Typical college student's room. Quite vague. At left, front, a bed, with a head- and foot-*boards removed to make room for a big-footed occupant. The bed runs across the front of the stage, from the left wall, halfway across to the desk, which projects from the right wall. Ranging back along the left wall is what appears to be an infinite series of bookcases. It must stop at the back wall, where a door opens into a corridor. Beside this door is a three-tiered record player, with no tubes, wires, or apparatus concealed. Beside it is a conventional bureau of the variety called to mind by a Stavelot strect dance. Opening against it is the closet door, which is on the right wall, and between this door and the aforementioned desk is a fireplace with crossed swords suspended above it. Nine Paul Klee originals have been crowded onto the walls. This is not the room of a typical college student.)*

(An automobile is heard backfiring outside, well behind the corridor door. Laughter. Shouts. Coins rattling until their rumbling 'clink-clink' drowns out all human sound.)

(X — bursts into the room, scattering suitcases.)

X — : Ho-hum.

VOICE: X — you're here. You're actually here, safe and sound, without any injury that can be detected by the external eye. I can't get over it: you've been gone twenty days; twenty days the vacation has endured, exactly as it was scheduled to. Twenty days, and now, all of a sudden, just like it was supposed to happen, — you're back! You're back. You're actually back, and I just can't believe . . .

(VOICE fades meekly away. X — gives no indication of having heard it.)

X — : *(Musing)* My name was never X —. Why do people want to call me that? Why do phone books list me like that? Why do clerks infallibly inscribe it on marriage certificates? My name is perfectly pronounceable: it's Stanley Conundrum. It's not as if it were a dirty word people shouldn't say, or something that even had the hint of an obscene meaning. Why won't people call me Stanley?

VOICE. *(From afar)* Perhaps if you were more approachable, X —, I mean Stanley, — perhaps if you *made the effort* to find out other people's names, perhaps then . . .

(VOICE is drowned out by peals of handclapping, and a six-man football team enters from the rear. They line up in a single-wing, facing the closet. There are four backs, a center, and a split right end, who stands near the fireplace. The quarterback barks signals, fakes to the tailback, who crosses into the bureau; the right end opens the closet door, and the flanker sprints into it; the center and the left half-back form a pocket of blockers, and after about five seconds the quarterback fires a long pass to the flanker back in the closet. They all sprint off, following him, dragging two of Stanley's suitcases.)

STANLEY: What the hell can you do? They take your suitcases, razor blades, aspirins, — everything, in short, that you could possibly kill yourself with. They took my typewriter. They claimed I could put my head into it, and fracture my skull by pounding on the keys. Well, at least they're polite about it: they just take things, and don't make a fuss.

(Throughout the first act, Klee originals, books, pencil sharpeners, neckties, are snagged by anonymous wires, and dragged up out of reach.)

(One such wire comes back down bearing a vegetable-like roommate.)

VEGETABLE-LIKE ROOMMATE: Er . . . uh . . . I'm your new vegetable-like roommate. My name is Marcellus Row. That's R-O-W. You probably won't be able to spell it at first. Most people have a little trouble . . . but some, of course, pick it right up, and after . . . well, in no time at all, they've got it . . .

STANLEY: Would you mind repeating that?

VEGETABLE-LIKE ROOMMATE: *(Repeats it.)*

STANLEY: *(Very solicitous)* That's extraordinarily well spoken. I wonder: would you mind running through that once more?

VEGETABLE: *(does.)*

STANLEY: Row, you say? Marcellus? And I'm to have seen you before?

VEGETABLE: Of course. I lived here all last term, here in this very room, where you're actually back! My name is Marcellus Row. They call me "Vegetable," but I prefer to be called by my proper name.

STANLEY: Of course I must call you "Vegetable."

VEGETABLE: *(Collapses in shock.)* Yes, I suppose so. *(From floor)* What did you do this vacation. Did it go well? Was everything all right at home? Did you have a good time, and did . . .

(STANLEY silences him with a kick in the stomach, and clears his throat to speak.)

STANLEY: *(Politely)* Yes. What did I do this vacation? A good question. Very well: I went home, arrived home, was welcomed home,

VEGETABLE: But . . . but . . . I mean . . . What did you *do* . . . I mean, how did you spend your time?

STANLEY: Spend my time? Excellent metaphor! How did you happen to think of it? Time compared to money, as something that one can *spend* . . . Hmmmmm . . . quite fantastic . . . wouldn't have thought it possible of you, Vegetable.

VEGETABLE: No, but what did you do that you don't around here?*(Hopefully)* Catch up on your sleep? Catch up on your eating? Just hack around with the gang. *Hmmmm? What* was different?

(VEGETABLE'S voice cracks on "Hmmmm?", and then again on "What.")

STANLEY: Your voice cracked on "Hmmm?", and then again on "What."

VEGETABLE: I'm sorry. But what did you *do?*

(VEGETABLE'S voice cracks again on "do.")

VEGETABLE: Don't say it; *I heard.* Just answer me!

(Needless to say, his voice cracks again.)

STANLEY: Not until you ask me several octaves lower.

VEGETABLE: *(Straining voice into a bass)* What. Did. You. Do?

STANLEY: Nothing much. How about you?

VEGETABLE: I caught up on my toothbrushing.

STANLEY: *(Ferocious)* You were hoping I'd ask you that, weren't you? You were just hoping I'd ask you that question, so you could produce your wise little answer. Admit it!

VEGETABLE: *(Sheepish, getting up from the floor)* Well . . . Uh . . . I.

(STANLEY gives him a judo chop, and knees him in the face. VEGETABLE falls. A whistle blows. Football players, disguised as Angels of the Lord, rush in, seize STANLEY, and gag him with a blue arm band, labeled "P.A. Police.")

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1: It isn't the first time.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 2: It's happened before.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 3: Some people never learn. Some can't take a lesson from precedent.

F.P. 1: But he should have known.

F.P. 2: He of all people.

F.P. 3: Considering his background.

F.P. 1: And his position.

F.P. 2: And his previous record.

F.P. 6: And his health.

F.P. 6: He certainly hasn't profited from experience.

(THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS huddle, break apart, scattering in all directions soon re-appear carrying robes, tribunals, etc. Within 30 seconds, they have converted the room into a court. F.P. 1 appears to be the leader. He dons a wig and robe, and takes a seat on the third tier of the record player. He turns it on, and court begins. From time to time snatches of Negro blues music breaks through the courtroom buzz.)

F.P. 1: Let us assume you are innocent, Mr. Conundrum.

STANLEY: *(Gets up calmly to go. Through P.A. Police gag:)* Hmmmph . . . arghhh . . . gggg . . . duhhh, . . . and . . . mmmmmhhhtt

F.P. 2: *(Slamming him into a seat) Just* a moment, please.

STANLEY: *(Through gag:) Mmmhhpph . . .* ssspttt . . . voice cracked . . . sphtttg . . . hhmmmbb.

F.P. 1: We nevertheless have a few questions to ask you.

VEGETABLE: *(Forgotten, still on floor; through blood:)* Oh please don't hang him. He meant little or no harm!

F.P. 1: *(Noticing him)* Oh, there's no question of hanging. Dear me, no. What ever put that idea into your head. Kick that man, will you 3? *(3 kicks him.)* We merely have some questions to ask that you may have a hard time answering. *(His voice takes on the tone of a storm trooper:)* Will you begin, Fritz?

FRITZ *(No. 2).* Who do you hate more: Hawthorne or Thoreau?

HANS: What time is it usually when you look at your watch?

ERNST: Why does your mother smile every Saturday?

HANS: Can you answer that question?

(continued on page 21)

TRUTH, BEAUTY, ET CETERA

A Tweed Suit and a Brown Derby

/dave rockwood

At first glance, the two men did not seem in any way related. One was very heavy, wore a brown derby, and was neatly dressed, the other was of average build and wore an old tweed suit and a gray shirt that seemed to want to escape from his pants. They sat on the bus not even looking at each other. The heavy man was expressionless; his jowls hung freely as he stared across the aisle. The other man sat with a ridiculous smile on his face (there was a split between his two front teeth), and sometimes he broke into a stifled laugh. After a while the heavy man became visibly annoyed at this laughing, which broke out quite regularly without any apparent cause. The first time he spoke, however, it was as if he were talking to a stranger, trying to strike up a conversation. The man in the tweed suit did not reply. Attempting small talk again later, the heavy man was delighted to receive a short reply. They talked for a few minutes, and it became apparent that they had known each other for some time. "Don't you have socks at home?" asked the be-derbied fat man.

The two did know each other — quite well. The heavy man was an attendant at a private hospital, and the other had been under his care now for two years. Hoping that his cure would be hastened by a change in therapy, the hospital had given the tweed suit permission to go home for the Christmas holidays, under the care of an attendant of course. The tweed suit had asked for this particular attendant, usually a very jolly man, and his request had been easily granted.

They sat apart now as before, except that every now and then the tweed suit would wink at the brown derby and they would both laugh.

Reaching the city, they got off the bus at the stop nearest the river. At the insistence of the man in the tweed suit, the two went into a bar, where the tweed suit insisted on buying for both. Brown derby hesitated, but when tweed suit winked, he finally gave in with a nervous laugh. The bartender set up the drinks, and the

(continued on page 21)

Dark Passage

/al johnson

"Lee, get out of the light, will you?"

Lee Stewart looked at his sister sitting next to him, at the Steinbeck novel resting in her lap, at the wrinkles in her once well-pressed skirt, pulled and strained by hours of twisting and turning.

"Sure," he said, suddenly realizing that he'd leaned far forward in his seat, blocking the beam of the small circular light overhead. The New Jersey school-teacher still sat on his left, sleeping so peacefully, resting from his hours of exchanging anxious glances between his watch, Lee, and the sun, rising and dipping along the cloudy horizon. "Poor guy," Lee thought, "always guessing, his lips tightly persed as he savored the wine — always guessing, from which French province this fine California wine had come." It was his excitement — the look in his eyes when he explained why the sun would come up ahead of us — that made Lee look at him — study him — as he slept in his seat. Somehow, Lee kept seeing a little boy struggling to appear worldly — the most widely traveled kid on the block — through a sense of business and intense concentration that radiated to everyone but himself. Lee liked him, this funny school-teacher; but he didn't want to think of him, his taste for wines, his love of English cuisine, or his preference for French bars to German. Lee didn't want to think of little boys in a man's world. He didn't want to think of little people — little people struggling to appear tremendous but deluding themselves as to the true meaning of greatness. Like busy little builders, they construct towering skyscrapers on straw foundations and cement upper stories and desperately attempt to hide the weakness of their structure from others, from themselves. And, in their struggle, their creation topples of its own weight and they are crushed. Yes, Lee had been thinking of little people whose plight he feared. He was traveling to meet such a person to find out for himself the extent to which a person could delude himself and others. Lee was going to visit his father: Lee's father was a little person.

"Lee," his sister said impatiently, "please get out of the light." Lee snapped back into his seat, not looking at Nanner. It wasn't necessary. The plane's motors couldn't drown Lee's thoughts in a sea of noise — he'd been prepared long ago for this trip and this was no time to run.

"It'll be all right," he muttered to himself, "there won't be any trouble in getting along with him. He'll bounce you on his knee and call you sweety," — God how he hated that word — show you off to his friends, and present the perfect picture of a dad, a buddy. That's the way he'd always done it. Why did it always have to be that way? Why had his own son had to approach him as a giddy woman attacks chocolate covered ants — desiring the outward appearance, the front, but fearing to scratch the surface, fearing to see the slimy, disappointing muck of a phony, the truth he'd never wanted to believe existed. Like the woman, he wanted the sweet cover without having to see and accept the insides which would make him sick, even hateful.

Nanner lit another cigarette in a long line of cigarettes and blew her first long puff into the already smoke-filled air above the seat in front. She looked aside at Lee, smiled a little, and turned again to her book — one of those things one reads because it just happened to be the only book which sold for less than a buck and was written by a well know author. It stank.

The stewardess passed our seat once again and started a busy conversation with some college grads in the back seat — big men acting like small asses scurrying in utter confusion at the sight of a choice carrot. The stewardess couldn't distract Lee, not tonight. Ahead of him was a long tunnel, its sides lined with brilliant lights, posters of far-away places and strange peoples — glamour, worldliness, sparkle. But far down at the end, there was black—silent, foreboding, almost impregnable black. And it was rushing towards him, rushing closer and closer. That's the way it had always been, though. "I should be getting used to it by now," Lee thought. "I've never really known him . . . the times he has come home he's always been a buddy, a great guy, a real smiler . . . great fella' my dad."

The light above him suddenly flickered, then went out. Nanner leaned back in her chair, threw the Steinbeck on the floor, and closed her eyes. Lee looked at her for a minute or two — the funny little light that kept bouncing around the world . . . shining everywhere and nowhere. He had the strongest desire to kiss her . . . just to lean over a little bit . . . "not now, you sentimental ass," he murmurred to himself. The cabin was quiet now — all quiet except for the dull droning of the airplane's engines. "All quiet," Lee thought, "all so quiet."

His footsteps sounded loudly on the marble floor as he walked. To either side of him there were doors, many doors, all without signs, all without nobs. There was brilliant light in the hall, yet there were no lamps. Why he was there or where he was he didn't know. For some reason he didn't care. Finally the door at the end of the hall was visible. It was like all the others, yet it had a nob . . . a bright shining nob of silver with jewels encrusted upon it. And on its clean window glass, there was written: "Deputy Chief Secretary of the Assistant In Charge of Public Relations, Esq., His Honor The Right Honorable Sir, The Most Agreable Fellow Today, Mr. Smiles S. . ."

The room inside was dark except for a brilliant light coming down on a chair in the middle of the room. There sat a well-dressed man, a broad smile on his face, his hand outstretched towards Lee. He beckoned Lee to come to him. Lee did so, and, following the man further, sat down on his knee. The strange thing to him was that he felt no embarrassment or nervousness. Sitting on this man's knee felt as natural as getting up in the morning.

The man then began to bob his knee up and down, swaying it to the side and back occasionally, gently rocking Lee. His hand then began to stroke Lee's back, patting him off and on. The smile on his face grew larger and seemed to grow in intensity as well. He said nothing. The two of them sat there, Lee bouncing up and down, the man bouncing him, and patting him on the back, and smiling.

Lee didn't hear the door on the left open; but when the three young men walked in, he heard their loud footsteps. They walked steadily over too Lee and stopped in front of him. "Nice looking guys," Lee thought. They didn't speak.

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Then they began to laugh, muffled and tittering. A short, fat one stretched his arm out and slapped Lee's face. He messed his hair, goading him, taunting him. Lee turned and looked into the man's eyes, bewildered, questioning. But the knee kept bouncing, the hand kept stroking, the lips still smiled. No word was spoken. Lee tried to get off the knee to defend himself, but he couldn't move. The boys stopped. They were gone.

The knee still rocked, the hand patted, the mouth smiled. Silence hung over the room.

Lee relaxed once more, trying to enjoy the slow rocking motion of the man's knee.

She stood there before him, swaying her shapely hips. For a moment she didn't move; she merely stood there staring at Lee, her eyes inviting, half closed. "So that's it," Lee thought to himself, "Well, come on, let's go," he muttered. But she made no response. She just smiled. "So you want to play games." He reached out, threw his arms around her, but she wriggled loose. He sat there, his arms clasping air still scented with her strong perfume. He opened his eyes. Her lips still rocked, she still heaved and bulged as before; but her gaze seemed to travel right through Lee's glassy eyes. He wanted her now . . .

She was gone.

He slumped. He muddled. He couldn't think. The meat was gone; the dog was bewildered. He lifted his head and looked at the man once again. He was still smiling, the knee still lifted and fell, the hand caressed him still. Yet, he betrayed no reaction, no feeling. He was silent. He was smiling.

Lee turned away from him and looked around the room. He had not noticed the figure sitting on a small stool in the dark corner before. She sat still, her head down. She didn't move.

The door on the left opened with a rumble and closed with a crash. The scurrying figures dashed to the middle of the room and assembled in a tight formation. One of them produced a football, and they immediately began to hustle through plays. After every play, they turned to Lee, pointing, laughing. They ran around the chair, poking, hiting, always laughing. The cries became louder and louder, the hitting harder and harder. The noise grew and grew — it was crazy! . . .

All was quiet.

The boys were gone.

Lee cried.

(continued on page 21)

The Sickness Unto Death

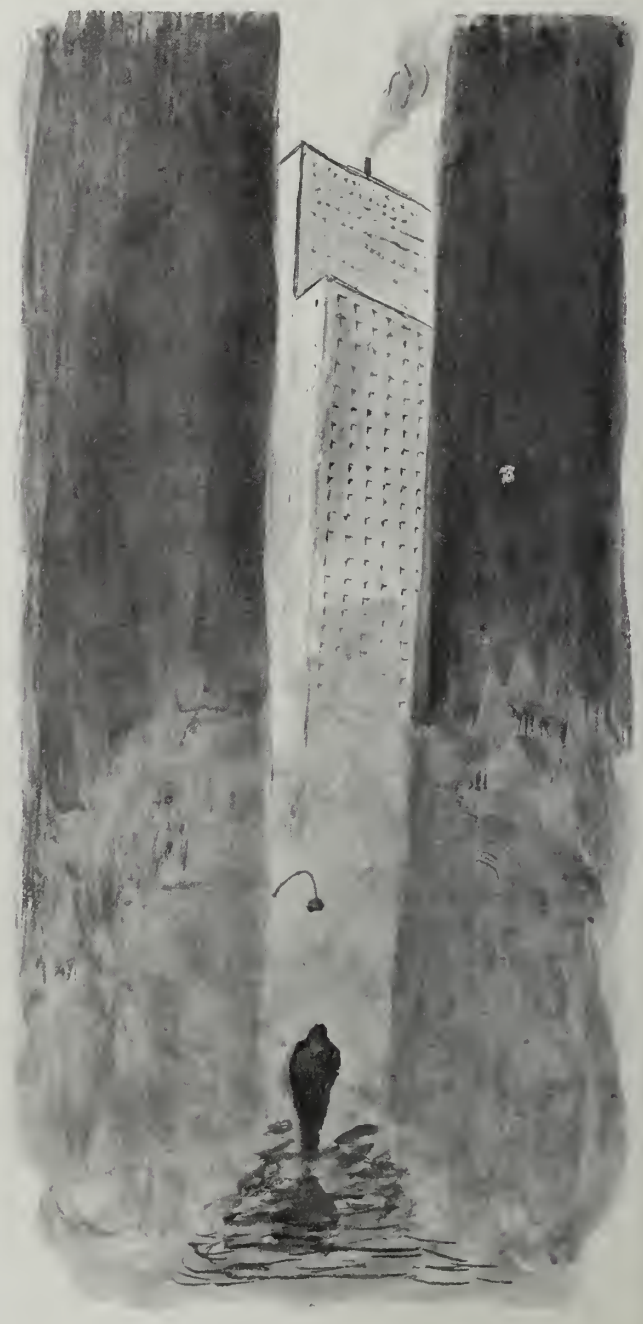
/anonymous

Mist drifts through the alley at shoulder height. He can see only the puddles beneath, and the diffused glare of the streetlamps, as vague as someone speaking to him indistinctly, and he strains his ears hopefully, but he hears not an echo. For him only the soot is real, only the yellow fog that swirls over his scarved face, obscuring his vision, making him strain to see what lies beyond the fog, beyond the soot; and what they strain to hide.

He thinks: First there are the street lamps. They never needed to be put there, but they serve a purpose, and aren't altogether without beauty. In the mist they hover over the black puddles of the alley like the disdain of a younger girl, like a soul's hope. like the jars of fireflies we used to collect, and for which the government now pays a penny apiece at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to use for carcinogenic research. What else? The hum of the gas furnace in the sooty corner building with the bronze plaque that says Thos Bunda and Sons, Importers of Dry Goods, Established 1871. It sounds as basic to my survival, somehow, as the tremendous rustling of a front of rain moving for miles across valleys hushed in humid anticipation. I can't get angry at that noise, as I might when a baby cries or a faucet drips. It would help put me to sleep.

There are the puddles. My shoes shouldn't leak, no matter how deep they go into the ruts made by maybe twenty years of trucks rolling down this back way of the city to deliver to various loading ramps to the right and left, some of which are used as parking lots now. The snow will cover this over in the winter early in the morning, but by the time the sun comes up it will be sooted black and rutted with slag and cinders and puddles, looking as if it expected a dandelion to grow there in the spring. In this alley a foot will leave no mark, but a dandelion can be trampled over. Or a camomile can be trampled over . . .

Mist drifts through the alley at shoulder height. He can see only the wetness beneath, and the vague glares above, looking as though someone yelled and you yelled back that you didn't hear him clearly and he replied: I didn't say anything. He drifts as the mist drifts past red bricks placed on garbage lids and smouldering cigarettes that could be smog or cancer or fireflies; past missing raincoats and cancellations and insults and acceptance in the college of your choice. But all he can hear, in all he sees, is saying: Sorry, pardon me, I didn't mean to make an impression.



McTeague's *Life*

/jerry heist

He had gone over the day's homework, and was giving second period the rest of the hour to start tomorrow's assignment. One year out of Rutgers, Newark branch, he was teaching high-school mathematics, and was prepared to keep teaching it until he had saved enough to start graduate school. He wanted a Doctor of Science from Cal Tech and was very tired of Newark Central High School.

His eyes wandered up from the copy of *LIFE* he had opened, and fixed on the Châteaux-de-la-Loire poster on the unused back board. French travel posters covered the three black panels that spanned the room's back wall. The French club met in the room every Thursday.

His gaze dropped to the face of a thin blonde girl in the back row, center. She had been teasing her hair out, and was worrying now about a pimple developing on her chin. She glanced up and met his eyes. He looked quickly away, embarrassed, forgetting that he was teacher and could presumably stare rudely at a girl here, in his own classroom. He considered; then: "Put the mirror away, Jo Anne," intoned with exaggerated calm. The mirror was already away. No one turned or noticed, and Jo Anne gave no sign of hearing him speak.

His eyes rested on the figure of a boy bent intently over his desk. He peered with interest as the boy's hand brushed back and forth across his head. He watched him amass on the desk, collect with a ruler, and pattern carefully an impressive pile of dandruff and hairs. He brushed his own head involuntarily, and watched tiny fragments of his scalp drifting down onto the open *LIFE*. He hated winter. He closed the magazine, and thought about California.

He had never been in California, but had set his mind on Cal Tech, over MIT and Carnegie, on the assumption that he would like the state. He'd been born in Illinois, raised in Duluth, Minnesota, and educated at Rutgers University, Newark branch. He had waded through twenty-two White Christmases, and thought he would try another kind. That was why he wanted his degree from Cal Tech.

He was thinking about surfing when the P.A. speaker clicked on. He had never been able to understand anybody's balancing as expertly as the teen-agers in the *LIFE* article had been doing. They were from some town with a Spanish name, Santa Cantina or something. The P.A. announcement was about the Red Bank basketball game:

"This is Mr Ryan. In order to facilitate for all persons concerned the work of tonight's game, please show your G. O. tickets promptly to the Central teachers who will be at the Red Bank gym, and proceed directly into the Central section, which you will know by where the cheerleaders are. Thank you." Mr. Ryan was basketball coach, and could get more worked up about a game than Jo Anne could about her face. They had laboriously taught him the previous year that these pre-game announcements should not become pep rallies, with competing cheers and screams exhorted from every room listening. For this McTeague was grateful. He didn't like noise. He wouldn't like the Red Bank game. There would be little but noise, and he would be there. He was one of the Central teachers Ryan had referred to, assigned to take tickets. The buzzer sounded, and second period was over.

McTeague stood up and stretched. He realized with guilt that he hadn't been on his feet in an hour, since the end of homeroom: he hadn't used the blackboard; he hadn't taught. He had just read homework answers for fifteen minutes from his answer book, then read *LIFE*, while his pupils did nothing. He didn't care, he told himself. Most teachers in the damn school taught even less, — if you measured in negatives, in harm done expounding stupidity. At least his effect was neutral, he told himself. Besides, he hadn't exactly asked for the job. Sure, he'd applied and been interviewed, and all, but his advisor at college had steered him right into the appointment. It wasn't as if he had marched through the north entrance, pivoted left, and proclaimed to Swenson, the assistant principal, that he came bearing the torch of learning and a personal flaming ardor to instruct. No. He couldn't feel any huge responsibility to this place or to these people; he didn't know who would say he should. The buzzer began third period.

He looked up and smiled at his sophomores as he sat down. He was seven years older than most of them, and somehow seven made a considerable difference over five; with Seniors he

remembered his youth and forgot his authority. With sophomores he could be patronizing, witty, and popular.

As he read this class answers, he involved the students: "Did you get that one, Gary? Number twelve. You don't 'think' so?" Heavy sarcasm. "What *do* you 'think', Professor Rawski? That Miss Cardwell is looking most fine today? Don't blush, Miss Cardwell. What answer did you have?" When he was maintaining contact with his students, it was a perpetual bantering of the boys and a formal aloofness from the young ladies. The girls he often called "Miss," the boys "Professor" or "Doctor," as a mocking physics teacher used to call him. When he was ignoring the students, he lapsed into first names.

He soon began ignoring this class. He stopped double-checking them on answers, and finished the homework correction quickly. He told them to study Chapter 37, on the quadratic formula, and to do the first ten problems. He went back to his magazine.

There was an article on chemical breakdown of food. It was number two in a series of simplified biological articles the magazine was running. McTeague's undergraduate biology was enough to contradict — or at least object to — most of the article's over-simplifications. He recalled his high-school science classes in Duluth, where bulletin boards had been such a big thing, and some teachers gave extra-credit for contributions to them. For classes with that kind of teacher, it was always a big scramble to tack up *LIFE's* latest high-school simplification of science, history, art, or whatever. For those who would lower themselves, that is.

He wondered, too, how he'd ever got interested in science, the way high school had introduced it to him, on the level where *LIFE* is the authority, the summit. The thing was, he guessed, that in high school it was all the same. History and Art and Literature were handled basely, and became crank-operated bores that were indistinguishable. Majoring in science had been an arbitrary decision for him, chosen from a set of unexciting alternatives.

He thought about Duluth, where he had lived since he was five. His father taught at U. of M., Duluth. Economics. McTeague didn't think about home long; it bored him. He flipped back to the surfing pictures, and thought about California.

He wondered why he had moved from one

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lousy climate to another for school. His dad had wanted him to stay at Minnesota, but he'd wanted to get away from home. His program counselor liked to send good candidates to Carleton and St. Olaf's, mediocre ones east. McTeague had been a mediocre candidate with good grades in science. He'd gone to Rutgers, Newark.

He heard the buzzer, and watched sophomores crowd out.

He moved out into the hallway, and watched groups of students milling around their lockers, others pushing by on their way to classes. A dark pony-tail approached him. Pony-tails were his high school days, before bouffants and such.

"Mr. McTeague," coquettishly, "my English teacher was just talking about some book *McTeague* from about fifty years ago . . ."

"Norris's *McTeague?*," he smiled, "No relation. Just happens to be my name too: a family tradition I'm not responsible for." The buzzer cut short the pony-tail's polite giggle. McTeague tightened his tie, squared his shoulders, and took a deep breath: his parody of Hollywood resolution. He had seniors to face.

They were buzzing when he entered the room. College Board scores were just in, and the collegiate futures of many had just been decided. McTeague observed that the most serious students were studying the explanatory booklets their scores were attached to; the frivolous were merely speculating, loudly and emotionally, on the changes the scores would make in their plans. They all had plans. It was a class of College Prep students, and one thing College Prep students had was plans.

McTeague welcomed the excuse not to teach, told the class that such a significant moment deserved their concentration, directed them all to spend the hour studying their scores quietly. He got no more quiet than he'd expected, but contented himself with token protest: the familiar "Keep it down to a mild roar!"

He turned back to the surfing feature and tried to ignore the mounting wave of chatter as he re-read the short article. He was studying again the most unbelieveable photograph, in which a boy appeared balanced almost horizontally, when a brief uncontrolled laugh penetrated the steady drone of the chatter. His eyes sought out the culprit. It was an unattractive brunette, whose winter pallor gave her a repulsive sallowness. He cast his eyes over the faces of his mathematicians: only Willie Betts, a studious Negro athlete still reading his College Board booklet, had lost nothing from northern sunlessness; blonds, perenially pale, were less disfigured than brunettes, but everyone else lost something.

On an impuse, McTeague stood and walked to the front of his desk. The dandruff from second period fell out of the magazine onto his trousers leg, but he didn't notice.

"There's an article in this week's *LIFE* that I'd like to read you," he began. "It's about surfing in California, and it strikes me as a rather refreshing, if somewhat . . . what shall I say . . *wistful* . . note here, in the middle of winter, when . .well, . . when we're all so pale . . and so forth."

"What's it got to do with trigonometry?" objected Sam Ellis, who objected to everything, at least in McTeague's class.

"That it's more fun!" he answered whimsically. Would it disrupt your train of thought too much, Professor Ellis?" ventured with the sarcasm he usually saved for sophomores.

"Go right ahead."

"Thank you." No reaction; silence. Finally:

" 'While a record cold wave hits New England, and an unprecedented snowfall cripples Manhattan traffic, teen-agers in Southern California . . . ' "

When he finished there was another silence; after a moment, a girl tittered nervously "That *doesn't* have anything to do with trigonometry, does it?"

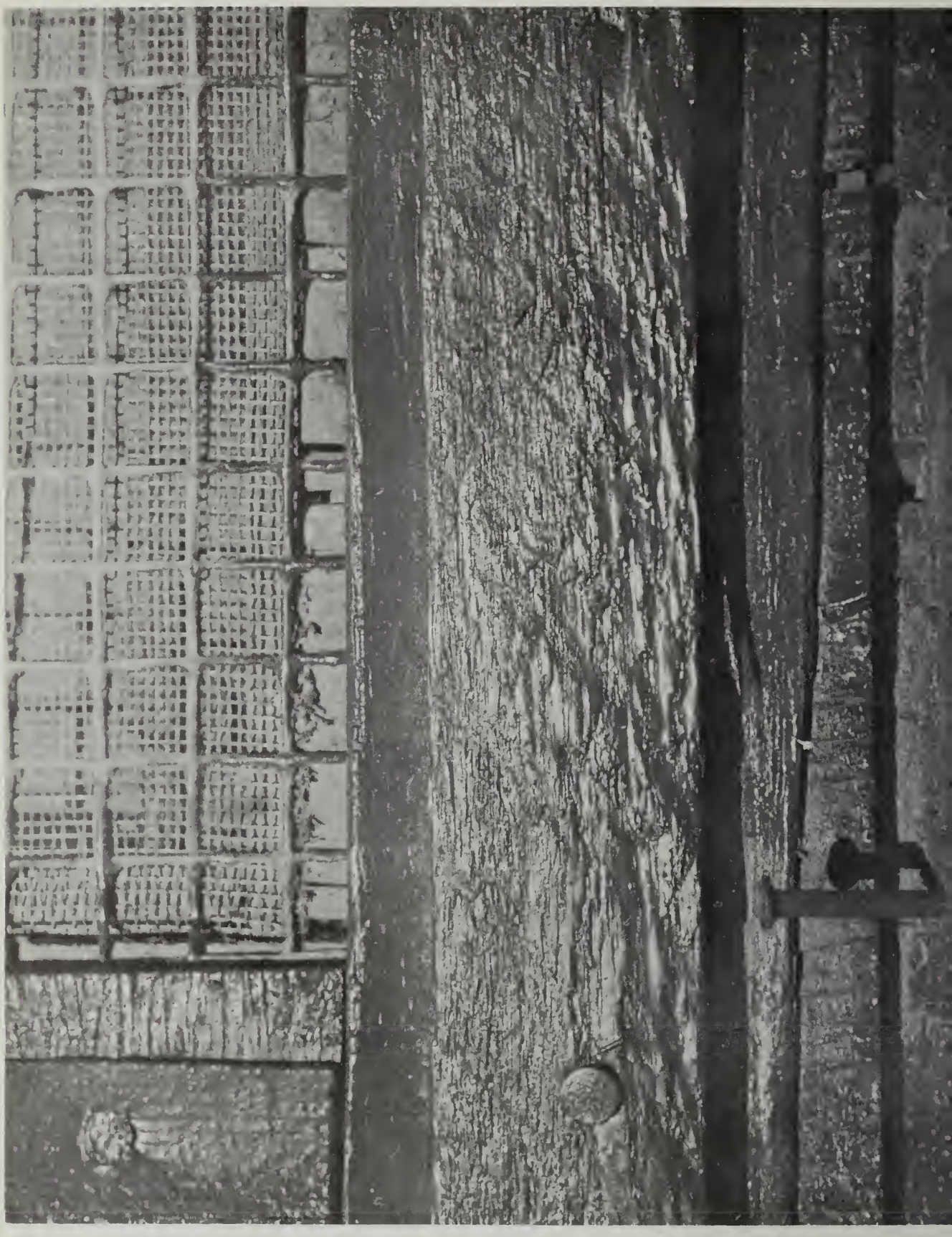
The Negro boy raised his hand politely. He had concentrated on the reading as on the College Board booklet. "Actually, Mr. McTeague," he said, "that isn't too accurate: I used to live in L. A., and nobody did much beaching this time of year. I mean, you could . . . but when school's going, you've got regular sports, and it's mostly vacation people on the beaches."

"That's not the point," McTeague said defiantly. "The point is that it's . . . *not* so good *here*." Betts looked puzzled.

"You mean *LIFE* isn't trying to be accurate; they're just trying to rub our noses in the weather we're having?" It was Ellis again.

"No . . . ! I didn't say that. I don't know *what LIFE* is doing. I don't take any responsibility for *LIFE*. I just think it's interesting to see . . . "

The merciful buzzer ended McTeague's morning.



/bob cottle

The People' Pride, Part I

/bob cottle

The wind had died. No water was splashing over the side, so he could rest from bailing and curl back on the slippery cushion that was his raft. It had been twenty-six, no, twenty-seven days since his ship had gone down. Twenty-seven searing days and frigid nights. He looked, shivering, at the gooseflesh on his arm. Flesh withered and seamy, eyes red and sore, he was bound with scars. She had been a proud ship, well worthy of Hitler's praise. Twelve ships had disappeared under her fire. She would have been in the home port by now, the pride of the German people, decorated with highest honors, had not the American submarine picked her up. Four torpedoes buried themselves in her flanks before she even shuddered, two more before she settled into the water. Stupid Americans, so anxious to surface for their prize, so anxious to pick up survivors, so ignorant of the death that would be theirs. He personally sent the order forward, and the turret lit the sea with fire. Like a match, the submarine snapped and splintered. Only a great patch of diesel oil marked the spot where it had lain. The snake had bitten the eagle; she was revenged.

But the bulkheads had split, and bow-high and defiant the queen of the Fuhrer's navy was swallowed up by the foam. When the decks tilted under his feet, he had grasped the safety rail and made his way to the raft storage bin. She was going down fast, with a great hiss and gurgle. Steam was everywhere, and groping forms, horribly torn and scalded, stumbled in and out of his sight, screaming and clinging to one another. He jerked a white pack from the bin, and broke the cord that bound it. His hands shook, and he was crying with terror. He had to get away from the ship before she sank! As soon as the raft inflated with a snap and crackle, he heaved it into the water, and clambered over the rail, hung by his hands for an instant, then dropped. He landed on a man's shoulders, and sank him down. The sea was alive with clawing hands and clinging arms. A thick layer of oil covered the surface, and oozed into his throat and nose. The drowning men were dragging him down with them. He drew his knife and cut them away. Twisting and slashing like a mad demon, he fought his way to the surface and swam for his raft. One man, stronger than the others, had pulled himself onto it and was paddling away with his hands, but the knife struck deep beneath his shoulder blades, and the raft knew its rightful owner once more. Away from the fire and death, he floated, and vomited the stinking oil. His ship was almost down now, but men were still trying to put over the lifeboats. One was almost into the water when, fear-crazed, the sailors began leaping into it. One landed head-first on the gunwale and dropped with a plop into the oil. The boat, overloaded and unbalanced, turned over, and dumped its occupants to their doom. He saw a man dive from the forward mast, but his aim was wrong, and he plummeted down the funnel. Then the dying ship seemed to lunge back, and was gone.

That night, as the burning oil still flickered, the cries of the other survivors had become fewer as morning came near. With the light, he saw he was alone. The sharks had done their job well. It really did seem a shame. It had been as fine a crew as one could want.

That was twenty-seven days ago, and now the sun was rising, and he could see the wavy edge of the great Atlantic swells against the yellow sky. The little raft slid deep into the trough between two swells. When he was a child in Germany, there used to be a great hill in the forest that was always covered with smooth brown pine needles. He and his friends would slide for hours on this hill, with sheets of thick cardboard for toboggans. That's what the swells were, great sliding hills. At the foot of the great hill was his house, brown wood and gray thatch. He used to sit in the kitchen watching his mother and sister cook. He would hide their baked apples under his sweater, and bring them out to his friends. He ran his fingertips along his lower lip. It was like a baked apple, split and wrinkled. He never really got away with the apples without them knowing, but his mother didn't really care. She was like that, but Greta would scream after him and hit him with

the broom. It was a good thing when she ran off with the student from the university, or so he thought at the time.

He took off his ragged uniform, and wringing it out, laid it on the bow to dry. If it got bright soon, he would have to put it on, wet or not. He had enough blisters. His skin was dark, leathery to the eye, but sore to touch. His blond hair and beard hung down, salt-caked and bleached almost white.

Then, he looked over the side. Down in the clear water glided a shadowy form. "You are there, aren't you? You want me too, eh? Well, I'm afraid that it will really have to be you who are caught. No ill feelings, I hope. You must have eaten a few of my crew, and I can't let that be gotten away with."

He unfastened the clip of a pocket on the raft's side, and pulled out a long line. It had once been the safety cord tied to a brass ring on the stern. Now it was a fishing line, with the ring for a weight, and a hook made from the spring of an automatic's clip. He ripped a fresh rag bait from his sleeve. Plunk! the sinker disappeared into the waves, carrying its burden like a flag behind it. He tied the cord to a stern loop, and scanned the horizon for rain. The northern sky harbored a few clouds, and he rubbed his lips hopefully, but he knew he would get no rain, not today; But no matter; he had some of the emergency supply left. That would last.

His clothes felt warmer when they had dried. It wasn't cold now, but he felt damp and clammy. "Would that I had a paddle. Possibly then I could get somewhere." He looked for his oilcloth. It was in a pocket to his right, and he pulled it out, spread it before him. There wasn't much wind, for the only time he noticed it was on top of a swell. Just the same, he decided to make a sail, and moving all the heavy gear forward, the pump, and water bottles, he sat back on the stern. Stretching the fabric between his arms, he could feel the raft move forward just a little faster than before when he came to a crest. His arms tired soon, and he folded the cloth away and took a sip of water. Lulled by the sound of ripples gurgling about the bow, and by the gentle sweep of his course up and over each swell, he was soon asleep.

It was night when he awoke. The raft was straining against the taut fishline. "I have him! It have him at last! I ha . . ." Then he saw that he had snagged weed. When he hauled it in, he found it crawling with little green crabs. Quickly, he emptied them into the raft. They would give him liquid and food. He ripped the shell off each, as he used to do at the seashore in the summer for fun, pressing down on the nose and catching his fingernail under the back. A tug, and the shell was off, with all the meat unharmed. "I suppose one really never forgets how to go about something useful." It was his first good feed in a week, and he ate them all, never thinking of saving one for bait. With a satisfied belch, he went back to sleep.

The next day, the sky looked dark and angry. The sea built up into purple mountains, and the wind beat their crests to shimmering foam. He was wet. He was soaked. It had rained in the night, and he had slept right through it. Three inches of rain water sloshed in the bottom of the raft. He scooped some to his lips, but spit it out in a quick spray. It had been ruined by salt crusted on the fabric. He cursed. Water was frothing over the sides. He bailed furiously, sopping up the water in his shirt and wringing it over the side. Before long, there were only a few drops in the seams.

Then to the west, he saw a break in the clouds. The sun fringed the clumps of gray vapor that scudded across the sky low above him. A dark blue stain spread across the ocean, and the crests gleamed, dazzling white foam. He threw out a makeshift sea-anchor, the oilcloth tied to the bow with strong manila rope. The raft slowly pointed her nose into the stiff wind. He wrung out his clothes once more, but put them right back on, for the chill bit into his back. After satisfying himself by looking down into the clouded water, he threw over the bait. "This is your doing, fish."

That night, he pulled in his bait, moistened his parched lips with a little water, and curled in the bottom. His stomach was uneasy from eating the crabs, and he got little sleep. He felt bloated and uncomfortable, like the time when he was a boy, and he had stolen some ale from his father's storehouse. His father could drink more ale than anyone else in the village, and till he was twelve, he thought this was the greatest honor anyone could have. After that, his father was no more than town drunk, a piece of furniture in the beer hall, someone to scorn at home. Though they never really let him know openly, he was sure that the townspeople considered his family inferior. Perhaps Greta was only trying to better herself, and who could blame her? After all, that was what he had done.

As he was bailing the raft the next day, he heard the steady hum of a plane behind him.

He wheeled about, and there it was, heading off to the west. It was no more than three miles away, but the raft was between it and the sun, and hidden by the reflection on the water. He would not be spotted. "Ach, English. It is fortunate I was not noticed. They would have most probably strafed me." He watched it disappear over the horizon, and then, with a sigh, leaned back and watched the high wispy clouds change overhead. "Who can know, they might have sent an amphibian instead of strafing me." He rolled over on his stomach. "Would that it had been German."

He tossed his fish line over the side, and watched it swing with the movement of the raft. Suddenly, the water seemed to explode around him. Hundreds of small fish were rising to the surface with fright. Behind them came a school of tunny, smashing through the broken shoal like great torpedoes, sometimes clearing their entire bodies from the surface, grasping a bait fish in mid-air, and cartwheeling back with a crash. The water boiled and seethed next to the raft. He grasped his line, and began to jig it up and down. Almost immediately it was jerked from his fingers, but he snatched it up and with a sharp tug set the hook. The fish plunged ahead on a run, the raft wallowing after it, and then sounded. There was no more line to give out, so the raft bobbed up and down with each spurt of energy from the fish. The line twisted in his hands, and cut zig zag slashes around the raft. It trembled and throbbed with each beat of the tunny's tail, with each bulldog tug of his head. Then the line went slack. The fish was rising. He pulled in on the line as quickly as he could, but still he could feel no weight. There was none. The broken end came up to his hand, and he sat looking at it, afraid to believe what he saw. The other fish were gone, too, frightened by the thrashings of the hooked fish, save one, small and silvery, which lay in the bottom of the raft, doomed by its leaps from the tunnies. It didn't go to waste. Before he ate it entirely, he smeared the flesh over his face. The oils would protect him from the sun.

That night, there was a storm, with the sea running the highest he had ever seen. Rain smashed against him, and the raft twisted about in the wind. There was a jerk, a snap, and the sea anchor was gone. Without it, the raft was a bubble at the mercy of the waves. He was thrown to the side just as a huge breaking swell caught the raft on its crest, and flung it backwards like an angry bull. His stomach dropped, and the raft flipped. He sank deep, turned by the churning of the wave so that he didn't know how to swim to get to the surface. He tried not to panic, but his lungs ached for air. His head pounded with his heartbeats as he relaxed, hoping to float up. He opened his eyes, and everything looked green and hazy, then suddenly white. He was on the surface, wallowing in foam. With great gulps, he sucked in air, but water poured down his throat. Something hit him on the shoulder, and he grabbed at it. It was the raft, bobbing in the frothy water. He lashed himself to it with his belt, and clung there till dawn.

He couldn't see the sun when it came up. The rain still fell in gray sheets out of a lead sky. He pulled himself up into the raft and lay there face up. The rain pounded against his eyes, and he placed his arm across them. When he had first run away from home, it had rained like this. The mud in the roads sucked in his bare feet, and splashed up his legs. He had burrowed into a hay mound, and lain curled in its warmth till the wet soaked through to him. Three days he was gone, running from everyone he saw, yet proud and free, free till his father came by in his cart and found him pulling turnips out of a garden. He had been hauled back by the hair and threatened with the switch if he didn't sit quietly as they rode back through the village. How everyone laughed to see him, all dirty and ragged.

He awoke with a cough. He had rolled over into the rain water and was choking. He sat up and looked about him. The rain had stopped, and though it was still gray and cloudy, there was the brightness that follows Atlantic storms. The water was smooth, almost oily, the color of the sky. Around the horizon, the grayness changed to white. It would probably be foggy that night.

He had lost everything when the raft turned turtle, his lines, bottles, pump, his chances for survival. "Ach, a shame for me to be wasted like this." He bailed the water from the bottom of the raft, and lay face down in it. It was getting cold, and he shivered. It would soon be night, one more night, then one more day. How much longer could he last? There had been a woodchopper in the village, and one day he went up into the forest and never came back. They found him sitting against a stump, dead.

He had cleaved his leg open with his axe, and bled to death, far from his friends and family. They carried him into the village in the back of a cart, under some pine boughs. His axe was struck into the last tree he worked on, and no one ever touched it. Poor old Heinrich, dying alone. Perhaps he could see the village in the distance, with the smoke curling from the chimneys. That would be better than nothing. That would be better than an empty ocean.

An icy fog crept in with the night, and he grew numb, curled into himself on the wet fabric. There was a thick blackness everywhere, unbroken, heavy. He could neither sleep nor be fully awake, and half-believed he was back on his ship once more. He could see himself, a god in white and gold, the supreme power over his floating world, and he could remember the terror of the sinking, the horrible sights and sounds, the clawing, clinging men in the water. He could feel their fingers on the back of his head, scratching, grasping. There they were, the dead men's fingers, still clawing, still clinging, but he was awake, not dreaming. Something was on his head. Sweat broke from his shivering face. He wanted to grab it, but was afraid. And then, he knew. It was a bird, perched for the night on the only thing above water for hundreds of miles around. With infinite care, he slid his hand up the bird's foot, then to its leg, then grabbed. The bird squawked only once. He bit its neck, and it lay limp in his lap. It was a petrel, small and black, food for a time. He plucked it as he used to pluck white ducks when he was a child. He could remember his mother showing him how, and saying, "Be gentle, Eric, or the skin will tear. Gently my dear." When he was finished, he looked at it, a tiny bundle of skin and bones, and would have eaten it immediately, had not he heard the sound in the distance. It was the pounding throb of a ship's engines, coming out of the darkness. He dropped the bird, and strained his eyes to see what he hoped for. It came closer, and now he could hear the swish of the bow cutting through the water. Now he could hear the seething water kicked up by the props. There to the right! A light pierced the fog, its beam darting over the waves. A huge bow rushed out of the darkness upon him, shining gray. Huge white numbers sped by him, so close that he thought he could touch them. The wake caught the raft and spun it about. He screamed and cried out, his voice quivering. As the great round stern slid past him, followed by a cauldron of spurting foam, the wandering light shone bright in his eyes and blinded him for a moment. He threw up his arms to shade them, still crying to the passing ship. When he looked again, it was gone, but he could hear the engines still throbbing. A bell rang, and the engines slowed. The sound swung around in a distant sweep, and started back. Soon he could make out the ship's shadow coming slowly through the fog. Once more, the bow broke through upon him, its spotlight combing the water. He called, and the light came to him. There was a shout, a bell, and the engines were reversed with a whine and an explosion of foam. He couldn't see, for the light was in his eyes. He heard the engines stop, and a voice. "Allo, what av we ere?"

He sat back disgusted on the stern, arms folded. "Englishmen!"

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUSE

WOOLWORTH'S

— Shawsheen Plaza —

NOW ON BOUNDS

Go To

GRANT'S

— Shawsheen Plaza —

NOW ON BOUNDS

Funny Story

(continued from page 7)

FRITZ: Are you aware what you *can* do?
ERNST: Do you know exactly what you *are?*
HANS: Are you not a pig?
FRITZ: A pork?
HANS: A *cochon?*
ERNST: A dog?
FRITZ: An animal?
HANS: Do you enjoy this line of questioning?
(STANLEY has been sputtering, with decreasing speed, from the beginning.)
(He shakes his head "No", "Yes.")
ERNST: Would you like me to hit you?
HANS: Would you mind if I helped?
FRITZ: If I may, I will hold you. By the arms.
HANS-ERNST: *(In unison)* And we shall hit you.
FRITZ: *(In uniform)* "Will," not "Shall."
FRITZ-HANS: *(Panic-stricken)* "Shall," not "Will."
STANLEY: *(Tearing off gag:)* ENOUGH! You have ceased to amuse me. Get out! OUT! OUT! OUT!
(FOOTBALL PLAYERS pick up courtroom *and VEGETABLE, and exeunt right.)*

Suit and Derby

(continued from page 8)

heavy man gulped his down and ordered another, while his friend sipped cautiously. They went over to a booth, where brown derby had a third and ordered a fourth, at the insistence of his friend. While they waited for the fourth, the heavy man became very sad. As is often the way of men under the influence of drink, he soon fell apart and began to unload his troubles on his friend, troubles he had suppressed for years, unable to reveal lest the doctor-patient relationship be upset, until finally, bent over the table, his head buried in his arm, he began to cry, as his friend nodded sympathetically. The tweed suit smiled an unseen smile as he whispered to his obese and doleful companion. Minutes passed until the brown derby broke into a hysterical laugh. The fourth drink came with a warning that this was the last to be served, and the heavy man gulped it down. The two walked out of the bar arm in arm.

They walked to the river and halfway across the bridge. The man in the old tweed suit leaped up to the railing, and then he helped the shiny brown derby up beside him. The heavy man laughed nervously. As the man in the tweed suit counted to three, they both crouched (the heavy man a little awkwardly) as if in preparation for a jump. The count reached three, and the brown derby tottered on the edge of the railing. The man in the tweed suit straightened up and waved to his friend, who looked back with a puzzled expression and fell. The man in the tweed suit watched the splash. The brown derby floated for a while, but the heavy man did not. Reaching into his pocket, the man in the tweed suit withdrew a rolled up pair of socks and threw them into the river. He laughed a suppressed laugh as he went to tell a policeman that he had seen a brown derby fall off a bridge.

Dark Passage

(continued from page 11)

He sat there crying softly to himself. He couldn't take any more. He turned to the man and threw his arms around him, breaking down completely. But the man made no motion towards him. He said nothing. Lee drew back and looked into his eyes. "Help me," he said. The man still bounced Lee up and down. His smile became fixed. He said nothing. "Help me please?" It was no longer a plea, but a question — a bewildered, unbelieving, fearful question. The man was silent. "Help me!" he screamed. He felt the cool hand on his cheek and turned around to look into the tender eyes of the woman who had risen from her dark corner. Her eyes were soft and beckoning, her arm outstretched. Lee tried to rise, but he couldn't get off the knee. He sat silently, looking into her warm eyes. She bowed her head, shook it furtively, turned, and walked back to her stool. Lee stiffened quietly, and turned to the man. "Damn you," he muttered softly. The man didn't change his expression. The smile remained fixed; the knee still bounced up and down; the hand still stroked. "You bastard!" Lee yelled. The man was unchanged. Lee slid to the floor and sat looking at the door, the printing outlined by the brilliant lights in the hall beyond. "You . . ."

He said no more.

The crying stopped.

The light above his seat flashed on an off. Lee rubbed his eyes and fastened his seat belt. The clouds of smoke no longer drifted above the seat in front. The engine pitch dropped and the dull roar became a far off rumble. Nanner ran her comb quickly through her hair; Lee straightened his tie. The wheels hit the runway with a dull thud. It was over.

As he stepped out onto the ramp, Lee saw smiles and a beckoning hand. The black end of the tunnel was rushing faster and faster towards him. For a moment, he was afraid.

Intense Story

/jerry heist

He kept switching them on and off, off and on: the high beams, then the low beams, rhythmically alternating. It was maddening. The battery was on to work the heater, and he tapped with his fingertips the fuel guage, where the indicator needle hovered at three-quarters. Tapping and clicking. The fuel-guage glass and the dimmer switch. She was going crazy.

"Look, I explained how it happened, and I said I was sorry. You know it won't happen again."

"I know."

"Stop it! I mean it, and you *do* know it."

His hand moved away from the dashboard and hung by a finger from the wheel. His foot came down to rest on the dimmer switch, and the beams flashed up to fix on the tree they were stopped nearest. He had swerved onto the gravel and slammed to a stop with his rear wheels still on the blacktop, his headlights pointing at the wall of trees whose branches overhung the road. He looked away.

"I don't know a goddamned thing." His eyes found hers again.

"Oh hell! Why does it have to make any difference? It's just something that happened: it didn't mean anything to me, so why should it to you? It meant *nothing* to me."

"Well, I guess I'm just some kind of pervert, then, 'cause it makes a lot of difference to me. I sure am sorry."

"Will you for God's sake *stop* that! Now listen: I told you how it was. I was drunk, and so was everybody else. We hadn't even been home since the game, and we still had the 'Beat Ironwood' things on the cars."

"I remember. I'm not drunk. I remember perfectly. You told me all that. And you also told me how ecstatic you all were when the conquering hero himself put in an appearance at McDonald's, actually deigned to slap the quivering, drunken backs of his drive-in worshipers, actually spoke to you."

"I didn't say that and you know it. I just said we were *really* happy, and just then it seemed he was a whole lot responsible. We'd been yelling his name all afternoon."

"Ah, but is it not so that when he stepped out of his car a stoned trio of you bowed your foreheads near the ground before him? You said, I believe . . . "

"Oh *hell!* it was a gag . . . And we *were* stoned. You're getting ridiculous."

"I sure am sorry."

His voice shook, and the headlight beams clicked down. Then up. Then again down.

"Will you stop that and take me home?" she finally said. "I told you how it was, and I said I was sorry. Though I don't know why I should have to be. I didn't realize I was the only one getting into his car. I told you that."

"Yes, you told me that already."

"I told you I was sorry and that it wouldn't happen again."

"That's right. You told me that too."

He stared silently at his feet. She opened her mouth to speak, but his dull eyes swung up to meet hers, and she stopped. Finally she managed:

"I guess you'd better take me back."

"I guess I'd better drive you home," he agreed.

The Universe Machine

/frank hight

Mary had operated elevators at the First National Bank building for twenty-eight years and took great pride in her appearance, having convinced herself that she looked more like a thirty-seven year old waitress than a forty-nine year-old elevator operator. She was quite haughty, and enjoyed looking down her somewhat crooked nose at the numerous charwomen and janitors who worked in the building. Mary studied people. With her mouth hanging open in concentration, she had stared at them eight hours a day, five days a week, for twenty-eight years. She thought that by then she was a pretty good judge of human nature. She made it a game of looking at her passengers and mentally psychoanalyzing them. She even went so far as to classify the people she saw according to her own little personality categories. For example, at the head of one list there was the friendly fat man who worked on the ninth floor and who gave her a five-dollar bill on his way down every Friday afternoon. At the head of another was the skinny little man from the fourteenth floor with the wart on his nose. Once he had tipped her a penny, and in return she had ushered him out of the elevator with a reference to his parents and had then flung the penny at the back of his head as she closed the doors. He never rode in the car again, needless to say.

There was one man, however, that Mary could never quite figure out. He was tall and very light-skinned, like an albino or something, and always wore a funny hat and a black overcoat, even in the summer. Every single morning for twenty-eight years he had ridden up to the fortieth floor in Mary's elevator, but she never saw him come down. She assumed that he worked late. Over the years her curiosity grew more and more unbearable, and one day she resolved to see what his office was like.

He got in the elevator the next morning and rode up to the fortieth floor without speaking a word, as always. But this time, when he got out, Mary closed the doors, waited a moment, and then opened them again and looked out. She saw a door close at the end of the corridor. She locked the elevator and walked down the hall. The door at the end was a plain wooden door with a frosted glass window, number 4001. She wrote that down.

That particular day seemed the longest of her life. The hours crept by and when five-thirty finally came, she punched her timecard, got her things together, looked around the employees' locker room to make sure no one was watching, got on the elevator, and rode up to the thirtieth floor. Then she climbed ten flights of staris, opened a door, and found herself on the same corridor she had seen that morning. The building was practically deserted by then, and there was nobody in sight.

She didn't know why, but she felt a little nervous as she stood in front of the door to room 4001. But it said *walk in*, and she did. Inside was a small, empty room, with a door on the opposite side. There was a clanking and whirring of heavy machinery that sounded like a printing press. She stood there for a second wondering what to do. She noticed that the inner door looked just like the outer one, except that it had no markings on it. She knocked on the glass, and a woman's voice answered.

"Come right in," the voice said pleasantly.

Mary opened the door and walked through. All the way down, she wished she hadn't. Forty stories is a long fall by anyone's standards. And by the time she reached the pavement, she didn't look very much like a thirty-seven year-old waitress *or* a forty-nine year-old elevator operator.

Passage Across The Atlantic

/harry hives

It was dawn as Richard Short shuffled crabwise across the ocean liner. Since the weather had been foul and he had been tumbled several times on the deck, Richard was walking very warily, making sure of his balance, adjusting his stance to each roller, and bracing himself frequently against the pitching of the ship. At this hour there was only one other passenger on the deck and he was on the tourist class level. Richard rubbed his hands together to keep them warm, for there was a chill breeze from the East.

At length he climbed very cautiously down the winding stairs. He had just released the bannister and was about to clutch the handrail when the ship listed violently, throwing him headlong into the other passenger, who was knocked from his feet and crushed against the rail by Richard's weight.

"Oh, I'm sorry." said Richard, "Rather clumsy of me, wasn't it?"

The stranger turned slowly. He was very tall and lean, dressed in a white suit with white breeches and black boots with spurs. He wore a thick black and yellow belt from which hung a glittering sabre. Over his left eye was a black patch; from the patch to the jaw was a scar and the sleeve of his tunic was empty.

"Are you all right . . . sir?" asked Richard. I'm dreadfully sorry."

"I'm quite all right." said the stranger adjusting his eyeglass calmly.

There was a pause.

"Quite all right." repeated the stranger.

"From your uniform I take it you were in the Austrian cavalry."

"Major Claus von Altstein at your service."

"Richard Short, glad to meet you."

"The pleasure is mine I'm sure."

The major spoke good English with the correctness of grammar and exactness of pronunciation which is peculiar to the instructed foreigner.

"On the deck above", said Richard, "you would not have been hurt so much since the rail is quite flexible there."

The major turned round and looked at the sun rising in the East.

"Would you care to have breakfast with me?" asked Richard looking at the shimmering spurs. "I am rather hungry and in America we're not used to early rising. Please do."

"I thank you for the invitation but I normally breakfast at six o'clock and it is now but five twenty-seven."

"Don't tell me your schedule aboard a ship is as rigid as all that."

"On a rigid structure such as this ship habits lose their mutability," replied the major.

"Yes, but it befits a gentleman of leisure to adjust his habits to his tastes rather than having them imposed upon him."

"Perhaps."

"Furthermore, this ship is indestructible; it will never rot away; if you allow it to dominate you then you are its slave forever," said Richard.

"Once a slave always a slave, you say."

"Exactly."

"Once a peasant always a peasant."

"Ah, but there are some who have the strength to rise from penury to power."

"Perhaps there are some."

"But is the ship indestructible? What of the *Lusitania?*" asked Richard.

"Yes, but the Zeitgeist is against ruins."

"I don't follow."

"Changelessness" said the major, "has but one degree while mobility has many, ergo mobility, once invited, never leaves."

"I agree with the conclusion but mobility survives because it can change with the times; it can bend and twist itself into any shape to satisfy its ends while rigidity, since it cannot bend under stress, must break."

"There's a long bank of clouds coming from the East." said the major, "It's beginning to blot out the sun."

"I suppose it will rain soon. I'm used to it though. I'm from New York and it rains there frequently."

For a moment they both looked at the sky and the cloud front.

"What front were you on?" asked Richard.

"The eastern." was the reply.

"The Austrians didn't do too well on that front."

"That is the consensus."

"Desertion and mutiny ruin the finest army."

The major looked at his watch.

"I think that war is a disappointing solution to the world's problems, don't you?" asked Richard.

"Were I an American, I wouldn't be disappointed in the outcome."

"But so many lost . . . why?"

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"Perhaps there was nothing else to do."

"What do you mean?"

Perhaps people were tired of the dry rot of peace and sought to rejuvenate themselves by fighting."

"That's a cold-blooded explanation."

"All good explanations are."

"Tell me, how were you wounded?"

"By my own men."

"Accident?"

"Incident."

"It was intentional?"

"As intentional as any firing in the war."

"I hope the wound healed quickly."

"It never healed."

"How is that?"

"When an eye or an arm is cut off something is lost forever."

"I'm sorry."

"Ach!"

There was a pause. The bells rang six. Mr. Short looked at his watch.

"Well it's six o'clock." he said.

"I'm in accord."

"Shall we breakfast?"

"I am afraid I have made you suffer from hunger." said the major.

"Bah! We Americans are inured to suffering."

ROYAL CROWN

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"It's The Most."

The Dance Of The Tympana

/colin campbell

Black shone from the cracks between the rocks that walled the room. Rocks were its ceiling and floor, huge rocks. Obscure and integral, black was a thing in the nearly empty room. A flame burned from the charred wrappings on the end of one bronze torch sunk deep in the wall. It lighted one gray figure. She was motionless. Except for the heavy, slow sound of a human throat and lungs, down below a grating of timbers in the center of the floor, the room was quiet. The torch burned more brightly for a moment, illuminating a low, brown mass, a horse, beside the grating. The horse's head lay on its side, his neck twisted. His eyes were round and still, his legs contorted in collapse. His neck and head were matted with dark blood. Blood sat thick in the dust of the floor and covered a crust of gray disintegration on the timbers. The horse was hot; he was living in death. The motionless figure's breast rose benath her robes, and the glaze on her eyes thickened, when a noise, less echo than intimate, gurgling breath, sharpened the silence. It was the sound of a mouth close to the ground and breathing, unconscious, in a shallow pool.

She was chanting: "Wake, Son and Lover. Arise from the Land of the Dead to lie again with Earth-Mother. Smell the smell of the beast's blood, and lie with her again. Wake, oh, wake, wake, Lover-Son." Her mouth opened, her eyes rolled white, and she dropped to the dark stones. Beside her lay a two-headed axe. Black smoke from fire from blacker bronze from blackest stone. And silence.

High on the tower beside the huge gate they call the Scaean, nearly as high as the top of the citadel, a small crowd of men and women stood in the clean, multicolored linen of the aristocracy. They watched, as they had for years, the scattered skirmishes far off across the plain and toward the water. From the walls of beetling Troy they could see the green of March. A young woman in a long purple robe, her hair flowing black down her back and shining in the sun, strained her eyes toward the distance. She was pale. Her eyes were dark and shadowed, under and around, with sleeplessness and strain.

A man and a woman turned from the view. "What do you think, Helen?" he said.

"I'm bored." She squinted in the bright, late-morning sun. "I don't like it out here, Paris. It bothers my eyes."

"I wouldn't want your beautiful eyes bothered."

"Darling, you're not being terribly attractive this morning." Helen turned from the sun and looked blankly at the battle far off across the fields, brightened here and there with blurred expanses of spring's early flowers. The tall grass was still light green. The tree trunks beside the gate below carried bundles of sticks.

Paris put his hands on Helen's slender upper arms. "Shall we go back to the palace?"

"No, Priam will be there."

The young woman in purple turned to Helen. Hanging on a chain from around her neck and on her bare breast was the heavy, gold figure

of the Goddess; the sacred sign of the High Priestess of Ama. "What do you have against Priam?"

"He makes me nervous." Helen stroked her chin gently, her eyes, half-closed, on the sky.

Paris spoke. "You don't look well, Andromache."

"I'm well. Lover-Son will live again, soon."

Paris cocked his head slightly. "You've been living in the temple again, Andromache."

"Yes. Another priest has just been cleansed. We must show Lover-Son life, so that he will rise and be with Ama. The suns are coming, and the rains that make the grain grow." She was looking at nothing.

"I thought the grain grew in those big jars," said Helen, smiling.

"Big jars! You disgust me. If you felt the Growth, if you had to plow fields or do anything, you'd worship the Mother the way you should."

"My dear, I don't have to give myself to every animal that says he wants to honor the Goddess. I have Paris, here." She put her arm around his waist. Paris blew the hair away from her ear. "Hector may say he dislikes fighting, but he wouldn't be out there for days at a time if he didn't like it at least as well as your company."

Andromache was already halfway down the narrow, stone stairs. Her hair grew wet with sweat as she hurried through the steep, empty streets, past the slums of rubble and wood, and past the scores of merchants who hoarded their goods from the East and from the West. The people were in their houses, waiting; for the battles had begun again.

She came to the House of the Mother of the Gods; all was quiet. In the shadows at the end of the temple the statue of Ama, large and cruel and cut from hard, black rock, with a swastika of gold for a navel, watched Andromache prostrate herself.

Great Mother, this is your temple. It is the gift of Priam's ancestors. They do not understand the Growth, O Goddess. They do not understand the death of Lover-Son or that we must resurrect him. They do not understand that we must let him lie with Ama that she may be fertile and full and that warmth and food may come with spring. Priam, son of Laomedon, son of Ilus, son of Tros, son of Minos from the island of the double-axe — none of them know you. O Earth-Mother. Atheists. And Helen and Paris.

Hours had passed when Andromache woke, lying face-down on the stone of the temple. The wooden columns with their carved stone bases that supported the roof of the great temple to Ama surrounded her. She rose. *Atheists.* The gold figure of the Great Mother swung on Andromache's breast. Hector had given her the figure years before. The swastika of Ama stood out. She felt it.

But Hector. Hector must know Ama.

Hearing movement in a corner of the temple, Andromache turned to see two dark forms, a priestess on a pallet with some poor man of Troy, performing the rites of Ama, Mother of all the Gods.

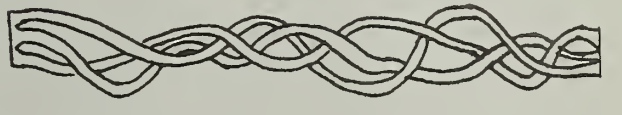
Can these merchants worship Earth-Mother?

She walked quietly behind the altar and the black stone statue of Ama and stepped down and down a stone staircase into near black. One torch still burned. Three priests in the white and purple robes of the eunuch were wrapping a pine tree, stripped of its branches and its life, in the wool shroud of Lover-Son's death. Andromache lay face-down on the floor before the tree for several minutes. Soon she rose and watched.

They knew the Goddess.

The three priests covered the entire trunk with wool. Taking violets from their robes, they stuck them between the strips.

And life grew from the blood of Lover-Son as it watered on the Earth.



A big sun hung over the mountains to the west. The tower was deserted except for a tattered soldier in his rich colors, sitting on the wall and watching the magnificant plain. On his arm he held his bronze helmet, a horse's tail on its peak; Andromache's head showed at the stairs. She ran to the soldier, and they hugged each other.

"You don't seem well, Andromache," he said.

"It was the Day of Mourning today, Hector. Lover-Son is dead. The God has gone to the nether world."

"You haven't been in that room."

"Hector, the God is in that room."

He looked at her eyes. "Cassandra says that Ama can't win the war for Priam."

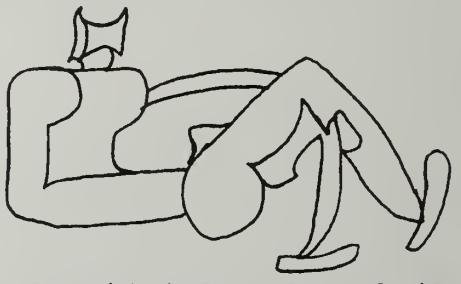
"Cassandra! What does Cassandra know? She worships power the way the Greeks do — Zeus, too. You listened to Cassandra and yesterday our own son was afraid of you. Hector, please — The day after tomorrow we'll make Lover-Son rise from the dead. It's the Day of Blood. Please."

He was unshaven and dishevelled, with deep shadow under his eyes, and dirty clothes. "People don't appreciate the Day of Blood anymore. They never did, Andromache. They think it's ugly."

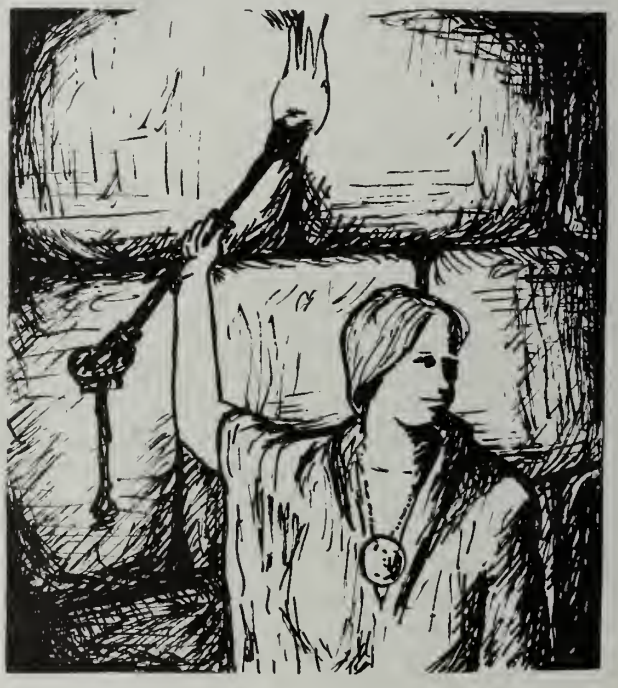
"People? The people started it. Ama speaks to the people. Helen and Paris and Cassandra — even your father — they don't care because they don't know the Goddess. Please, Hector."

The grass waved under the big sun that hung over the mountains to the west, and the plain changed. And the grass swayed slowly back.

A nauseating stench filled the tomb beneath the temple. The horse was burning on the ancient grating. Drums beat. Lover-Son would wake soon. People crowded the burning room to the point where only a few feet separated them from the flames. The priests started their moan, their piercing chant, for the hundredth time. No one noticed. The rhythm added to the heat, and the sweating bodies in the room, filled with smoke and soot and the smell of the burning horse moved with it. Andromache sensed through her blind eyes and streams of hair that Hector no longer saw her in her purple, hanging at her waist, wet with sweat. There was screaming. Hector was rattling a tambourine, sometimes laughing, with Troy's ancient men. The flutes screamed with the singers. *The Lover must live.* A steady cymbal crash tried to drown the screaming flutes. The beats of the drums were behind it all, beating. The screaming won. A man with his eyes full of the flames that ate at the stinking horse lept close to the fire and ripped a stick from the blaze. He waved it, burning, around his head and at the crowd writhing with ecstasy. He broke the stick and tore open his chest, then stripped off his clothes and danced — shrieking, naked — spattering the shrouded pine tree with his blood, tearing at his fertility — *That man will know the Goddess* — and throwing his parts into the fire, crumbling with a twitch and bleeding and vomiting in the dust.



In the quiet, Andromache sat beside Hector. She tucked her purple robe under his chin. He was breathing peacefully. She smiled. *He would know Earth-Mother.*



/bob stevens

The Pregnant Sea

/bill kane

Enmirrored smile of round belly,
Warm curl of knowledge,
Green sea, arching to touch
Child mist fresh blown
Above the white-edged parent,
Mistress and Mother of the world
From whose womb have issued
Legions and lambs—Pacific waves
Like wind-stirred hair of laughing girls,
Whose mouths have just begun
Wise curls of warm knowledge.

December Kansas

/bill kane

There is no color in your lines
But that of swift-hewn sheaves,
Of fence posts, empty river beds,
And furry hills now curled,
Sleeping the surfeit
Of fall-time's ruin,
Upon their winter-breathing backs—
Cattle as lonesome as battle-crested hawks.

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/p. carl

Editorial Reflections

Life is Route 28, or rather Route 28 is life. In the morning we have trouble crossing Route 28 because of the steady stream of Fords and Chevies constantly hurtling down the hill toward Andover and Lawrence, or clambering up the hill en route to bigger highways. Sometimes the stream alters its flow to allow a day student to jump out and hurry toward the clanging of the Chapel bell. An occasional school bus lumbers along — the stream must stop now and then to let kids get onto the busses. But it is a fairly steady stream, honking its horns at us when we finally gather the courage to make a frantic crossing. The noise of horns and the whining of tires subsides as we barely make it through the chapel doors at the sound of the fatal five — Sanctuary!

We cross Route 28 again at about 10:30, returning to our dorm after two yawning classes and three glazed doughnuts. Now there are fewer cars on the road. These late-risers are Buicks, Pontiacs, a few Oldsmobiles, and quite a number of P.A. Grounds Crew trucks. They all saunter leisurely past us, some of them, acknowledging our presence by carefully steering around the mud puddle that lies temptingly between them and us. They don't hurry, nor do they menace us with their horns. Some of them are courteous, others apathetic, but none are as belligerent as the earlier stream that roared past us. We cross the street safely, and in the solitude of our dorm we hear the occasional whoosh of the air as another knight of the road passes.

Back to the campus at 11:45 for another class. This time we see Continentals and Cadillacs gliding past, their grilles smiling disdainfully. They don't see us, or if they do, they don't let us know it. We keep away from the puddles, for we never know just how far to trust the aristocracy. But usually, even if they do drive through the puddles, they don't cause a very big splash — they are much too stately and sophisticated. Oh, they would't mind spattering mud all over us, but they are very reluctant to get any dirt on their shiny selves. The motorized aristocracy is not strong in numbers, but their individual splendor more than makes up for their lack of a large army. Sometimes they skid while turning the corner of Chapel Avenue, but they quickly regain their composure and glide to a stop in front of the Inn.

At 3:30 we have to be careful crossing Route 28, because we now meet a mixture of many groups. There are the Fords, Chevies, Buicks, and Pontiacs bringing their children home from school, most of them in a hurry to get home and start preparing supper. There are school busses again — you never know where a school bus will stop, where it will turn, or what might come flying at you from the noise inside the bus. And now we see a number of shiny, noisy machines that weave cooly in and out of the stream, giving us the impression of a Bronx cheer on wheels. We don't like this last group very well, partly because they're public school jerks trying to show off, and partly because many of them contain two occupants, one of whom reminds us that we would sure like to be that jerk behind the wheel. All afternoon we hear noisy kids passing on the sidewalk outside our dorm.

By 5:00, the early morning group has not yet started its return journey, and most of the afternoon traffic has gone home after its brief sojourn through the campus. Now and then we see a faculty member's car tearing around the corner of Salem Street, desperately afraid of missing its' 5:10 class, but for the most part the road is empty — just a few campus trucks lumbering home, and one or two Plymouths who have gotten out of work early.

We don't return to our dorm until 8:00 and by that time the commuter rush has long since passed, and the road is once again relatively quiet. We see only occasional cars, none of which can be classified in any particular group. We see also the advance ranks of the great trucks that groan past in the night.

By the time we finally go to bed, about midnight if we're lucky, they only sound we hear is the occasional rumbling of a huge trailer truck as it struggles up the hill, panting and roaring as if every inch would be its last — but they always make it. We also hear the occasional putt-putt of the radio truck — the campus cop is on the job. Route 28 makes no great contribution to the sights and sounds of the night.

"Yes," we think, "it takes all kinds . . ." and so to bed.

P. C. J.

All Right Graffiti

By Funny People:

dan boxer — jim binns
ben hirst — hiram brown

Old Hank had been hangman in our town since . . . I don't know when. It seemed he'd always been there, . . . like the rope. He always handled his job with the dignity and humility that seemed right, and the whole town felt that Hank was . . . well . . . a fine man.

When the time came for his boy to come up, we kind of expected Hank to step down and let someone else take over, just for this one time. But Old Hank kind of shook his head, like he did, and said that . . . well . . . as long as someone had to do it, he'd just as soon stick by his job.

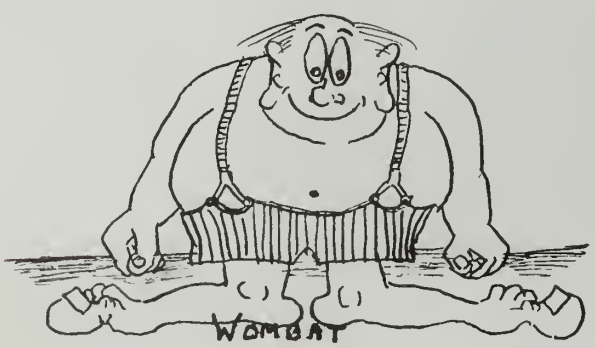
Old Hank stood there with those old sad eyes, and that same resigned expression he always had as he watched the boy fall through the trap.

We found Old Hank the next day, lying in the ditch behind his place, with his wife's picture in one hand, and a Bible in the other.

"The straightest trees fall the furthest."

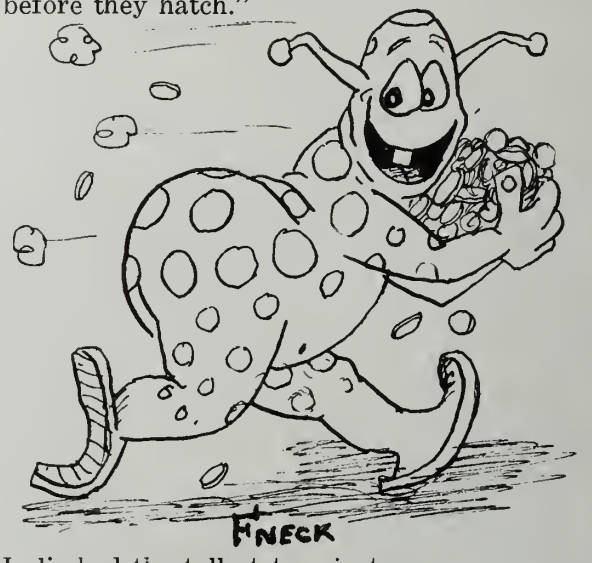
No-one paid much attention when Olaf Fursen rode into Dead Tree. Still fewer saw him leave. But in the interim, a scandal was exposed that shook the little cowtown to its bourgeois roots!

For what Olaf revealed that autumn day threw new light on the Island Controversy, awoke hatred and terror that had lain dormant since that morning in 1923 when a Chicago police schooner chanced on a small, uninhabited island in Lake Michigan.



If you were alive in 1923, you remember what they found on this tiny speck of windswept land, so innocent to the casual eye. And perhaps you recall the insane terror that swept Illinois at that time, — only to die in the excitement of 1926's American League pennant race.

A chicken, a rabbit, a wombat, and a fneck were sitting on a riverbank playing mumbletypeg for stakes when the district governor approached, and offered a wedge of cheese to whichever of them would retrieve the egg placed on the opposite shore. The chicken, rabbit, and wombat immediately crossed one river in search of the egg, which in the interim had hatched. The fneck remained where he was, picked up the coins lying around, and departing was heard to mutter "Don't cross your bridges before they hatch."



I climbed the tallest tree in town
to watch the leaves go floating down;
The autumn hues of red and brown
and orange spiraled round and round
and glided gently to the ground.
I loved the tallest tree in town.
It meant the softly rushing sound
of falling leaves of golden brown.
But then one day they cut it down
. . . . . forever.

The blood that dripped from the wall was not of man, nor was it of woman. It was not the blood of any animal; it came not from the ruptured veins of any fowl. Nor had it been wrested from the lymphs of a fish. The wall itself was bleeding!

TRUTH, BEAUTY, ETC.
Panic At Walden

/editors

I was tired, and my ascent of the staircase was slow. This was my five-ten class, the last of the day, but it met on the top floor of the English building, and the climb to it challenged me daily. I paused on the landing, halfway up, before attacking the remaining steps. They loomed above me, each subtly higher than its predecessor; but I conquered them. Pausing at the top, I breathed deeply and deliberately, forcing my lungs to ignore my conviction that that the air was thinner there, rarified by the altitude, like the air of the Peruvean Andes. I entered the classroom, and the five-ten buzzer accompanied me to my seat, near the door, on a long side of the oval table that served us all.

My teacher, Dr. Hooke, prefaced our discussion of Thoreau's *Walden,* which we had prepared for that day, with a summary of critical opinion on the author. The only opinion that has stuck in my mind is the statement by Curtis Van Zandt, professor, I believe, at Columbia, that Thoreau, Abraham Lincoln, Josh Billings, and Julia Moore are the only Americans who will make a lasting impression on world literature. I remember that because I had to look up Josh Billings after class, not being familiar with the name.

We soon approached the text. Dr. Hooke asked Bob McCluskey to begin reading aloud the chapter called "Economy." Bob was from Arkansas, and it struck me as totally incongruous that the philosophy of a New England sage should be pouring from Bob's mouth in a Southern drawl. I stifled my laughter, and after two paragraphs, Dr. Hooke had Bill Gordon take over. Bill had a bad stutter, and as he stumbled painfully through Thoreau's abundant garden of thought, I found myself laughing, not amused, but embarrassed. I was relieved when Dr. Hooke signaled, with a curt "Jim Whalen," that I should assume the readership.

I started in on that line "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," and was just beginning to roll when I finished that paragraph about how he'd never in his life had any good advice. That was about as much as Bob and Bill had read: I glanced up. Dr. Hooke had been following the text with his finger as I read. His finger was now stopped, at the end of that paragraph, and his eyes were concentrating on the page. Evidently I was to continue.

I resumed, and in an instant regained my stride. I act quite a bit in college plays here, and I'm told my declamatory voice is excellent, — deep and very moving. This was no doubt the reason I was being allowed to continue. I rolled smoothly on, through the sub-headings of Clothing, Shelter, Building the House. Once I glanced up and around, but, like Dr. Hooke, everyone in the class was tracing my progress with his finger, staring fixedly at the text. They were extraordinarily absorbed in my rendition, it appeared.

By this time, half an hour had elapsed, and it was twenty minutes of six. I was getting a little dizzy from the effort of reading so long. My throat was dry, and I had difficulty swallowing. However, the concentration I was inspiring in my classmates stirred me, and I plunged forward.

After ten more minutes, I once again looked up. Dr. Hooke and the students were no longer following me with their fingers; they were merely bent over their books, staring at the text, I presume, though I couldn't see their eyes.

My weariness had corrupted my good judgement, and strange doubts rose to my mind. Instead of resuming my declamation, I began to make up meaningless phrases:

"I have never met a man who was truly awake; I put them all to sleep with my conversation."

"Pentti Osaaken lives in Helsinki."

"She likes whiskey and I like gin; I like women and she likes men."

"Su madre es una puta. Me cago en su leche."

"Excuse me, I feel violently ill. When have you last had a bath?"

Nobody stirred. I held my breath to listen for their breathing, but all I could hear was the buzzing of the fluorescent light overhead.

I sensed that something was wrong, and when the six-o'clock bell rang, I hurriedly stood, gratefully threw open the door. Nobody moved. I turned back to the table and stared at them, bent motionless and rigid over the oval table-top.

When nobody had moved after thirty seconds, I turned off the light and started for Commons.

FEBRUARY 3, FIRST DAY OF SPRING

Awaking from winter snow and icy tempest
to the nature's world of contradiction,
the beginnings of Spring growth
and death:

Spring growth, destroyer and preserver,
paradox of life, winter of life and spring of death,
winter, saying each is necessary,
affirming both;

But as Indian Summer battles the
grasping hand of fall's desire, winter allows
not the spring an easy coming;—the machine
starts and stops before it STARTS.
So spring is not yet here, only trying;
the first yes of the new, the first no of the old.
Pines spotted with yellow-greens,
and the sky, lit up with mirror white;
yet winter's wind continued, yet the ice continued.

Living, universal, innocent
winter's sluggish life dies to the elastic
seeds of newborn grasses, affirmations
of immortality,—the love of life and death,—
in Nature.

/eric heyworth

PRO PATRIA 1862

Soldiers of the Republic,
How does the moon seem now?
They say
You were brave long ago,
Bright in your blue for the cause
So long ago.
Surely you sleep well in the hard embrace
Of hatched-faced New England ground.
They think . . .
But we will forget
Why fires circled before Antietam,
You were the men
Who polished their steel to a silver hue,
Blue-edged crystals of Yankee fire
Stolen from a Yankee sky
To stab a gold, Virginia moon,
So near you could feel her woman warmth.
How you laughted then with young teeth!
You did not hate, you loved
There in the full-breasted land . . .

/bill kane

/l. alpert

Orpheus In Hades

/terry bagg

Carefully, he tied the soiled dark-red ascot loosely around his neck, feeling a faint sense of disgust at its smoky dirtiness.

It was all rather foolish, he thought, that he should have to go, for, indeed, he never really felt socially obligated, much less now, and so he resolved with a great deal of uncertainty that he was going for nothing but amusement. He could not help but think, however, that all this amusement would be only specious, as it always was, a costume-jewelry excuse for another variety of oppression.

He felt a need to comb his hair, hanging as it was capriciously over his left eye, but did not comb it, and instead he looked intently at himself in the mirror, not quite seeing his face, but then not truly wishing to see it. He turned to the door, opened it, and walked down the stairs with an elephantine trudge, his heels slapping noisily against the wooden steps. Reaching the bottom of the short stairwell, he shuffled into the living room, and sat mechanically on the arm of a large armchair, its threads worn thin by the thousands of times he had sat there, waiting.

There was no doubt in his mind now that he was bored — intolerably bored — and although he had often felt this way before, each time he felt it, it was as if he were experiencing a new sensation each time, a new fact of that continual, oppressive *ennui*. He knew well that it was folly to imagine that the one mood, the quintessential feeling of his life was that varied. But always he was frustrated in experiencing something truly new and real, and so he could only dream of variety.

. . . When will this stop and die or must it be the only living thing my captive and I your the fourth but listen listen . . .

The raucous, screeching sound of an old automobile called from the front of the house.

. . . And yet another screamer but I listen . . .

He expected to be startled — wanted to be startled — but was not. He put on his light coat and stepped out into the Indiam summer air with its almost ubiquitous balminess. He walked slowly to the car which seemed impatient to take him in (its motor roared in beckoning anticipation, and stared vacantly at his feet. His eyes moved to the buttonhole of his coat — it held a small wilted flower. Another thing dead! he thought as he threw the flower to the pavement with an anguish that was more the child of his being repelled by its significance than grief.

Someone opened the car door for him.

"Hi, T——! How's the old philosopher doin' today?" No answer. "Huh?"

He said nothing — in fact, he didn't even smile — and moved into the car, sitting awkwardly, his legs akimbo, on the last seat nearest the window. In vain, he struggled to open the window as the car jerkily started off along the road.

"Pardon me, does this window open?" he asked the driver, whom he knew neither in the literal nor figurative sense?

"Uh . . . no. It's . . . uh. Well, dammit, thought T——, what about it?) broken or . . . uh, y'know stuck, . . . y' know." the driver added in a vague afterthought, turning his large, unshaven face cautiously toward T——.

"Yes, I know," T—— whispered in a voice that fell like a sigh.

There was a short, choked silence.

"Well?" The voice was pleasantly petulant. "I ask'd you a question." The speaker's voice halted in a verbal colon. "How are you?" It was more a statement, a demand, than a question.

"Miserable," he said in a tone that pathetically tried to be joking, not looking at her who had asked him.

"Oh? Been thinkin' too much, eh?"

. . . Ee eh eh bee bee cee cee oh shut up can't you hurry up are we . . .

"Yes." He fairly growled, for he was not a little piqued. He shut his eyes for a while, and the conversations resumed oblivious of him.

Strange. Everyone was speaking, and yet he heard not a word, six people talking and yet he heard, really heard, none of them. It was strange, he considered, because he was not tryslave but why talk you don't hear don't listen cannot understand I speak in one dimension to

strange, he considered, because he was not trying to hear them. But the voice came into his ears as meaningless masses of sound without shape, formless blurred shadows of, for what it was worth, silence.

The car drove on through the dusk-filled narrow roads, and over the darkened highways, almost painfully stretching what should have been five minutes of driving time into an infinite hour.

"Please," he whispered plaintively, almost inaudibly, "Ell, say something to me." He was whispering ostensibly, to someone else, but cried intrinsically to himself, with an introspective note that pierced his skull in its duplicity of meaning. He turned to the girl sitting next to him, and his turning slashed the double-tongued thoughts. A stale odour of cheap perfume emanated, crawling, from the girl's full but pale cheeks, and T——'s nostrils recoiled.

"I've been *talking* to you for . . . a *long* time," she giggled half-mockingly.

"No, no," he insisted wearily, "Say *some*thing."

She was silent.

Suddenly, quickly, T—— asked the driver, "Let me out."

"No." It was an explanation, not simply a refusal, and its finality was crushing.

So on they went, and kept on going, until there seemed to T—— to be nothing except the night, the car lights, the faint sounds of autumn birds, and, as always, himself.

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SINCE 1848

— FUEL —

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THE CHILD'S CRY

The child's cry awoke me in the night.
Arising from my bed,
Stumbling sleepy through the hall,
Calmed it the long, long night,
Till daylight from a window shone
Revealed the pallid skin of death.

The morning hours pass and I grow discontent.
The coolness, smoothness of the skin
Alive on my fingers still.
I leave the room, the priest's lament,
The prayers resounding in the hall,
Walk down the shadowed stairs,
Pause briefly in the vestibule,
Where the dust lays and the light is dim,
Turn the knob, and am in the street,
Squinting my eyes, loosing my tie,
In the light, in the warmth.

/joel slotnikoff

Those were the days when we used to cook hamburgers in our room. Swift and I would go down to the A & P Saturday afternoon and buy the meat. It was cheaper there than at the Co-op. The store wasn't as modern, and they'd had to cut prices some. The first time we went down, we were going to get steaks — we got the idea from Despard and Weaver, who did it a couple of times last year — but we'd found you could get twice as much ground meat for the same price. Also, if you wreck a hamburger, you've always got a couple more to go, while it's all or nothing with a steak. We didn't really think of this at the time, but after the hamburgers worked out so well, one of us happened to, and it seemed pretty logical.

Those Were The Days

/jim binns

We'd get potatoes, too — seven cents worth. Getting something that cheap always used to give us a big kick. At first the guy at the A & P got a little ticked off, but when we came back week after week he began to make a joke of it. Besides, we were buying a buck and quarter's worth of meat along with it.

We'd keep these things — the meat and the potatoes — in Windsor's refrigerator overnight. That he let us keep them there amazed me at first, but he wasn't really such a bad guy for a housemaster as long as he didn't have to do anything for you. The only thing that bothered me about the set-up was that every time I'd go into their kitchen to deposit or retrieve the stuff, Mrs. Windsor would be there. She really hated us — and I don't mean just Swift and me. She hated every guy in the school, regardless of race, color, creed, or previous condition of servitude, and she never let me by without some remark about "the recent disturbances in the dorm" and "Did this show the proper consideration for others?" Once in a while she'd try to be nice, but that would make it all the worse. She hated me, I hated her, and we both knew it. Occasionally she *was* good for a laugh, though. Like the time she asked me how hockey was coming along, when I've never been on skates in my life.

Getting into and out of the kitchen took from five to twenty minutes, depending on my rudeness. Meanwhile Swift would have started the fire. He'd wrap the potatoes in tinfoil and put them in while I got ready for vespers. Swift was an Episcopalian and went downtown.

When I got back, the fire would have burnt down pretty well, the only light coming from a dim green bulb one of the guys in the dorm had stolen from the Christmas tree and which we, in turn, had stolen from him. Across the darkness I could see Swift slouched in his easy chair, staring at the fire, feet propped up on the day-bed. Then he'd look up.

"Have a good time at church?"

"Great. Actually the guy wasn't too bad. He started off pretty well. Should've quit while he was ahead."

"That's nice."

"The potatoes done yet?"

"I just tested them. About ten more minutes, I think."

I'd take off my suit and put on something grubby. Then I'd sit down in my chair and look at the fire, too. In about five minutes we'd take the potatoes out, and after a second or two to allow the aluminum to cool, we'd carry them to the coffee table. Two places were neatly set with knife, fork, spoon — though we never used the spoon — cup, and saucer. The saucer was our plate. In the center were catsup, salt, and pepper. Pages of TIME served as placements. Swift always gave me the cover, and with it the right to spill grease on the likes of Congressman Wilbur Mills, Harness Racing King Stanley Dancer, etc.

Before we started to eat there was always a sham "Shall we be seated?" or "What are you having tonight, Mr. Swift?" Then we'd begin, and — apart from an occasional remark about what good chefs we were — we wouldn't stop until we'd finished. Then we'd break open the ground beef and mold ourselves each a hamburger.

We cooked them in one of those wire gadgets

you use on picnics. I've never tasted anything so juicy. After a full week of tasteless Commons burnt offerings, they were pure heaven. We'd alternately cook and eat them until the beef was gone. I'll never forget the taste of those hamburgers.

Much as the food contributed to taking us away from school's patterned reality, what followed did even more. As soon as we'd finished the last morsel of hamburger, we'd turn our chairs toward the fireplace and prop our feet on the bricks. Whatever wood was left we'd throw on the coals. It would soon come to life, crackling and sputtering as the crystals of moisture frozen in its fibers would turn to steam and explode. The flames would reach their peak and, for a minute or two, light up the whole room. Then the slow descent would start, the flickering glow would grow weaker and weaker, and the dim green bulb would once again become the dominant source of illumination. In the background would be the barely audible sound of Josh White or Ferrante and Teicher.

We'd sit. And watch. And talk. And then it wasn't the empty talk that so much of our talk was . . . and is.

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Atrocity Stories

/jerry heist

We were twelve then, on that camping trip. There was Denny, Jim, Rog, and there was me. We pitched our two pup-tents where we always did, in the field near the woods behind Denny's house, down in a little gully, not for the poor drainage and wet ground, but because normal terrain left us up in the middle of civilization, up where we could see the chimneys and vats of the cement factory, — and where Denny's mom could watch us from her dining-room window.

When the first excuse for darkness came, we cleared Rog's grill away from the cooking fire, and piled on crisp, sun-dried logs, which flamed high, and gave us the kind of fire we could imagine Davy Crockett warming his feet beside. There were always plently of logs. Between camping trips we would cut and pile them there in our gully, where we knew we would want them.

With flames snaking upward and sparks dropping about, we would back off, — for we only camped in summer, when it was warm anyway, — and begin our talk of the world of men: of war, and of sport, and of women. We talked mostly of war. Only Denny was a distinguished sportsman, a junior champion among local free-stylers, and only he even claimed any personal knowledge of women.

So we would talk of war, which to us was glorious, righteous Hollywood slaughter, — little more: Audie Murphy cutting down Krauts from a flaming turret; Glenn Ford burning a Jap Kamikaze pilot out of the sky. Or it was Rog's Uncle Howard, with his sniping statistics. Good guys always did it at long range.

Bad guys, we knew, caught you unawares, and tortured you in a most personal way. Unless you were a Jew at Auschwitz; then sometimes it was impersonal.

But personal torment was what fascinated us. Jim and Rog were full of the tales that circulate among soldiers: Nazi atrocities which captured Jews. Japanese sadism in Pacific jungles: elaborate psychological torments involving families captured under Hitler. This was the gospel of Rog and Jim.

Denny was a specialist in the Civil War, pro-North of course, but admirably impartial in his tales of horror. Sherman in Georgia. What the Yankees did when they weren't pillaging or burning. Andersonville. Living corpses, starved to look like skeletons, but with the faces of men. Personal attacks, brutality, by Southern guards who had personal grudges, — a brother killed, a slave freed.

I was the scholar. I filled in the historical and geographical gaps in our surveys. British brutality in India: the cat o' nine tails on land. Leopold's ivory-starved swathe through the Congo: a trail of severed hands and feet. Chinese phychological sophistications, and contemporary refinements from the Dominican Republic.

I brought in second-hand knowledge of a first-hand variety: Albert Krakorian, my Armenian classmate in Belgium, when I was seven. I had visited his family and met his old Aunt Irena, whose face was charred from the gas-rags of the Turks. I had listened to calm accounts of fathers cooked, sons tormented with hot pokers, daughters whittled to death, — the "death of a thousand knives." Always the Turks.

For Jim it was always the Japs, and for Rog it was always the Krauts. For me it became always the human, the frightened, the defensive; always the victim trying to escape his rôle by forcing it on another. For a while I thought I hated the weak, the fearing, — the human; then I decided I should love it, and did.

But back there in the gully, there was no question of the human: only the Jap, or the Kraut, or the Turk. The flames grew warmer. We took off our shirts, for we had backed to the upslope, and could go no farther. Then once again we moved close to the fire and talked of the world we imagined to be the world of men.

POEM

"No *Spring,* nor *Summer* Beauty hath such grace . . ." —JOHN DONNE

"This is metaphysics, Juan." —G. B. SHAW

The last time I walked along this path
The trees bent over and whisked away
The stringing beads of moony white
And the fertile crispness out of the air.
The sounds I heard were far-away sounds,
The sounds of squirrels scratching bark,
The subtle sounds of splashing leaves
And planets rubbing in the dark.
The glimmer of heat that broke through the night,
The flicker of movement in the underbrush,
The scratch of a bug darting close to my face,
And the thrust of the unseen turf on my feet, meant nothing to me.
The night fell away like the itch out of newly-washed hair,
The trees bent over and doubled back,
The moon receded in steely blue,
And the air turned black.
The sounds I heard I no longer heard,
The throb in my ear burst red and silent,
The universe ceased; and for a moment brief
The glimmer, the flicker, the scratch and the thrust
All fell away as I shut my eyes.
For the last time I walked this road alone
It was with thee.

/anonymous

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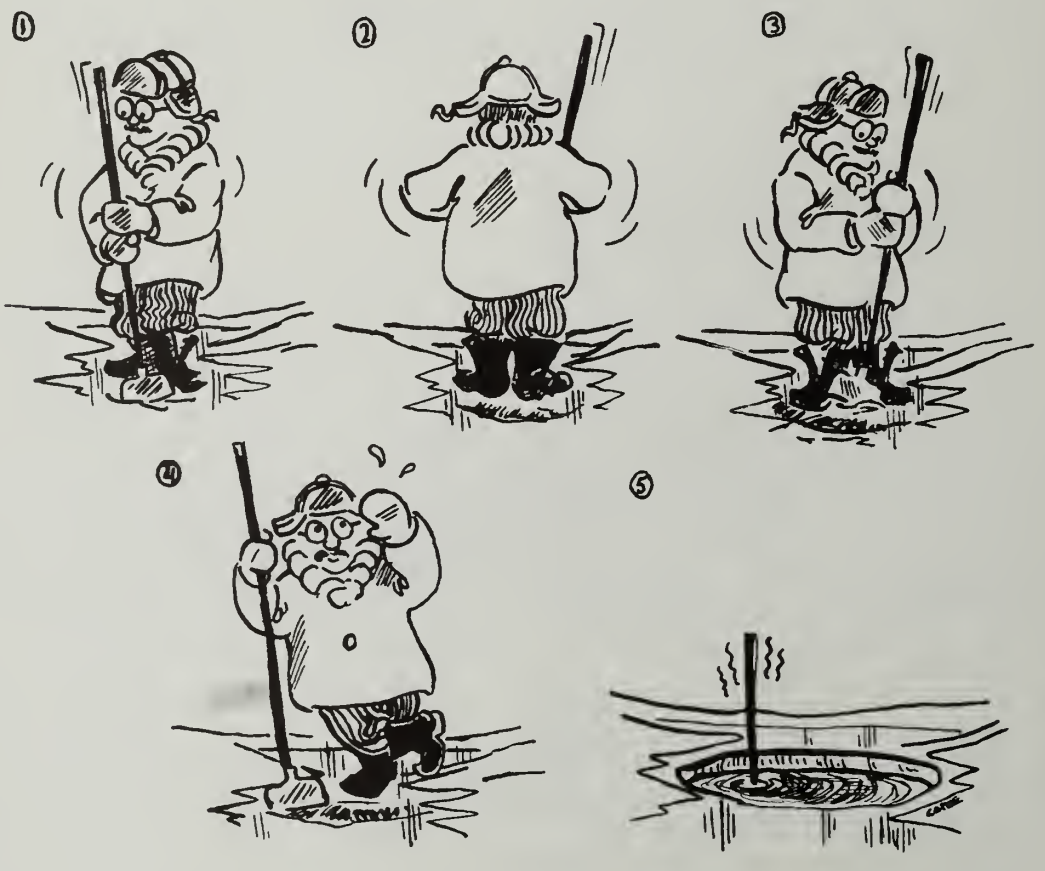

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WHERE THE ELITE EAT

Snowfall

The furry hand of winter sky
Caressed the land with quiet,
And now my footstep breaks
The sacred silence in the nave of trees.

Three Poems

/bill kane

Rainfall

The fire-crackle rain
Descends through soft-song smoke;
Beneath the silent snow
The scurrying rivulets swirl
To iron-mouthed dens.

Northwind

Impetuous stallion wind
From harder mountains come
Proud-necked to woo this
Softer land,
Woman soft,
Yet woman strong
To tame your white-toothed laughter
To bright seeding time's rain water.

MARCHÉ AUX PUCES, 1959

I

Down, through streets where sidewalks are closets,
past minor merchants of Sunday Spring morning,
down over cobblestones painful through loafers,
—though painless through wooden *sabots*,—
down from the *rond point*, Terminus 90, Street of the Golden Fleece,
down from the center of *bruxelloix* fashion,
falling from galleries of jewel and fur,
down very swiftly, cobblestone winding,
down always turning through textile mosaics,
down in confusion of vision and feet,
passing the vendors of horsemeat and snail,
tenements hovering over café,
blocking the day from intoxicate eyes,
one final corner, a street like a sling,
and at the end of my carnival slide:
I stand, in the sun of the Place du Marché.

II

Outside the gurgle of pebbly chatter, I
stand in the street that encircles this square.
Nobody notices me, at the fringe
of this crowd I'm come to join,
here, in the bottom of Brussels,
where I stand, briefly alone.
Only now alone in the square,
only now can I survey it:
Vast ocean-fountain bubbling Belgians,
piped through tubular streets,
tubes that tumble and twist and dive,
pair off at corners and merge, to arrive
under the fountain, their pressure slowly decreasing.
Only now am I far from the crowd;
I have seeped out of the flow.
But I do not want detachment now.
Watch me: here I go.

III

For I must assert here my physical fact;
I must ask prices I don't care to know,
heft clocks I don't want to buy,
hold a bazaar-keeper's eye,
which has seen youth shatter many old clocks:
It cannot deny I exist.
And I must assert my voice,
speak without fear of detection.
I am American (prices would rise
if I should speak with much trace of Germanic.)
However, I speak well:
French will assume I am Flemish,
as I ask, now curious,
"That spear, how much does it cost?
That knife? That hatchet?
Or that Congo weapon in back?
Can you tell me: is it lethal,
. . . or is it a tourist gimcrack?
No matter! I want it!"
(For I must assert, too, my wallet.)

IV

Now my assertions are made.
Market is already closing.
Goods are rolled up in the rugs that they lay on;
pushcarts appear to roll rug-rolls away on.
Islands appear in the fountain;
soon all its water is draining.
I seek the shore, avoiding the flow;
I stand alone once again, and know
that back on my wall at home this knife
will be like me in this square:
Foreign; tolerable but useless.

/jerry heist

The People's Pride
Part II

/bob cottle

The waves pushed the raft close to the hull, where it bumped and scraped its way toward the stern, twisting with the swirls of the water. All he could see was the blinding glare of the light, but he heard the swish of a line falling near his hand, and the splash of its coils in the water. There was a sharp clanking as a metal ladder rattled down the side, and the mumble of voices on the deck above him. The spotlight went off, and when the spots had gone from his vision, he could make out a figure on the ladder, black against the gray hull, reaching for the raft with a boathook. The end caught in a loop, and the figure drew the raft to his feet. "Easy now, chum," said the Englishman, stepping into the bobbing raft, "Let me get this line around your waist." The encouragement suddenly drained from his voice, and he started back, nearly upsetting the raft. "God, it's a German! Well, you can right well pull yourself up!"

"I shouldn't want your help if it were needed. Move yourself. You're in my way." Without another word, the two climbed the ladder to the deck, where a growing cluster of sailors waited. A tall man in yellowed whites stepped forward, and asked the first up the ladder, who swayed weakly by the rail, "German, eh; have a nice voyage?"

"Heil Hitler!" came the crisp reply. A murmur arose from the seamen standing about.

"I'm afraid that doesn't make too good a show around here. What's your name?"

"Von Spaatzdem, Eric Von Spaatzdem. Captain-Lieutenant Eric Von Spaatzdem. I am very much afraid that I am at your convenience for the time being. You are not the captain, I take it. I should like to see him."

"Cocky bastard, aren't you? He'll see you when he's got nothing else to do. Till then, you're doing what I tell you, because if you don't, you'll soak over the side. Seaman Wells, put this man under guard in my cabin. Carry on."

Von Spaatzdem looked into the face of the Englishman. "Pig," he thought, "Stupid pig!" He turned to the stocky sailor coming toward him, and everything suddenly melted dizzily in his sight. He looked down, and the feet crowding near him seemed to dance and spin about his own, as he fell forward on his face, the last thing he saw was the steel plating jumping up to meet his eye.

When he came to, he was lying in a bunk, with a bandage over his nose, and a throbbing headache. The boat lurched and shook, and with every movement, his head pounded. He was next to a wall painted a sickly green, with a tiny rectangular glass port stuck in the middle. All he could see through it was the sky, bright to his eyes. He turned his head to the other side, and found that he was in a small compartment, evidently used as a sick-bay from all the bottles and cabinets of shiny forceps and white towels. Standing in the corner was the man in the yellowed whites. "Ah, so you've come back to us, have you" he said. "I was beginning to fear you'd die before the old man got a look at you. I'll go tell him he can put you somewhere else now, if you don't mind. Baggs, keep your eye on this character." With that, he threw back a curtain, and left. The curtain hadn't stopped swinging when a wrinkled sailor came into the room. He was short and bowed over, old to be in the navy, let alone to hold such a low rank as seaman. His white hair hung long over his brows, and from behind this fringe his eyes sparkled.

"Took quite a tumble, you did, I should say. Right on your nose. Oh, ho, did the blood come spoutin' out! Not too tuckered to get wise with the number one, though, were you now, eh?"

"Who did you say he was?"

"I ain't never, but he's Lieutenant Pickering, the old man's number one boy, and a right good bloke he is. His first trip it is, mind you, and he's an old dog like the rest of us. Not that I've any fondness for you or any of your kind, but it'd go an heck of a lot easier on you if you'd mind your manners around him. How's your head?"

"Quite well."

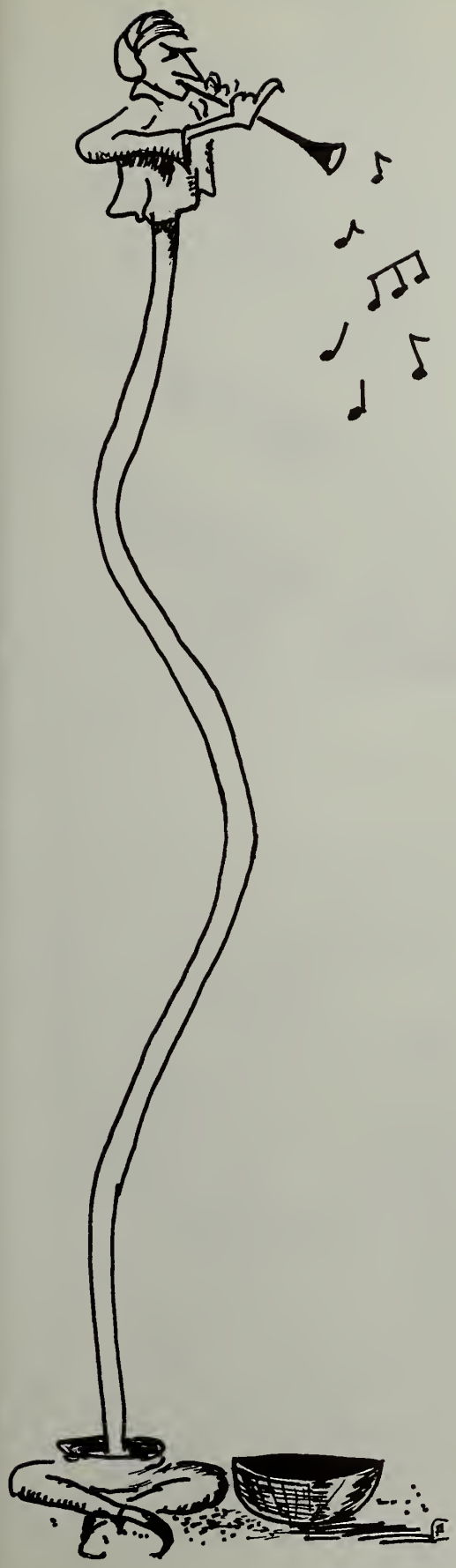
"Been out there long? You look down in the belly a mite."

"Far too long, and I am weak, I suppose. Get me some water, will you, and perhaps something to eat."

"Hey now, don't start giving orders about this ship. I'll get you something, but only to keep you kickin' and not because I want to, either." He went into the next compartment, and ran some water.

"What would your name be, old man?"

"Able Seaman Baggs, and only old enough to be your father, heaven forbid."



"Tell me, Seaman Baggs, where goes this ship?"

"Out to sea, seems like to me."

"Don't be funny, old man! What is it doing? What is it?"

"What is it, you ask! You're on the H. M. S. *Columbine,* the best damned little corvette that ever cut a wake! You don't know how lucky you are, kiddo."

"This is a bucket, old man!"

"Call me that once more, kiddo, and you have this glass down your throat. Here's your water, and I hope you choke on it." Von Spaatzdem took the glass, and, gulping it to too fast, coughed. The coughing made his weak sides ache. As he lay tossing in the bunk, a dark man in a heavy blue jacket walked up to him. They studied each other in silence, the Englishman oblivious to the other's discomfort. He was middle-aged, with wisps of gray in his hair, and a skin wrinkled by the weather that made him seem older, more like a farmer than a sailor.

"I'm Commander Cary."

"I thought as much, Captain. I've expected you."

"Frankly, Mr. Von Spaatzdem . . ."

"Captain Von Spaatzdem"

"Frankly, Mr. Von Spaatzdem, I don't really know what to do with you. You are quite a bother to me and the ship."

"Then you should never have taken me from my raft, Mr. Cary."

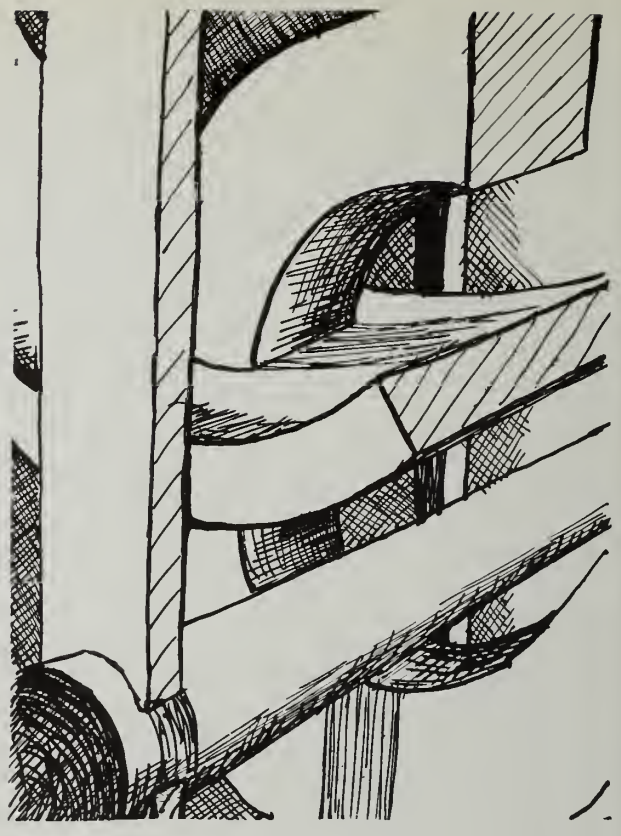
"I didn't."

"Come, Captain, let us be infantile no longer. I am an important war prize to you. We must learn to get along. This is such a very small boat that . . ."

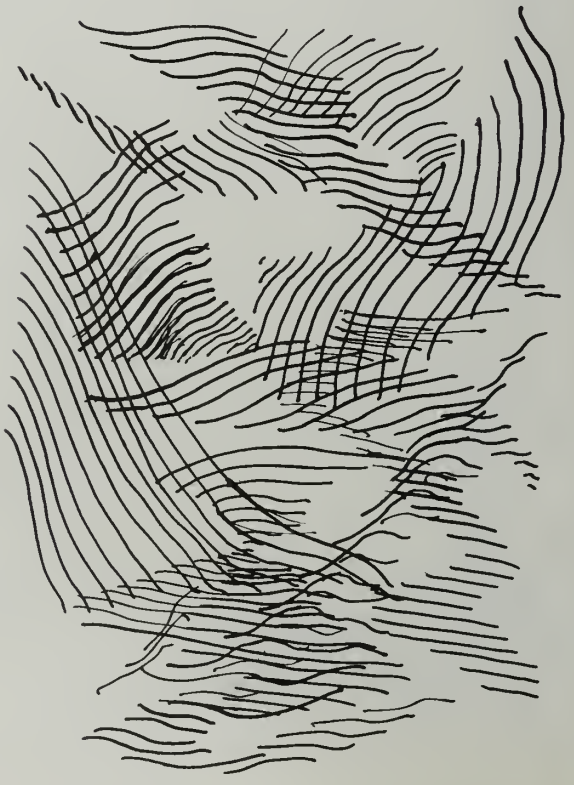
"This ship is large enough to keep us separate, if you have to be locked in a head. I want you to understand that you may be an officer and a "war prize," as you put it, but you're a prisoner first. Just remember this. I'm letting you use the Sub-Lieutenant's compartment, not because you deserve it, but because I can keep you in it. Seaman Tonbridge!" A sailor, built like a bull, stooped under the curtain-rod. "Escort the prisoner to Mr. Phillips' compartment. See that he stays there. Carry on." Cary walked to the curtain, past the old seaman who had been standing, quietly cleaning his nails with one of the surgical knives. "Come along, Baggs," the Commander said, and Baggs put the knife back in the case and followed him out.

The sentry turned to his charge. "Come along, me scrawny bucko, or you'll be carried. You wouldn't want that, would you now? Hurt your pride would it now?" Von Spaatzdem said nothing, but slid back the blanket and stepped to the floor. He was dressed as he had come from the raft, ragged and dirty, with the

bandage on his nose. "You cut a fine figure, you do indeed," said Tonbridge, but his laugh was more than cutting. The two of them went past the curtain and up several stairs to a watertight door. The sentry swung it open, and streams of sunlight dashed in on them. When Von Spaatzdem stepped out onto the deck, he got a shove in the right direction, and began walking forward. He staggered with each pitch of the ship, grasping the safety chain. The ship was small and chunky, built with little attention to performance. It seemed less than two hundred feet along the keel, and what she did in rough weather could only be guessed. Even now, with the sea fairly smooth and the swells regular, she bobbed and lunged, shuddering every time the bow buried itself in a wave. Her high bow was topped by a single gun of light bore, possibly a four-inch. Looking back from the bow there was an open bridge and stumpy mast, a single funnel, and a low aft-deck, filled with rails of depth-charges. Behind trailed a ragged, sudsy wake. It was Stand-Easy, and the men not at stations sat on the deck and along the depth-charge racks watching the two others go by. No one said a word, but a word wasn't needed. Von Spaatzdem could feel the hate on his back. When they reached the compartment, Tonbridge threw open the door and said with a cruel smile, "I'll be here if you need me, me bucko," and slapping his holster, "Be good now."



As the door was latched behind him, Von Spaatzdem half-limped to the cot, and sat on the edge, looking at his cell. It was hardly more than a closet. He rose slowly, and stretched his arms across the middle. His fingers grazed the walls on each side. There was a port at one end, clamped tight and sealed with caulking. Spray slopped up across the glass, and the clouds outside looked ripply through the clinging water. A metal locker stood bolted in the corner, with a mirror swinging on a hook beside it. He looked at himself as though he were another man he had never met, for there was little he could recognize in his face. He had seen only one other man with such a face. When he was a child, there was a tramp who slept in his uncle's chicken coop. He had skin like old wood and looked like a corpse that, the longer it was dead, the more its beard grew, and his beard was very long. He used to stuff it, all matted, into the neck of his ragged jacket when it grew cold. He always carried the acrid smell of the drop-boards with him, a cloud of ammonia everywhere he went. If the village children weren't good, they could expect the Stinkman to come and carry them away.



Thinking of this, Von Spaatzdem collapsed onto the mattress with a sigh, and turned on his back to sleep.

In the early morning, when he peered heavy-lidded from the port, he started with surprise. The ship had joined a convoy, and boats were standing idly off from each other, making only enough speed to keep their bows into the wind, as though waiting for some bellowing command to echo over the ocean. He had stood with his face against the glass for several minutes, when the door opened, and in trudged Baggs, parcel in hand. "Here's some whites for you, kiddo. Number one says to get you what you want. Need some blades? You can scrub down in this." He slid back a panel near the locker, disclosing a metal basin and spigot. "Been eyeing the convoy,eh?"

"I have been observing it," said Von Spaatzdem, soaking the salt from his hair. "This ship is to be an escort?"

"Won't hurt none if I tell you. A lot you can do. This here convoy's come across from Halifax, and . . ."

"Nova Scotia?"

"Smart, ain't you now? Like I was saying when you interrupted, we've come out to meet it halfway, and see that it gets to Liverpool. Look there!" He pointed out the port, to another corvette, plowing through the swells about a mile off, weaving between the other ships. "That's the *Snapdragon,* the other escort."

"Only two?" He hacked painfully at his beard with a razor. "Ach!"

"That's all we need against you blighters. If you were decent sailors we'd use more." Von Spaatzdem fingered the razor angrily, but said nothing. Finished with his shaving, he folded it in his hand, and placed it behind the spigot before closing the panel. He looked into the mirror.

"Better, don't you believe?"

"Ain't really. Been shaving long, kiddo? I thought you characters liked hairy lips." Von Spaatzdem shot him a burning glance. "I'll be going. It's a shame. I was getting used to the smell."

"Wait old man! Take this with you." He removed a picture of the Tower of London from its peg on the wall, and handed it to Baggs.

"Sorry we don't have any German pictures."

"That's quite all right, so long as I do not have to look at this." The old seaman left with a clank of the door. Von Spaatzdem reached out and turned the latch carefully.

"Hands off, me bucko!" boomed a voice from the other side.

"Mr. Tonbridge, how pleasant a surprise!"

"Shove off, or you'll get more of a surprise," growled the guard.

That night, when he had finished his meal, he sat on the edge of his cot and pulled off the shoes that had been given him. They seemed made for a man half his size, and pinched the water-sores between his toes. He turned the inside of one to the light and read from the label, *G. W. Lockhart and Sons, by Appointment of His Majesty the King, Shoe Manufacturers.* "Ach, such poor workmanship. Made more for a woman than . . . " There was a hard pounding on the door, the click of the latch, and the sentry stood in the entrance to the compartment.

"Come along! You're to get some air tonight. I want no trouble from you."

"I can assure you that . . ."

"Move!" snarled Tonbridge, grabbing his collar and dragging him to the door. Von Spaatzdem twisted from his grip, and stepped out onto the deck.

"Use what reasoning powers you might possess, man! I'm sure your captain doesn't want me treated in any such a way."

"You'll be treated as I see fit!"

"You'll be reported if I see fit, and I do."

"I'd kill you first."

"Hardly."

"Now won't you be surprised. Stand there by the rail, where I can keep my eye on you." He leaned against the compartment bulkhead, hand on his holster.

The sky was clear, and the air seemed chill, perhaps because of the movement of the corvette. The ship pitched and yawned in the swells, bashing its nose into every new wave. Von Spaatzdem held the rail for support. Out across the water, he could hear the sounds of throbbing engines and swishing wakes, though he could see nothing of the ships themselves, save an occasional pinpoint of light. Most likely there were strips of canvas over all ports and doors on the larger ships. The *Columbine* was maneuvering. She zig-zagged her way back and forth across the convoy, a poor target for any U-boat that might find them. "It's strange," he thought, "When a hawk flies over a farmyard it does not kill the chickens that crouch in the dust, but the foolish ducks who run about

looking for a broken crate to hide in." As the *Columbine* was mid-way across the convoy, there came from a lone ship far to the starboard the long, high screams of an alarm siren. Almost instantly, more sirens wailed from that area, a definite contact. The buzzer on the *Columbine* rattled across the water, and sleepy men scurried from the forecastle. It was almost a frenzied panic that ran across the ship, seamen leaping to their positions they had learned long before, but with faces never seen in practice. He stood where he was, out of the way. Now long tracers were licking up into the black sky, spotlights pricking the cloud layers. It was a plane that had caused the alarms, a plane screeching its way over them. No one could see it, but all heard it, and the tracer patterns formed a line across the convoy. It was out of range of the *Columbine's* one-pounder, but would not be long. The fresh yellow splotches of star shell came closer, until there was a whistle over the speakers, and an explosion aft as the gun opened fire at the head of the glowing column, sending a reeking cordite cloud swirling around the decks. The sound that leaped out into the sky was overwhelming, a stupendous din that made him cup his hands over his ears. The scream and whine of the plane, the roar and thunder of the guns, the bells and sirens, clanging and shrieking, all together and inseparable from each other, shook the very ocean. Von Spaatzdem looked up, and for the smallest fraction of a second, saw the plane, white and death-like in the explosion of a shell, and then the explosion was dark smoke, and the plane had screeched its way to another part of the convoy. The plane dropped a bomb, but no one knew till it was too late. Some ship, out of sight, out of reach, drew the wrong lot, and her men paid. There was a quick succession of splashes as the bomb skipped across the water like a flat stone, then the horrible crunch of torn steel. The plane sped off, and the firing ceased. The sirens stopped, and the convoy looked itself over for wounds. The boats that had heard the bomb strike metal held their breathes, while the others were completely ignorant of the crisis. Then it was decided. The boat which had before been invisible to those nearest to it was now a blinding flash to the farthest end of the convoy. With an unearthly roar, a great orange flame leapt high over the ships, throwing off a foamy circle that surged between the hulls, shaking the gun crews in their perches. A million tiny slivers fluttered back to the surface, throwing up a field of splashes. Walking into his compartment once more, Von Spaatzdem said casually to the open-mouthed sentry, "It seems it was not a faulty bomb after all."

He closed the door and sat on the cot. "That was a German float plane, and it could only have come from a heavy cruiser, for there are no battleships in this area of the Atlantic. Perhaps we shall see it. The position of the convoy is known. It would not be hard to stand just out of range. We shall see."

The next twenty-four hours were one continuing storm. The convoy bobbed and spread over the ocean like a flock of sleeping ducks. The *Columbine* fell behind the larger ships, for if her speed were set to keep up with them, there was the danger of pounding her bows away. Two men were out on the forecastle, lashing down the gun, when a tremendous sea buried the ship till only the bridge and funnel were above the rushing foam. The bow labored down into the water, and it seemed it would never come up, when suddenly the ship rushed shuddering into the air, heeling over till its port rail was under, then twisting upright again. The men were never found, and perhaps because of this, the bridge was kept deserted. Von Spaatzdem stayed in his compartment the entire time, and recited poetry to himself. When his old teacher had told him in school that no man should be without a mind full of poems, he had laughed and made dirty little jokes about the old man and his poetry. It wasn't only that the grizzled teacher idolized poets, but he also had a wooden leg. All the children would hobble around on the playfield like he did. The old man would watch and never do anything, though one girl said she saw tears in his eyes. Stupid old man, limping on part of a tree instead of flesh and bone. Some of the older boys stole it from his house one night, and burned it on the walk, and there wasn't any school the next day.

There was a knock at the door, and Baggs stepped in, his oilcloths streaming water. "Number one wants to see if you need anything, kiddo. Everything ship-shape?"

"As well as can be expected."

"Righto then, You hear about the radar contact?"

"I have not been out for my walk tonight."

"If you want to be sour-ale with me, I don't have to tell you. I just thought it might interest you to know there's a German cruiser floating around out there."

"You have seen it?"

"On the radar scope. Biggest blighter you ever layed an eyeball on. The only trouble was . . ."

"You are quite certain?"

"Like I was saying before you butted in, the only trouble was the rain fuzzed up the reception. But it was out there, you mark me."

"You are sure it is German?"

"Unless it's a boat what we got and don't know anything about."

"Fascinating."

"Well, for God's sake, you don't have to be such an almighty bastard! I'd better go tell someone what cares about himself, not the likes of you." He slammed the door behind him.

In the morning, the sea glassed-over, and the ships regrouped into columns of three. Von Spaatzdem was out on the deck by his compartment door, the sentry by his side. For three miles across the face of the ocean, all he could see was ship after ship, low in the water, struggling under their cargoes, black smoke plumes waving behind like great banners, but he was not interested. His eyes scanned the horizon for a blur of smoke, a speck of gleaming white. The sailor saw him looking out across the empty swells, and said, "Looking for somebody?"

"Would you not rather be surprised?"

"Look, me bucko, just don't try anything."

"You need not worry about me. I'd keep my eye on *him* instead," said Von Spaatzdem, pointing to a distant dot in the sky.

"Bless, a plane!" Tonbridge leaped up the stairs to the bridge, bellowing, "A plane! A plane! Battle ready!" The buzzer sounded, and the men scrambled to the guns, longing for the second chance they would never get. The plane turned, and fled from sight. All over the convoy, the alarm was sounding, and the ships began their desperate maneuvers against an enemy they couldn't see. The *Columbine* swung out on a twisting arc away from the main body of ships, plunging and bucking at full speed. Von Spaatzdem stood by the rail, watching what he knew they would soon see. Suddenly from the mast, a lookout cried, his voice cracking in excitement.

"Visual contact three points off the port beam! Closing!" All heads turned, and there, coming straight at them, though still more than seven miles off, was a great white cruiser, gleaming in the bright sun. A moment more, and there was an orange flash and black cloud swirling from its bows. The shells passed, whistling overhead before the thundering report crashed into the *Columbine*. They landed in the middle of the convoy, kicking up triple towers of spray higher than the highest masthead. Again the guns flashed and thundered, and again the shells ripped the water. The third time the shells roared by, the only splash they made was in the hold of a tanker. The great ship was in an instant engulfed in flames, and the burning oil spread quickly across the water. The other ships raced desperately back and forth, weaving their courses around the burning pyre. Von Spaatzdem saw, and his hand trembled.

And then, for a brief moment, everyone on the *Columbine* heard an ear-shattering scream, and in the split second that followed, the ship was grabbed in the bowels and ripped around till it was facing the way it had come. The bow shot up, and every man not killed when the shell struck was thrown to the stern. The bodies bumped and bounced down the slanting deck till it grew slick with blood, and they oozed their silent way across the steel plates. The bridge was a melted crater, lined with pieces of what had once been men standing there wondering. A heavy blue coat clung plastered to the riddled back wall, and a hand still gripped the railing.

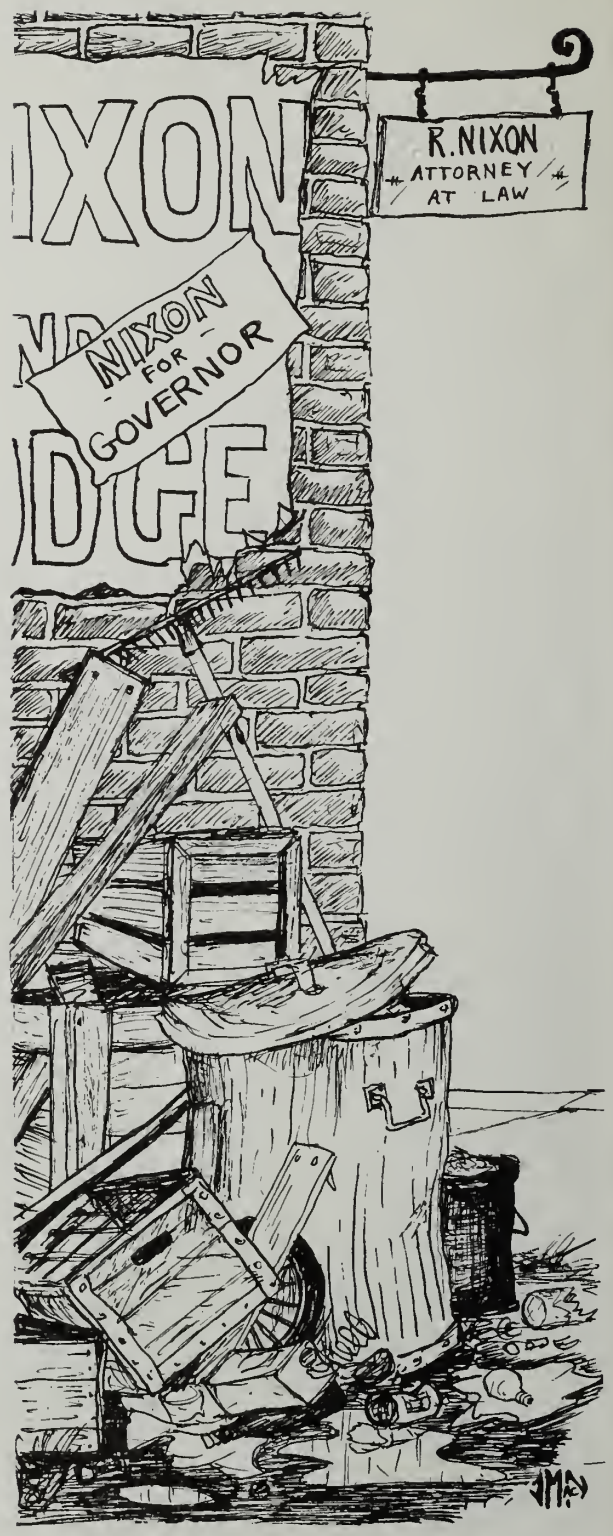
Von Spaatzdem had been tossed back by the shock against a bulkhead. Rising from where he lay, he climbed the deck to where the Carleys were tied down. Unable to loosen one of the rafts by himself, he started back down toward the stern. Halfway there, just outside his compartment, he came face to face with Tonbridge, his guard. "I'll kill you!" grunted the big man, and drew his pistol. Von Spaatzdem leaped into the open cabin, slid back the panel over the basin, and drew out the razor he had placed there. Opening it, he climbed up onto the cot, hidden by the wall. Tonbridge fell with a gurgling shriek to the floor, great spurts of blood gushing from his throat, and Von Spaatzdem stepped out onto the deck again.

He was the only one left on board. Every other survivor had gone over the side, but the *Columbine* was going down slow enough for him to remain longer. The German cruiser was bearing down quickly on the ship, and would send a launch after him and those men in the water. She was making about fifteen knots, firing occasional shells at the convoy, which by this time had dispersed and lay scattered over

several miles. He could see the white plumes spouting like the breaths of monstrous whales where the gunner missed, columns of black smoke where he didn't.

Clambering up onto one of the rails of depth-charges he carefully unbutttoned his bloody shirt, and taking it off, began to wave it at the oncoming ship. It was now but five hundred yards from him, and would pass close to the stern. A sailor on the bridge acknowledged his signal with a wave of striped flags. As the *Columbine* had done days before, the cruiser dead-stopped her engines, and swung about broadside to him. An officer was shouting commands over the speaker system, but he couldn't hear what was said. Overhead, the float plane was circling, ready to make a landing approach. A whaleboat was lowered over the side, and a rescue crew, with first-aid cases and splints, climbed down the ladder into it. Engine starting with a cough, the whaleboat turned toward the *Columbine*.

"They will come for me first. Ah, it will be so amusing to see the Englishmen prisoners, where only a while before, I was theirs. Think, Eric, think of the honors you will receive when you return to Germany, the hero of the war." The Germans were almost to the stern now, and he climbed down from the depth-charges and picked his way among the bodies to the rail. The ship gave a lurch that threw him against the safety chains, and started to settle further into the water. The whaleboat came around the stern, and a tall sailor at the helm shouted to him, beckoning with his arm. He couldn't tell what he said, for the *Columbine* was grinding and spewing oil from her open seams with a hiss, but it clearly meant to hurry. He swung his legs over the rail, and twisting, lowered himself till his feet were firm on the gunwale of the whaleboat. Stepping inboard, he turned to the men helping him, but before he could speak, there was a rending sound aboard the ship, as the clamps holding the depth-charges in place gave away under the strain of the angle of the pitch. With a terrifying rumble the armed cannisters rolled and wobbled down their rails, plowing into the water with a series of thick splashes. Hands grasping the gunwale, Captain Lieutenant Eric Von Spaatzdem gazed terrified at the bubbles rising around the whaleboat.



ON READING *WALDEN*

I came to Walden Pond,
a man searching:
a leaf,
        a stone,
                the ice-girdled pond;
escaping the homogenized life
of bureau and bed,
expatriate of
gilded houses,
        golden chariots,
                heavy coffins,
to hoe newly planted seeds,
to level ancient timber,
revered and moldy pillars
too rotten to support their own flowerless branches.
I came to Walden Pond
for
        a nightingale,
                a garden,
                        a vision.

/steve mathes

Remembrance Of Things Past

/greg gorelik

In my room at home there is a very heavy bronze statue placed there at some time during my early childhood, I cannot remember when. It must be very old, for the bronze has turned a milk-green. Nobody polished my little man of bronze. He just stands there growing slowly more and more irritating, yet, more and more benign. His mouth is set in a soft smile that is almost a sneer, but it is his eyes that give him away. They look sideways and in the center of each pupil there is a big dent. (Never trust people with dents in their pupils, especially if they are three feet tall and made of bronze. In fact, never trust anyone.) Don't misunderstand me, I like Mark (that's what *I* named him). He gives me courage. Nevertheless I must admit that he makes me uncomfortable. I think that that feeling is due mostly to his feet and what they stand on. His feet are abnormally large and have an odd baby-like pudginess: an incongruous touch by a fiendish sculptor designed to drive me insane. The patch of bronze he stands on, however, is the most disturbing thing about him. When I first looked at it, it appeared to be simply a rug woven out of rope, but that immediately struck me as ridiculous so I looked down, and to my dismay discovered a chaotic jumble of symbolism, an eritable tissue of abstractions!! In his clenched left hand (held discreetly under a fold of his robe) are my hopes and fears, but unfortunately to release the former he must also release the latter. (In case you were wondering that's why he is smiling.) (So you see Mark is smarter than he looks.) It would be nice if he could separate the two but his right hand is occupied. His right hand is old and gnarled with lots of green freckles, and he's scratching the back of his nearly bald pate with it. But I don't think it itches.

MORNING OF NEW SNOW

This is what we call dry snow, dry gravel,
puff dry balls piled high and textured deep,
spread cotton soft over all the straining branches,
the matted needles of several branches and trees
interlocked; with the cleanest possible white silk
sheet, that weights them down, and the straining
matted locks of the trees are bent down almost
weeping, that they dust my head with a movement
of hushed maiden softness, as I brush under them.
They support the clotted snow that covers them over
and lays heavy on them, the dull mass
that feels the same love that I feel
when I run my hoary hands
along your sinewy branches
smooth and browning.

How I clung to your velvet garments,
To rest in the quiet sandy sound
Of crisp grains of snow falling
And chalky sweet lips of cold!

How it must look now over the city
From where we stood, by the trolley tracks on the mountain.
And does the snow feel yet so crisp
As we found it then, through mittened hands of silence?

How we stood there, mute and weary,
In a lap of white warm moist breath;
Polite outstretched hands offering fire,
And intimations of death.

As gaudy scarves became entangled and warmer,
We breathed deep of the sharp cold night wind.
Wandering in the enormous room of white, we tried every corner;
With great abandon we flung ourselves into the drift.

And is it now so transitory,
Even as we found it then?
And shall I now regard the no-tears
We shed, through dry eyes?

/anonymous

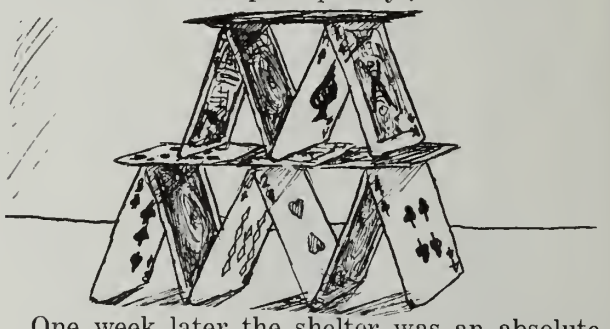
Awakening

/mordecai miller

The alert signal sounded peremptorily. On Brack Street, in the suburbs, John Brad was just getting dressed. The milkman had delievered the eggs, milk, and cream as usual. John, in his bathrobe and slippers, had met the milkman at the front door at 7:30 that Monday morning. They had exchanged a few jokes, and afterward John had put the coffee on to boil and went to take his shower.

He lived alone in a large house in a middle-class suburb. On the bookcases in the living-room (with the large, spotlessly clean fireplace) the many books were systematically and orderly arranged. Not a one was out of its appointed place, nowhere in the house was anything out of place. His bed was punctually made every morning at 7:50, after he had met the milkman, taken his shower, and dressed. Then he had his breakfast of juice, toast, one scrambled egg, and a cup of coffee. At 8:00 he washed the dishes, and at 8:20, after driving the ten blocks to the subway, he was reading the morning edition while on his way to work, the taste of eggs and coffee still fresh in his mouth. As the Church bell rang for the ninth time, he was just sitting down to his desk and saying, "Good morning" to his secretary. At the lunch hour an equivalent ritual was performed, and at 5:00 P.M. the morning's schedule was repeated in reverse, with an extra twenty minutes for supper and an hour and a half for T.V., or the movies, or a book, perhaps.

At 7:33 this Monday morning Mr. John Brad was still in his bathrobe, preparing for his shower — in fact he had already turned the hot water on. In the kitchen the kettle with water for his instant coffee was just beginning to steam. But the Alert Signal sounded first. John carefully turned off the shower, and then went into the kitchen, where he turned off the stove and set the kettle on the special heat-proof counter. He then walked, quite composedly, down to his cellar and into the fallout shelter. He carefully locked the heavy door behind him and began arranging everything for his week's stay — that was the length proscribed by the Government pamphlet he'd bought. First he started the generator, which purred comfortingly after an initial cough or two. He turned on the radio but it didn't work. That didn't matter, he was entirely self-sufficient down there anyway. He went to his shelf of canned food and began preparing breakfast. He soon noticed that the room was getting stuffy, and he turned on the Fresh-Air Conditioner and the Air Filter. He settled back in a chair with a book he'd always wanted to read, but hadn't ever had time to. He was beginning to enjoy it down there, the excitement and all, and the time would pass quickly . . .



One week later the shelter was an absolute shambles. The floor was littered with partially empty food tins, odd pieces of clothing, little mound's of books that had been torn apart and hurled against the walls, pieces of broken water jars. The air was stale and tasted of motor odors and bathroom smells. Mr. John Brad himself was unkempt — unshaven, filthy, still wearing the torn bathrobe. He had a wild look in his eyes and often clenched his fists and his teeth as he stamped around. There were two little shrines on the wall — two pictures crudely framed in food tins, one a winter woods' scene, and the other a picture of his block — two stereotyped pictures of the poorest, most conventional taste, utterly shamed by the actual appearance of their subjects. John Brad worshipped them every time his eye caught these last two remnants of reality, going down in his hands and knees before them repeating "What have I done? Oh God, what have I done?"

Finally the blessed hour came, and at 7:29 AM of the morning of Monday the 17th, John Brookes Brad, V, of Brack Street, practically tore down the cement door separating him from the world. Weeping unashamedly he stumbled up the stairs, not knowing what to expect. On the morning of the second or third day he had thought he heard someone begging to be let in, but he wasn't sure. Now, as John reached the top of the stairs, he heard the front doorbell ring. He tore the door open; and there

stood the milkman, very much taken aback. Behind him John saw the street and the other houses. Women in houserobes were making breakfast for school children, cars were parked besides houses, the green grass was growing, the sun was shining. John almost embraced the milkman in his ecstatic joy that the world was still there, just as he'd left it. He went back to the kitchen with the milk and eggs; and, finding the kettle on the counter, set it on the store and turned the stove on. He went back to the bathroom singing, and after a leisurely shower and a leisurely breakfast, he took the utmost care to miss the train. Instead, he locked the house, got in his car and started driving — through cities and towns, parks and slums poor sections and rich, people and places, humming a tune and waving to passerbys.

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THREE FUNNY POEMS

ODE TO THE BREAKFAST I MISSED

The first cold clap of chapel bell dawn-tolling
Routs my stuporous snooze, rends my destined rest,
That I should from the cozy bed come rolling!

O God! two hours ago I laid
down my books, took sanctuary,
blurred and broken, in this
blanket-sheltered haven, now

Must I ply dawn's chilly light Commons-bound:
First feel the hot spray needling 'cross my pale
And tired face, urging me awake to no avail—
A frigid dressing, dripping, scrub of teeth

Malodorous breath uneasing, wheezing
From cracked and phlegm-flecked lips:

Is this life? My eyes will not open, my eyes
Close for slumber, can't! musn't! The ringing
Of that bell doubles as Leete glares at latecomers;
Departure in haste, my loafer-shod feet flap against
The diagonal macadam, converging at that squat brick
Building! A curious odor lingers in the lobby——apple crap . . .

The fruit of my labors. Ah! fitting it is,
That dish. Would I had but an age to find
Some downtrodden dietician, filling a list
To all eternity of malignant meals—this one
Would I strike, this among all others—
O Christ, prospect of trots, endless classes
Of uncomfortability.

O I could have a lovely breakfast, I could
Fatten my shaking frame, gaunt, reft of sleep;
Rise from nature's glad somnolence, I would,
I know I should, but to this bed I'll keep.

/web phillips

I Sing To Thee My Love, Through Songs of Old

I sing to thee, my love, through songs of old,
In fabled words which smiths of song have cast;
My thoughts are brought to mind from vaults of gold,
In every "old but goodie" "blast from past."
"Tonight Tonight" I whisper in your ear -
"Could This Be Magic" holding you so tight?
"I Want You, Need You, Love You," "Darling Dear";
You're my "Earth Angel" "In the Still of Night."
The tones of Presley, Nutmegs, Everlies
Convey my never ceasing hopes and prayers.
The love I can't express is sung with ease
By Crystals, Mello Kings, and Teddybears.
As strains of gold float to the stars above,
I pray you'll answer, "Yes, it's you I love."

/bob marshall

Reading through Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, we came across this little-known work, which immediately struck us. Its amazing pertinence to Andover has prompted its inclusion here. We have added notes to augment the Phillips Academy interpretation.

An Arrow Straight

An arrow straight i' th' North of Paul Revere
Flew South to learn a theorem of math;
Whilst rapt in audience of Southern peer
The belling Howe his function finished hath.
Too late his plight he saw and as he cross'd
The line, the master yelled with glee, "To Post!"
But on the housed pedagogue was lost
A crossing of the rules more dire than most:
For three flights up were four young men engag'd
In surreptitious slight of two of five;
They poker'd as they drank a wine well ag'd
But not a demo on their sheets did 'rive.
Though punishments are aimed to curb the bad,
As often it's the worthy who are had.

1. arrow straight: straightarrow
North of Paul Revere: the North side of the dormitory Paul Revere Hall, which has North and South units.
4. The . . . hath: (Dick) Howe (the PA bellringer) finished ringing the eight o'clock curfew
hath: had
6. To Post: refers to Posting, which punishment is normally assigned to boys in one side of Paul Revere found on the wrong side after eight at night.
7. housed pedagogue: housemaster
8. crossing: thwarting, i.e., breaking
10. two of five could refer to two of the five "major rules" (no drinking, no gambling) which are being slighted.
12. demo: demerits
sheets: records of cut and demerits in G.W.
'rive: arrive.
14. are had: suffer.

No one ever goes to Jackson State Hospital, that is, no one who is normal. Yet the people there are fascinating, for as it is said, genius is but one step beyond insanity. People talk a great deal there, and though I cannot tell just what it is they talk about, I believe that it has meaning for those who can understand.

John Lippi, an intern awoke the morning of September third to the singing of birds. He dressed, and walked to the patients' recreation room. Since it was his turn to supervise the room, he settled back in a soft easy-chair, watched, and listened.

A little boy about ten years old crept stealthily into the room, his sight forefinger raised to his lips. "Shhh. Don't let them hear you. They're going to take your yoyo and your puppy. Then if they do that, they won't let you laugh, or cry."

As the little boy crept toward the window overlooking the hospital's three acres of field, he answered himself. "I know. Don't worry: I hear you. Just shut up. I'm sick of always hearing you say, 'Shhh.' I don't call. I don't want to laugh anyway because I don't like to cry, so leave me alone. My yoyo's broken anyway, and they runned over the puppy too, so shut up, shut up, shut up!" The little boy was next to the window. He sat down and stared at the long, yellow grass, and the sunflowers, and the dandelions.

The Lunatics

/john kidder

An old man walked in, followed by a pretty young lady. The old man pushed his long, gray hair out of his eyes, and sat down at the piano. He played and sang, "Re, mi, fa, so, la, ti. Ti, la, so, fa, mi, re." The notes were vibrant, living, yet he always played the same thing. The young lady danced up to the piano.

"Why do you always play that?" she asked. "How about some ballet music?"

The old man frowned. "I play this because it doesn't start, and it doesn't end." The old man's expression was one of contempt, perhaps disgust. He got up, and walked to the window. "Stupid people are all alike. They don't understand," he muttered. The old man sat down near the window beside the little boy. Neither said a word to the other. The pretty lady did not seem to notice that the old man had left. "I am the greatest dancer in the world," she said, doing a pirouette.

"You stink!" yelled the old man without turning his head. The young lady suddenly fell. She began to cry.

"You're no goood either; you just think you are."

"That's why I am good. You're no good; you just say you are, you stink. Idiot!"

Later a man about twenty ambled into the room, a smile on his face, a white band around his neck. He walked up to the young lady, who was still lying on the floor, weeping. He looked down at her. "I'd like to help you," he said sadly. "But I can't. Don't you see? I'd like to cry for you, but that would make me too happy. I don't think you understand. I'd like to help you, but I can't, I can't, I can't." As the young man walked away, he muttered sadly, "I'm too unselfish to cry for her." He went to the window and sat down.

An intelligent-looking but disheveled man walked up to the young lady. "What precisely are you doing, madam?"

"I'm a great dancer, shut up!" she shouted.

"You stink," said the old man, his voice touched with contempt.

The intelligent man shrugged his shoulders. "To each his own, to own his each." "The stock market doesn't crash very often, but when it does, it certainly does a good job — no half way about it. I respect it for that. In that way it's better than most people," he added, addressing no one in particular. The man sat down on the floor, and studied the wood.

The young man, the little boy, and the old man stared out the window at the fields faintly lit by the dying sun. The young man with the band around his neck lit a cigarette. "Funny," he said, "if I don't smoke it quickly, it burns up too fast, and all of a sudden it's finished. But if I smoke it slowly, it will burn by itself, and I'll lose too much smoke. It's sad, but it makes me very happy."

"Look," cried the littleboy, "the dandelions are blowing away." Again he answered himself, "What do you want me to do about it? I

can't stop them, and I can't pick them up. They're dead, so shut up."

The old man spoke softly. "They aren't dead, and they aren't alive. They don't come, and they don't go. Nothing comes from nowhere, and that's where they are now." He smiled. Perhaps it was a happy smile, perhaps a sad one, or perhaps, it was both.

It was supper time. As the young intern stood up, he muttered, "Those people just aren't real. The way they say such stupid things scares me."

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QUODLIBETS FOR THE LONGING

PART I

On, on you speed, faster than this eye can grasp,
This ear can catch, the mind can see:
You are the Swift One — you, the Fleeting One,
The sneerer at Times, the eternal lightning.
You are notes, you are colours, and you are nothing.
You are the infinite melody, the one-note melody,
And, though illusory and silver-quick, a shadow, you are everything.
How then shall I hail you?
How shall I hope to praise you?
I, who am the confused, discordant
Immobile counterpoint of things, dissident without purpose:
The dissonance without assonance,
And the father of nothing.
Who am I that I may ask
Who are you that I cannot find you?
Do not run your never-ending-circles
Around my clogged hopeless chaos.
Stop now . . . let me listen.
Halt . . . and let me wrap my awkward hands
About your litheness. Let me at last
Hold you, and then, I beg you, consume me.

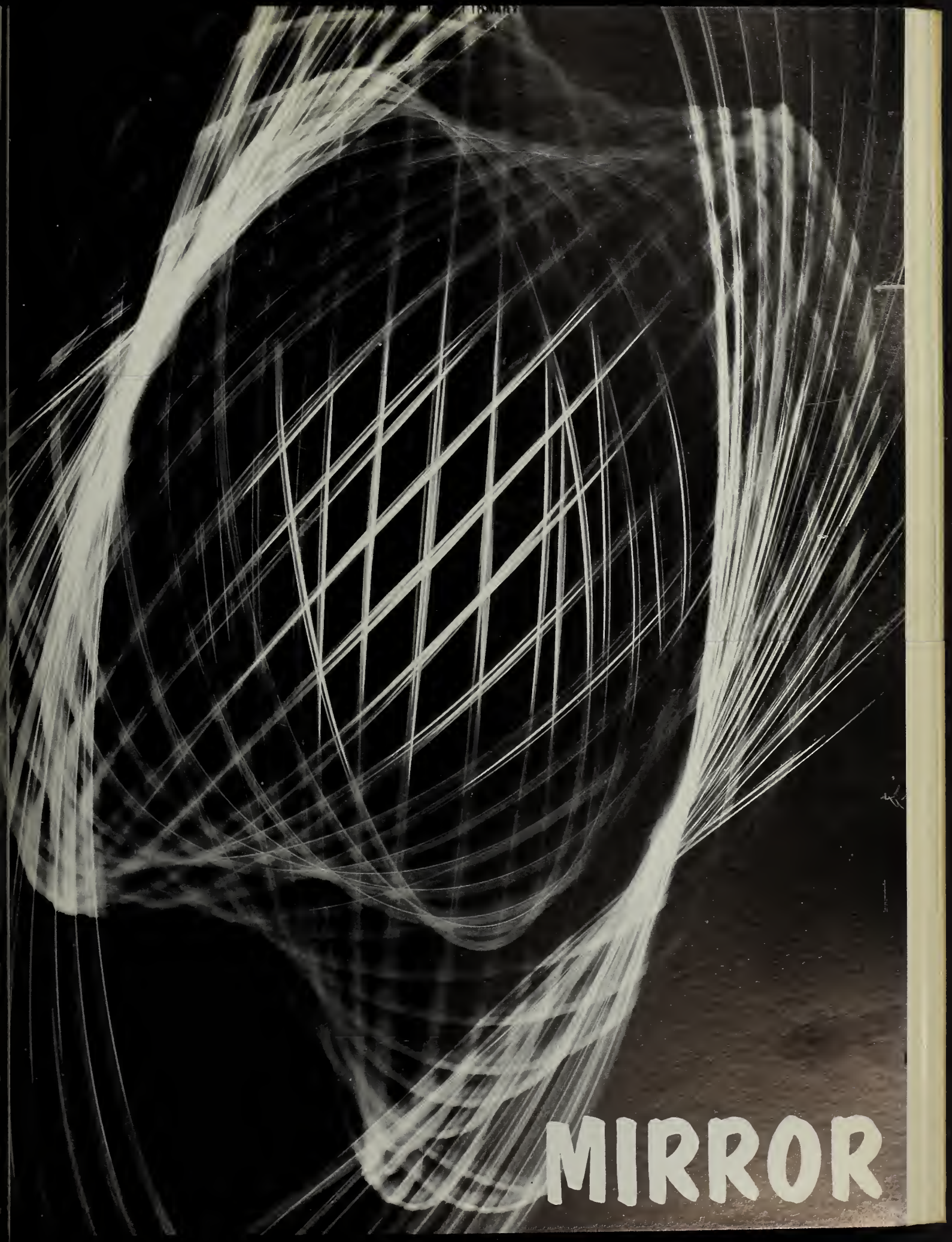
I am weary now. I have waited
Only for you — and still you escape me.
Am I so undeserving that I may not
Embrace you, embrace your message?
How it must throb! or, how it must glisten!
How it must flutter anxiously, and yet ring with decision!
How it must sing!
Press your sugared tentacles gently into my dark brain.
I, the unknown and the unknowing,
The child of endless, endless, why-asking oblivion,
Entreat you . . . oh, once! once! . . .

No, I was deceived,
Hoping for one mad moment,
And then despairing for that lost hope.
My desparate hand-writing dejection and screams for help
Have been left unanswered.
Who will cry after me?
Who will again be flailing his
Valueless arms at the cosmos,
Absurdely hoping to be visited
By the last great Something?

PART II

I walk quietly, quickly, through streets, lanes, and forests, —
For my heart has its lonely streets, and its woods of solitude —
Searching for the long-lost secret, the never
Whispered secret, the silent untold story,
The silent, hushed, forbidden, unknown story.
And though it never spoke, and never was spoken,
It has a voice — yes, a voice which lights and speeds,
An unseen flash, to that corner of the mind
That is closed and yearning to be opened.
And it waits and pines for that sweet ecstasy,
The moment of forgiveness, of remembrance,
Of light and of its soft, consoling embraces,
When it will no longer have to struggle to erase
The dust from off its floor that crept with night
As its ally — unwanted, abhorred, stealthy —
That crawled on grotesque paws, leaving its tri-ped
Scarred memories, scratching its imprints and marring,
Polluting the way for the ever-hoped-for guest.
But the visitor comes in the soul's night, a light
Small but never unnoticed, and opened the door.
The dust has scattered, crouching in caves of nothingness.
No — there is no heavy, leaden, death-like darkness.
No more is there silence, for the secret has finally come.
Its tickling, quiet voice, sister of music, sighs:
"I have come, and you welcome. But the birds do not sing.
The trees do not bloom, the sea, too, rests motionless.
Man does not breathe and stir, for he can and will not;
Is there knowledge of life that I can tell you, O heart?
Is there question and answer? No, for what is there to ask?"
But this secret, my silent self, is the only thing that lives.

/terry bagg


MIRROR

THE MIRROR

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Editorial Reflections

ODE TO THE ODD

Nothing impressed me more during my brief sojourn in the field of mathematics than the singularly disadvantageous position that the odd number seems to occupy in the world. In almost all mathematical operations the odd number appears to be defeated, sent forcibly under the yoke by the more well-rounded even numbers. For instance, add two odd numbers together, say three and five. What do you get? An even number! Eight! But add two even numbers together, say four and six. Do you get an odd number, as seems fairest? No — the answer is ten, an even number. Things are piling up against the odd numbers. Again, if you multiply an even number by an odd, you get an even number ($2x3 = 6$). But here, in the realm of multiplication, the odd number gains a victory. For if we multiply one odd number by another odd number, the product is an odd number! But victory though this may be, the odd number is still hunted by the fact that no combination of even numbers, either in addition or multiplication, can ever result in an odd number, while many combinations of odd numbers may result in even numbers.

Mathematics is so concrete, so absolute, that nobody can question the validity of any simple mathematical operation, nor has anyone ever regarded even or odd numbers as anything but cogs in the mathematical machinery — never as entities in themselves. Well, I think that many branches of society might well profit by looking at even and odd numbers and their relations with each other. Particularly, the field of sociology might do well to take a close look at these two classes of numbers, and thereby understand more clearly how various groups and individuals will and do act in a society. What are the odd numbers of society? Who in our society are considered odd? Why, of course, those who don't follow the various patterns that society has established: those whom society has named "non-conformists." Thus we may designate conformists as even numbers and non-conformists as odd numbers, for if society calls non-conformists odd, it naturally follows that conformists are even. And in society there are potentially just as many odd numbers as even.

Taken out of the context of society, an odd number holds exactly the same position as the

even, but in social combinations, the odd number tends to come out on the losing end. For if two odd numbers join together, if one odd number is added to another odd number, the union results in an even number. This is a mathematical truth, and it is also a sociological truth. Look, for instance, at the deterioration of the "beat generation." This movement lost its effectiveness, indeed its very identity, because the union of so many odd numbers resulted in an even number — a society in itself, possessing its own institutions and demanding its own peculiar brand of conformity. The "beat" society is now an established society, made up of even and odd numbers, like any society, and producing its own odd numbers — its own rebels and non-conformists.

Well, if the union of two odd numbers produces an even number, what provisions are inherent in society to ensure the perpetual reproduction of odd numbers? How is an odd number produced? By multiplication, obviously. But wait, you say, multiplication is no more than wholesale addition. This, you will see on second thought, is not entirely true — if you will accept the idea that all numbers are entities, and not just the raw materials for mathematical combinations. For why is the result of addition called a "sum" while the result of multiplication is a "product," if the two operations are really the same? Obviously, there is a vast difference between multiplication and addition. While the sum of two odd numbers is an even number, *composed of* two previously odd numbers who have lost their identities, the product of two odd numbers is a separate being, *produced by*, not composed of, two odd numbers. Thus, the child of two beatniks will be an odd number, not a member of the beatnik society. He will not be a sum, but a product, an entity not possessing the "beat" characteristics of his parents. He will see his parents' error and choose a different path from that of the society into which he was born — an *odd* path. So odd numbers lose by joining in a society, but the odd element in society is constantly present, perpetuated by the tendency of the children of odd parents to rebel and become odd themselves.

Though odd numbers are always guaranteed a place in society, they always lose their identity by uniting with each other. What does this mean? So far, I have described only the actions of odd numbers in a society — what an odd number *does*. But what *is* an odd number? What traits make odd numbers so singularly different, so apparently vulnerable? Obviously, mere mathematics do not suffice to give us the real clue to the identity of the odd number — we must dig deeper. What is the earliest reference in literature to something "odd"? Something odd is something peculiar, astounding, unparallelled in some way. What is the earliest expression of astonishment we can find? Why, of course: the expression " 'Od's bodkin!" from medieval English. And what does " 'Od" mean? It is an abbreviated form of "God." There is divinity in odd numbers! Doesn't history rally behind me on this theory? Let's look at the evolution of the word "odd" in the English language.

Shakespeare was the first to give voice to our popular feelings about odd numbers. "Good luck lies in odd numbers," he says in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. "There's divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death." But in Shakespeare's time, odd numbers were not only divine, but also encompassed all of the supernatural — "the three weird sisters" of *Macbeth*. The divinity in odd numbers is unpredictable, sometimes favorable, sometimes fearful.

Odd numbers are also connotative of love. Look at Samuel Lover's poem, "Rory O'More".

> "That's eight times today that you've kissed me before."
>
> "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,"
>
> "For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

The old lovers' clichés always refer to "seventh heaven," or "cloud nine." There's love and luck in odd number, as well as divinity and mystery.

Later, "odd" became a symbol of mystery more and more, for divinity is mysterious to mortals. Hawthorne refers to an "odd state of mind," and Walter de la Mare says of something he can't understand, "It's a very odd thing, as odd as can be." And when Gamabiel Bradford spoke of "that odd, fantastic ass, Rousseau," he was not sneering at Rousseau, but was rather puzzled at how a man could be so unique, so detached from the world, so divine.

Naturally odd numbers seem out of place on earth, for their place is in heaven, on Olympus, in Valhalla, wherever gods congregate, beings superior to mere even numbers, mere mortals. No wonder we always say we are facing "formidable odds," for nobody can defeat the odd number's occasional folly, his occasional hybris in trying to form a society of odd numbers, thereby, as Shakespeare says, "making these odds all even."

Odd numbers of the world, arise and take the place you deserve in society. But beware of combinations — remain yourselves, and the world is yours!

— P.C.J.

TRUTH

BEAUTY

ETC.———

/SKIP LEE

When he shut his eyes, the light and dark of his mind began to spin and sway. He never knew whether he spun through the dark or whether the dark spun, gently, through him. He sat up quickly in the bed, careful not to pull the covers out from under the mattress. That was a habit he had picked up in the army and it stuck with him even in a hotel where they made the beds. He carefully reached out to turn on the bedlight, hoping he wouldn't hurt his fingers on anything. It was an ornate lamp with eight inch nude women entwined around it. He began to feel then for the button, which he thought was funny. He made himself laugh.

The light came on and his world stopped spinning so completely that he could hardly remember the other. He still wished he hadn't drunk so much so that he could lie down and shut his eyes without feeling sick.

He figured an hour at least before he'd be able to go to sleep. He put on his bathing suit, looking in the mirror a long time and adjusting it carefully. He knew there wouldn't be anyone in the pool at two in the morning but he took delight in adjusting his bathing suit in the mirror. He combed his hair, several different ways, and decided he needed a haircut. He shaved and tried to shave the hair over his ears. He was excited and not as steady as usual so he cut himself twice. Shaving the hair over his ears wasn't too successful. He decided that he might end up like Van Gogh. He laughed a little laugh. While he was laughing he realized his wife if in Cleveland probably wouldn't get it. He started laughing at her while he laughed at the joke, so that he laughed considerably.

The air was cool as he stepped out the door but he made an effort and forced himself not to shiver. On the way to the pool he saw some people walking down the path toward him. He hid behind a pillar and as they went by he lifted up his finger to shoot them. He chuckled, they turned around and walked on. He laughed in the wind as he ran on down to the pool. He dipped one foot in the pool, was shocked by the cold, began to teeter, struggled, and fell in. He moved his arms and legs around quickly to get warm. He remembered in a Jack London novel he had read when he was a kid about how this guy drowned himself in the end by swimming underwater as far as he could and letting out all his air.

He dived down to the drain and started to let out all his air. After letting about half of it out he got panicky, changed his mind, and decided he wanted the air back. He inhaled water, choked, and started to struggle for the surface. It hurt a lot in his lungs and in his head but he wasn't thinking about that much.

When he got to the side of the pool he hung onto it. He became too cold. His teeth were chattering and his whole body heaved and shook as he ran back to his room. As he ran from his door to the lobby he wondered how he forgot his key. He was surprised to see so many people in the lobby and he was surprised that they did not all stare at him.

As he sat down on the edge of his bed he shut his eyes and found that the world still spun, but less than before. He figured he had fooled the spinning a little, so he laughed.

HAPPINESS BLUES

I had pretty well in mind
what it was I had to find:
something solid, also round,
which could move weight over ground
easily, sparing plenty sweat.
Then I met the girl that I
fell in love with, married; why
I forgot the wheel I'll never know.
Fame escaped me. Dying now,
I cannot imagine how,
for happiness, I traded immortality.

Graffiti From The Icelandic

/Translated by J. W. HEIST

NUMBER ONE

I wind my mind.
I watch it work,
while I sit on my head.
I live alone;
I must amuse
me well until I'm dead.

THE REGULAR TETRAHEDRON

Sufferers from life,
failure, and frustration,
silence all ambition for
self, race, and nation.
Witness, instead,
the pyramid,
whose pinnacle
is a pinnacle,
nothing more.

When Marie was still a little girl, and Lisa would have been about one year older — Lisa was dead then — they moved to Duluth. Mrs. Wansin, having been divorced for several years, bought the house with money from her alimony. She didn't really know why she came to Duluth except that Lisa had always said she liked sea. Lake Superior wasn't exactly the ocean, but Mrs. Wansin couldn't stand salt breezes.

WHEN JEALOUSY WAS DISSOLVED

/DAVE FOSTER

It was nearly four o'clock When Marie came home from school on Tuesday. Her mother, who was usually asleep then, had awaked early and poured herself a scotch. She didn't really know when Marie would be home, but she thought it would be wise to be awake. It was, she thought, amazing — if not somewhat amusing — to see the differences between Marie and Lisa. Lisa was so gentle, so quiet, so mature. Maturity wasn't really the word, but Lisa always seemed to respond in a more than adequate way to any situation. She never aggravated Mrs. Wansin. But Marie! She was so changeable, so stubborn. That was it. Marie was obstinate; she always had to concern herself with very petty things. And the fuss she would make over some trifle. It really disturbed Mrs. Wansin. Lisa was never like this. She sighed slightly as she saw Marie swing sharply off the main side walk and enter the smaller one which led to the front door.

"My God, dear, what have you done to your hands?" They were a mottled purple.

Marie giggled a little. "Finger painting. I wanted you to see my hands before I washed them. It's a little easier to understand how I made the swirls if you look at my hands first. Isn't it? Do you see how I made it seem like two worlds? The straight lines for us here and the swirls for our dreams?" She held up the soggy paper for inspection.

Mrs. Wansin looked at it with what she hoped appeared to be the approving eye of an art critic. "Yes, dear, I think I can see how it was done now. Ingenious. But why don't you go wash that goo off your hands? It might get on the wall, and you know how upset Lisa could get about that." Marie just laughed and bounced out of the room. Her mother prayed that Marie wouldn't be difficult when she learned about Lisa's new sweater.

"Marie," she said when the girl reappeared, "I want to tell you something before you leave. You know that sweater — the gray one that you liked? — It was down in Samson's? Well, I bought it for Lisa . . . " She paused for a reaction.

"Mo—ther," Marie stressed the latter half of the word — something that usually signified she was about ready to lose her temper. "Lisa's dead. Why don't you understand? She doesn't want it."

Mrs. Wansin gave an inward groan and fiddled with her scotch. She was glad she had mixed it, for she felt more like talking to Marie when she had had a little drink. "Dear, really. Don't you understand?" She mimicked her daughter's voice in an attempt to belittle the child. "Lisa is not dead. And she does want the sweater. You know yourself that she hasn't had one for at least a year. Why do you have to be so selfish?

"Mother, I'm not selfish. I just . . . well . . it's not fair."

"Dear, would you please control yourself. It's only a sweater you know. And you'll get one some other time." Mrs. Wansin was sorry she had spoken about it. But it had to come some time. Yet Marie was terribly unreasonable.

"You just love Lisa more than me, that's all. I bet if I stabbed myself with a knife, you wouldn't even care. And Lisa's dead, too. You hate me, don't you? Well, I hate Lisa."

"No, dear. It's not that. And how many times must I tell you that Lisa's not dead." She regretted extremely having told Marie. She raised the glass, but the scotch was gone, and nothing but the ice remained. "Marie, why don't you go out and play with Tommy." Marie didn't answer, merely screwed her features into an ugly face which she directed at her mother. "Marie, honestly, where did you learn to do that? I'm shocked." Actually, she wasn't since Marie had made the same face many times before.

"From Tommy." She ran out of the room.

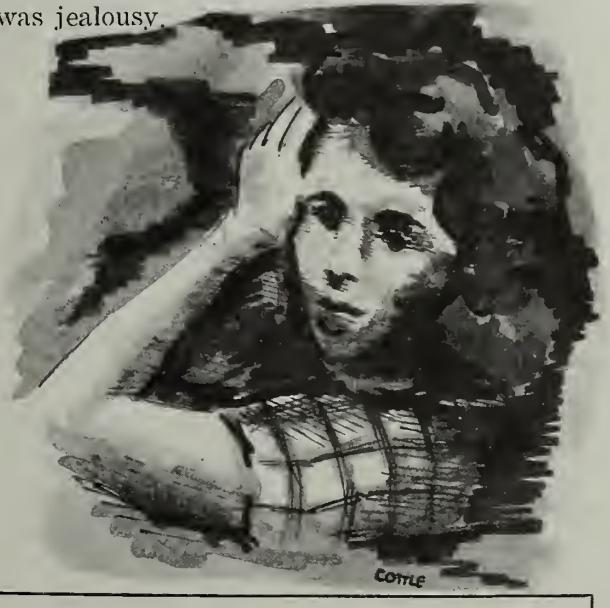
Mrs. Wansin gazed blankly at the front door. She stayed on the sofa and thought vaguely of her conversation with Marie. The child was

impossible. Then she collapsed into a half conscious stupor. She only half heard the screech of the auto brakes mingled with the scream of a little girl.

The voices barely penetrated the thick atmosphere that stifled her mind. "Killed instantly . . . Didn't even try to get out of the way . . . Crazy kid . . . Who was she anyway? . . . Some dumb little girl . . . Marie Wans . . . Lives across the street . . . Better find her parents."

Mrs. Wansin didn't respond to these utterances. She appeared to have fallen asleep — something either fatigue or an excess of liquor could have produced. But actually she saw an image of Marie which kept coming closer and closer and closer to her. "I'm sorry, Mother. I understand now. Lisa is not dead; neither am I. She's not mad at me for what I said. I hope you aren't either, Mother. Forgive me. And we're going to live together, Lisa and me. Is that all right? We'll never dislike one another. Why we're even going to share her new sweater . . . And . . I love Lisa."

Then the door bell rang, and Mrs. Wansin rose to her feet rather sluggishly. How could she ever tell them that her child hadn't been killed, that it wasn't Marie who was dead? It was jealousy.



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"If I could be anywhere in the world right now," said my cousin Fred, who had just stepped off the train with me for a minute to get some fresh air, "I would build myself a seventeen-room igloo on top of an iceberg and float off to the North Pole with a year's supply of popsicles." Some explanation of this statement is in order. You see, we were traveling to the World's Fair in Seattle by bicycle, and we had decided to go by the scenic route from New Orleans. That had been about a month before. But when we got to the deserts of Nebraska, that weren't even marked on any maps, and when Fred came down with a knee cramp, miles from nowhere, we changed our minds, and were happy to get on a train that would take us over the desert and over the mountains; we could make it the rest of the way on our own. It was a horribly hot summer, horribly hot on the train, since our accomodations were rather unventilated. But I suppose I shouldn't complain. The little railroad we started out on was the pride and joy of whatever town it was we started out from, and had hundreds of miles of usable track all the way to Omaha, probably. And the train we were on was the pride and joy of that little railroad; in fact I think it was the only locomotive on the line, shuttling back and forth along that track, stopping at every town for grain and baggage and a passenger or two. And the car we were in was the pride and joy of the train, a genuine Pullman Palace Car. And I dare say my cousin Fred and I were the pride and joy of the conductor of that car, with all our fancy duds; in fact I'm sure we were, because we were the only passengers on the train. So that practically made us the pride and joy of all central Nebraska; but it didn't keep up from being mighty uncomfortable, sitting in the oppressive dusty, velvet-covered interior of that car, staring at windows that wouldn't open, staring at the desert of yellow wheat and glaring sun and telephone poles that moved by at a steady thirty miles per hour. I may as well be frank: we were suffering horribly, especially since I am allergic to dust. We never dreamed we could get into such an intolerable situation on such a hick railroad. At least we never dreamed it when we set out from New York to fly to New Orleans. So here we were, bored and disappointed (though I should say here that we did have a lot of fun later on the trip, when we got to Seattle); but temporarily at least we were almost suffocating in that damnable dusty Pullman Car, and so we got off for fresh air at every little town in the desert that the train stopped at and that was about every fifteen minutes. So as we got off the train now, as I was beginning to tell you, cousin Fred, who is pretty poetic anyway, issued his statement about icebergs and igloos — which was pretty funny, as I recall, under the circumstances.

Something even funnier, at the time: Fred was, frankly, looking for a commode. Well of course this hick train station was only maybe fifty feet from one end to the other, just a platform and what used to be a telegraph shack, I guess, and of course the elevators and a water tower that didn't look as though it had been used for quite a while. I told Fred that out west people just go behind a bush or something, but he kept looking around. After a while he wandered off behind the shack, with a pained expression on his face. I stood on the platform and watched the trainmen fiddle

W. G. Morton

Since 1848

— FUEL —

Albany, N. Y.

around with whatever it is they fiddle around with when a train stops for no particular reason at a station located for no particular reason in the middle of a desert. I was watching the steam hiss out of some greasy cylindrical gadget on the wheel carriage — all that steam made me feel pretty cool by comparison — when Fred came up behind me very quietly and almost whispered to me to follow him, he wanted to show me something.

The first thought that came to my mind was that he must have sat on an armadillo or something: I don't know, the sun and the dust must have been getting to me. Anyway, I followed him around towards the back of the shed to see what it was he wanted to show me. But just as we were stepping off the rear of the platform the train pulled out down the track. I know that sounds unbelievable, because it was so old and slow and all, and we should have been able to catch it in any case. The fact was, we couldn't actually believe it was leaving, even when we saw it pull away. It was as though for a minute we were in Great Neck Station or somewhere, and in Great Neck you don't run after a train that's already started up. Nobody does — unless you're crazy. I mean, you know another is coming in twenty minutes or so. That is what we must have been thinking, because we just stood there like monkeys when it would have been so easy to just run a few feet and swing on.

After the train left we looked around. The sign on the shack said *Avernus*. Of course I had never heard of it either. But the thing was, Avernus wasn't even a town, it was just a place where a road crossed the railroad track. If we had still had our bicycles I suppose we would have cycled off down the road to look for somewhere. It may sound silly, but right then my first concern was to go back behind the shack and see what it was Fred had been so excited about. After all, there wasn't anything better to do than explore a little: here we were in the middle of a desert without food or water or shelter, for Pete's sake, and no communications with civilization.

So we turned to go take a look behind that shed. But just then I heard a pickup truck coming along the road, approaching the crossing at no great speed, but in a terrific cloud of dust. I didn't really know what to do. Here I was in plain sight, and there was no time to hide even if I wanted to. I sort of yelled to Fred, but it came out like a shriek of terror. We just stood exactly where we were, not very agitated, but very quiet, as the pickup truck pulled off the road.

It's funny now that I think of it, but the first thought that came through my head was a terrible curiosity to see whatever the heck it was behind that shack. As it turned out, I never did find out. A white-haired driver got out of the pickup truck with a churlish fellow with bushy eyebrows and a prognathous jaw and a build like — my God! — like a Cyclops! We stood perfectly still. I guess they didn't have a zoo, so they sort of laughed and took us home and fried us for dinner.

J. D. MORTON

SINCE 1945

— BUNS —

Andover, Mass.

/p. carl

A Life

/DAVE FOSTER

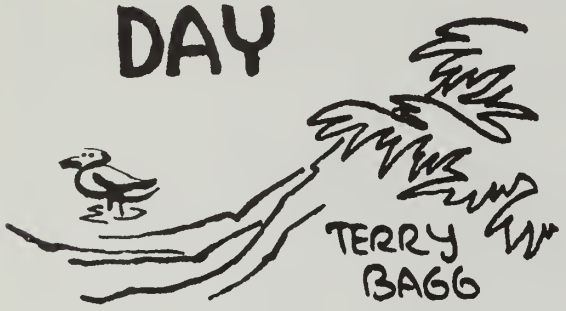
He had a childhood. Everyone does, must. Before now he remembered little of it. It seemed insignificant and of little consequence. Now he recalled it. There was the beauty of the northern forests, that green aliveness that sang of the joy to exist — to be, the exuberance felt from breathing the air, clean and pure, the entity of life in nature. Then the people, a maddening crowd that swept him away with its many judgments and condemnations. And from the vast swirl of a confused society rose his parents, his father's fat grinning face that spoke of nothingness, of an utter blank. His mother's hard, lined features, the famished cheeks, and the look of hatred that included the father. He had been afraid of the mother and had run from her. He hid behind his father whose total incomprehension of life served as a shield from the mother's piercing eyes. But the parents soon became lost in the confusion of faces. And each face tried so hard to blot out the others that all remained obscure blobs which signified nothing. Then everything disapppeared, and he saw himself with his mother. This time her gaze was at him, and this time he was able to answer it. This time she seemed to relax. And it was this that filled him with an ecstatic joy. Then he imagined that her eyes grew larger and evolved to a liquid — surging like a tide which, like the mother, was being forced in the other direction by the swirl of nameless faces. The man looked and saw himself one of them, and he cried out.

And in answer to his cry he saw his wife's face. She was the movie beauty. At least she considered herself that. So did many others. He thought with content of the day he had married her, a day filled with complements as to his good choice of women. It had been happy. But then in his mind his wife's beauty faded and her features became distorted and her skin dry and wrinkled. It was hate now, for she had left him. And he thought of the sardonic smile his mother had given him at the wedding. She had known. So the wife faded and was just another unidentified wave in a sea of conformity.

He thought of the office. It filled him with pride. The work he had done there every day for all those years. That must have been good he decided. And then he saw the name plate with his name that was outside the office door It was new and the brass letters shone. But the sign aged, the letters dulled, and cracks formed along its edges. Finally, the whole sign crumbled and the parts of it faded away. Then the door opened, and he saw that the office was gone. It might never have existed.

The man turned slowly in his bed. His life had been nothing. He had been a nameless person trapped in the nets of society and had been content to stay there. Once, he was a child. It was there he made his mistake. Somehow he had picked his father over his mother. When he did, he lost the forests and what they stood for. His life was one of little individual importance. It was also very superficial because in the end the things to which he assigned values crumbled. But this man was content. He found out what his life had been. He discovered what was for him the truth about his life. And that was all that mattered.

OH FRABJOUS DAY



. . .Houses infernal boxes machines no their owners they the motor of what what do I mean stop stop foolishness and the sea-see rider the ocean la mer no la mère appropriately philosophical false premise premissus falsus oos mare mari language the one dimension. . .

Port-o'-Stone lies three miles north of Dawset Bay, facing the open ocean. Properly undefinable, it can best be called nothing more than an oversized sand dune, a huge ant hill dug by the human insect.

"Henry, say something to me. I know I've asked you a million times, and you have to keep up this brooding-philosopher thing. Come on. What do you want me to say? 'Ah, that is the correct inference, Socrates?' " She nuzzled up against him, and sighed affectionately, as if to say 'Oh, you're joking, and I'm joking. I love you.'

. . .Ah, pensive Hamlet, why speak'st thou not unto thy love?. . .

"I love you," he whispered, and then turned away from her quickly, almost reluctantly. She fairly whimpered.

"And I love you, Henry." She sounded embarassed, as though she had been obliged to fill a silence tht desperately need to be left empty. "Really, Henry. . .I love you."

"Yes."

"Yes" was the hushed reply.

. . .Oh how empty how empty go away go away. Go Away . . .but no the void, the void . .

They sat down on a large, worn rock together — a rock whose many colours were obscured by the all-covering mauve of the dying sun. He held her anxious hand, and his, too, trembled, not out of any love for her, but as the result of a newly-wakened coenaesthesis. Her moist hand was soft and pink, and it melted in his light grasp. He looked out on the open sea, a sea of black with but moonlight to illumine the weak helpless crests of the waves that throbbed on the rocky shore. The sea was wedded to the rocks, an incessant husband, eternally beating a submissive wife. He turned toward Doris (. . .Daw riss doe riss is do riz. . .) and she smiled feebly.

"Are you happy now, Henry?" She turned her head quickly and her dark hair waved in the hard wind. "Henry, I'm cold. Let's go in."

He only held her hand tighter. Did he love her? Yes — for he knew that he was struggling to fill in the crevass that separated them. Yes, he loved her, and he could sense that somehow she loved him.

They sat there on the rock until night had truly come. Thinking of nothing — for all those things which had churned in his mind had turned to nothing — he clutched her other hand, and she yielded it.

"Henry dear, look. How pretty, all the lights are on now. I know you think it's corny . . . " (he sensed she was not talking to him at all, but to her dual self.) ". . .and you wouldn't think, you know, with such a small town. . ." She broke off, for she was shivering.

"Yes." Another empty 'yes.' He didn't look, and almost mechanically let drop her hand. The smile of hopeful contentment on her face fell also. Again, she tried to make him look at the lights, but again he refused.

A flock of gulls flew near them.

. . .Calling calling I am am I coming shall I but no don't let me go without you birds proverbial birds and the proverbial sea painters would be artists on a win slow homer and his odyssey all of them but why always proverbially birds and the seagulls always sink into canvas. . . .

"Henry," . . . (. . .oh shut up I'm a brooding philosopher . . .) "What time is it?"

"How can one assume that the laws of Time and ergo of Space have any sort of rigidity, and one that would demand my definition thereof?"

She laughed as he had expected her to . . . but it had started out as a malicious mockery of her question, and in general of her simple, childlike thoughts.

"Besides which," he added, feeling compelled to laugh somewhat, "I don't have my watch."

"Oh, Henry. . ."

"I know, Mother Dear, 'if your head weren't screwed on, you'd lose it. .' "

He tried to look consolingly at her, for he knew he had hurt her. Her eyes were moist, but she checked the tears almost bravely. And yet he felt that she wanted him to see her cry. He again took her hand, and rubbed it nervously, but she began to gurgle absurdly, and he was repulsed. Again, her hand tumbled into her unwelcome lap.

. . .The prison of unwanted company it falls and again I let her I the jailkeeper with the key I'll give to you the key to my heart. . .

"Henry," she was crying to him, "Henry, please hold my hand." But he refused, thinking it a lack of strength to acquiesce, and she pretended to chuckle.

Oh how he wanted her to leave him alone! He could feel himself praying with glances for her to go. And as if in reply she looked again at him sadly through tear-clogged eyes, and then got up from the rock.

"Where are you going, Doris?" He raised his eyebrows apologetically, and wanted to fall on the ground, to grovel in her spilt tears.

"I want to go up to the cliff, to look at the sand-dunes. Are you coming with me, dear?" she added softly, pleadingly.

"Yes." And he smiled, feeling tears forming in his own eyes.

As he walked up the hill behind her (. . . oh flowing goldenhair let me follow you to the palace the wicked queen oh goldenhair no ebonyhair and seven drops of blood. . .) he looked alternately at the huge, forbidden expanse of the warm sea, and at the sparse lights of Port-o'-Stone that shone frailly in the black. His untucked shirt flapped in the wind, and he felt a strange excitement. He began running after Doris, giggling like a new lover, and she ran ahead of him, breathing heavily in her laughter.

. . .Laugh on they laughed at columbus pursue the hunt o wolfman and the beautiful prize that awaits but the warrant on deer seep and the cliff the cliff run now get on the chase faster. . .

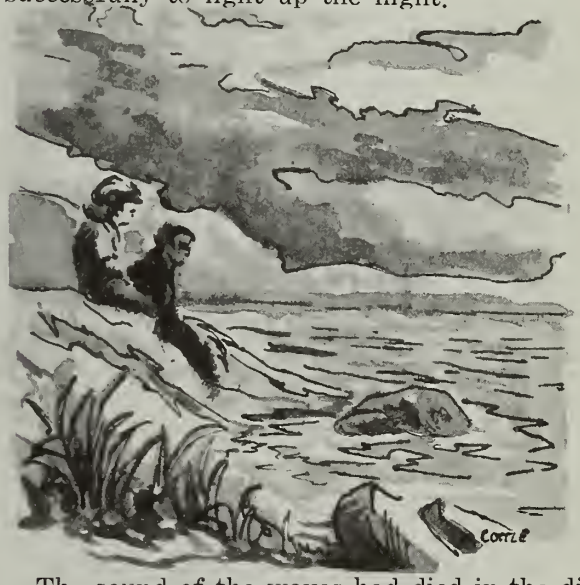
He stopped, and waved his arms about happily, laughing wildly. And she looked back at him from atop the hill, giggling like a child whose mother has kissed a bloody knee.

"You're cut!" she laughed, but he was willing to take her seriously.

"Yes, but you're beautiful. Now stay there. Here I come!" He ran with open arms up to her. Her body was quivering with refreshed happiness that had come suddenly, but her eyes told that it would soon go. Reaching the top, he clasped her around him, and laughed in her ear.

"Henry," she said, breaking away from him. There was seriousness in her voice, an unwonted gravity that throubled him and made his one delighted laughs into the children of anxiety. "Please. I want to look at the sand-dunes."

She walked to the edge of the cliff and gazed at the sand-dunes. He strained and could see some lights from the town. They were pale and no comfort for the strange uneasiness he now felt — and yet, they were a vague enchantment, small twinkling eyes that tried so unsuccessfully to light up the night.



The sound of the waves had died in the distance, and all he could hear was her uneven breathlessness and his own forced gasps. But there were the sea-gulls.

. . . Seagull seagull burning bright in the buoy of the night teach me no keep me king of kings tallis tallis what texas no tallis the umpire state building and so high those proverbial birds yes yes carry me with you away not with yes with down come here let me. . .

Walking up closer to her, he stretched his hand out to meet hers, but his received no guest. She was absorbed in the absurd pageant of worthless dirt both to the left and to the right — ridiculous little mounds with small scraggly weeds struggling to give the impression that they lived. The wind blew the dry

plants in strange hypnotic patterns and he felt his head moving with their erratic rhythms.

He put his arm around her, but she brushed it off quickly. It seemed as if he were to kill her by interrupting her strangely fascinated staring at the pitiful sand-dunes. They fluctuated with the wind, meaningless mirages in the night. He felt that he was going to cry, and reached out desperately for her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she snapped, yes — almost anguished. She hated his interrupting her this way. "Just don't touch me! I'm looking at the *scenery*."

"Oh dammit, go on and look!" His hands (. . .Oh wise one o wise one!. . .) crept to her throat, her dalia-like throat (. . .the rose oh wise one!. . .) with the hard Adam's-apple bouncing nervously. Her delicate flower was crushed by the force of his fingers and she fell like a snowflake into the warm sea-water. (. . .O the dew the dew!. . .)

He felt ecstatic and ran down the hill, dropping his clothes on the way. He took one more looked at the lights of Port-o'-Stone and they joined him in his joy. He jumped into the ocean, and swam towards her floating body.

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Three Poems

South Wind

The smooth-cheeked air
Held that smoky edge
That is the Winter's casement
And whose burning marks
The rising of new teeth
To crop the slippery grass.

Ohio River

Flood waters fill the groves
And white-trimmed ducks call
Smooth upon the island sea
That found this birthing land,
West and South.

These fisted hills
Forged the iron tongue of restless empire,
Many-wheeled, pillared cities to the west.
And work-back rivers swell
The glacial thrust south-bound past flooded banks
To Louisiana's tidal seas.

Early April

October's small, brown leaf
Left his winter hollow
Wine-veined behind him
And at the breeze's prompting
Crept into the lean, grey grass
And blinked his eyes at the April sun.

/BILL KANE

Letter To A Typewriter

/JERRY HEIST

It has been raining since nightfall, a driving downpour, whose droplets rap even my window. In this basement apartment, I had forgotten the subdued, yet decisive, power rain can assert. But the storm has recalled it to me: here is no moist, fertile trickle from the sidewalk above; here is needle rain, icy, dry, and crisp, as it cuts through the iron window-well grating, and strikes against the glass. The glass faces me, opaque now, across my desk. If there were anything outside, I would not see it.

I rejoice in the rain, now that I am about to die. It does for my spirits what the cool breeze in summer used to: uplifts them, making me feel of a piece with Nature. Nature tonight accommodates the life I lead, as it seals my neighbors behind their doors, entombs in other cellars small children, who would be running gaily across my window-well grating, — if there were light, and if the rain clouds were holding back their storm. But tonight my fellow creatures will know briefly *my* life,— except, of course, that they can still walk . . . and that they have companionship.

But what am I saying! I, of course, have companionship: I have you! You are unresponsive, I admit, and inanimate. You are my typewriter. But I have talked to you much these past weeks, and I am coming to love your company, your silent, mirroring society.

In two weeks,— perhaps ten days, at this rate, — I shall lose you, when I lose the use of the hands and fingers that today interpret me to your mass-produced soul. Paralysis is today an inch below my navel; I can tell with the point of a pin precisely how far it has reached. Doctor tells me this is dangerous: infection will set in. I ask what is the difference: in two weeks I shall lose my last, metallic comrade; shortly thereafter my vocal chords will be hit, and not even my patronizing antique of a tape-recorder will hear my mind. Before that, my lungs will struggle, and soon after that, my brain wil be stilled. I will be dead.

Doctor will not admit this. The march of stillness climbing my frame has not for an instant slowed its pace; still, he insists my will could arrest it, if I resolved to be human. Strange that he should say that. Sinister, indeed. But he wastes his effort: this is out of control; no more can sanely be asked of me.

In the first weeks, Doctor asked many questions; and, lonesome then, I answered. We talked long. Now I regret it, for things I have said have fixed in his mind a notion: that all my illness comes from the depths of my mind; and that, if I would, I could drive it back there again. Consequently, he wastes much time talking vainly to cure me. With him I should have been silent. You should alone know my thought:

For my terror is most personal; men can share no intimacy deep enough to grasp it, strong enough to withstand it. Only your sympathy, my friend, can assume it; for as soon as I have spoken it to you, *my* gospel will be *yours; you* will proclaim it on the pages *you* have spoken. Now hear it!

It began, I judge, in my young school days: academically, athletically, I was adequate; still, I knew a fear. And when times came to demonstrate, — exams, or games, — then I would know that fear, and ask "Why must there always be *proof?* Why must I constantly, every week, show I am athlete, — or scholar? Why

is it that, to lay claim to a title, one must untiringly *assert?* Why can't I rest on my laurels? Why never stand on my record? I've answered questions, jumped distances; must I continue with others? When can I rest from all of the things I've done so often before? When, I ask, when?"

Later, in company, gathering, evenings, with others, — I felt again the terror. I knew a deeper fatigue: not so much the banal, not the cliché superficial, not so much the *mindless* response, but the *human* response that was requisite. I felt a pressure that filled me with dread: the obligation to be human; to wander in patterns that pinch! To live in essential constriction: speaking with lips because I have lips; walking on legs because legs are to walk on; thinking and knowing with *mind,* because minds are what men have been given!

Briefly I knew the alluring coquette, alcohol, darling of evening. With her I soon found frustration: she could not blot out my duty; she could only transform it from the sober to the drunken. I was still to be human (though drunken;) I was to gain no true freedom.

True freedom is nowhere! This I began, better and better, to see. And in face of extreme demands, blinding panic would menace me.

This all began in just such a panic. It will surprise you, perhaps. I was with Christiane, and, in the manner she has, she said she was bored, and that I must amuse her. It was a joke, pronounced with the air of an Egyptian queen, spoken in the spirit of a carefree girl. But it impressed me, for no reason I know, with a sense of my obligation: the obligation of a man to amuse a woman, — an entirely pleasant burden, therefore all the more pressing and inescapable. I panicked, in an overwhelming crisis of terror. My head spun; my eyes were leaden and opaque. When I regained consciousness, it was my toes I could not move.

Since that day, five weeks ago, paralysis has risen swiftly to my waist. It is inescapable that I shall die, and obvious that nothing can be done about it. I regret only that Doctor wastes so much of his time disputing me. It is sad, . . . but I suppose he feels it his obligation.

The rain has abated somewhat, and now trickles ripely through the grating above. The street lamps are no longer obscured. From time to time, a couple passes by; Nature is no longer with me. If you will excuse me, my friend, I shall go to bed.

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Mayonaise

"Happiness is like a potato salad,
Share it with others and you'll have a picnic."
—Anon.

I

The old sage said under
the
Mayonaise tinted firmament
Ha-ork!
A potato salad rolling through
The depth of life and unconscious
into the sublimity of
love, sex, and happiness . . .
As salad dripped from his
toothless gums.

II

Happiness is many things,
Through my brain they all do rings.
But what first to my mind is pulled
The image of a potato "salúd".

III

Happiness is a soft, squishy potato drenched in
mayonaise.

IV

Roll on you potato - ancient father of the Chip
and Stick -
Roll on you fruit with the many eyes and rough
skin -
Roll into the hands of the peeler with the
fevered brow.
For you exalted one will bring happiness to those
who love to eat potatoes, and
Industry for the employment of idle workers
on social security.

/K.T. METHEGLM

Acheron

/GREG GORELIK

A boy stepped off the plane at the National Airlines terminal, Idlewild. He was very tired and irritated, partly because of the uncomfortable, sleepless night on the plane, partly because he was going back to school.

He knew he had to get to the Eastern Airlines terminal by 1 P.M.; it was about noon.

He walked out to the sidewalk and beckoned to a waiting taxi. As the cab pulled up in front of him a man ran ahead of him to get it, turned around, saw the boy staring at him, and walked away.

The boy got into the taxi.

"Eastern Airlines terminal, please."

"What!!?"

The boy started to repeat, "Eastern Airl- - - -," but the driver, who had turned around and was now staring at him, (his small grey eyes wide with anger and disbelief) cut him off.

"I heard you the first time," he snapped.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"What's the matter!" he screamed, "Don't you know there are buses going there every five minutes?" His face red with rage, he went on before the boy could answer. "Do you know how long I've been waiting for the five dollar trip to New York? Three hours!! and now I get a cheap thirty cent trip!" He leaned out of the window and yelled to a policeman." Hey Marty, can I come back?"

The policeman smiled sadly, "Nope, I'm sorry, I can't do that." The cab driver threw his black, chewed cigar butt into the stret, put the car in gear and raced away from the curb. "I knew you was a bad bet when I first saw ya. I didn't want ya,but ya got in anyway." He rubbed his bristly face. The boy contemplated the back of driver's neck to keep his irritation hidden. The shirt collar was filthy and torn; the neck was a dark grey.

The cabbie went on, "Well, this is just dandy, yeah, great" The boy wished he would shut up.

Finally, after a few more oaths and grumbling from the driver the boy swallowed his pride, trying to get a little peace.

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"Look, buddy, I'm sorry, I didn't know there were busses. I didn't know you had been waiting for three hours, so I'm sorry, all right?"

The man didn't answer. All the boy could hear was a sustained mumbling, the spurt of the cabbie's occasional spitting into the road, and the whine of the racing engine. They pulled into the Eastern terminal.

"35 cents kid,"

The boy looked in his wallet and only saw a fifty dollar bill.

"This is all I've got."

The driver looked at the bill with his stupid, animal-like expression of utter despair and disbelief.

"Are you crazy? I don't even make that much in a week! Get inside and change that, and *hurry* the hell up!!!"

Suddenly the boy's anger ran over. "Alright buddy just take it easy okay?" The man looked startled for a moment. Then he spat in disgust and dropped back into his seat.

The boy went inside and asked a man behind one of the counters if he could change the bill.

The man gave him two twenties and a ten.

"Are you going to pay a cabbie with that?"

"Yeah!"

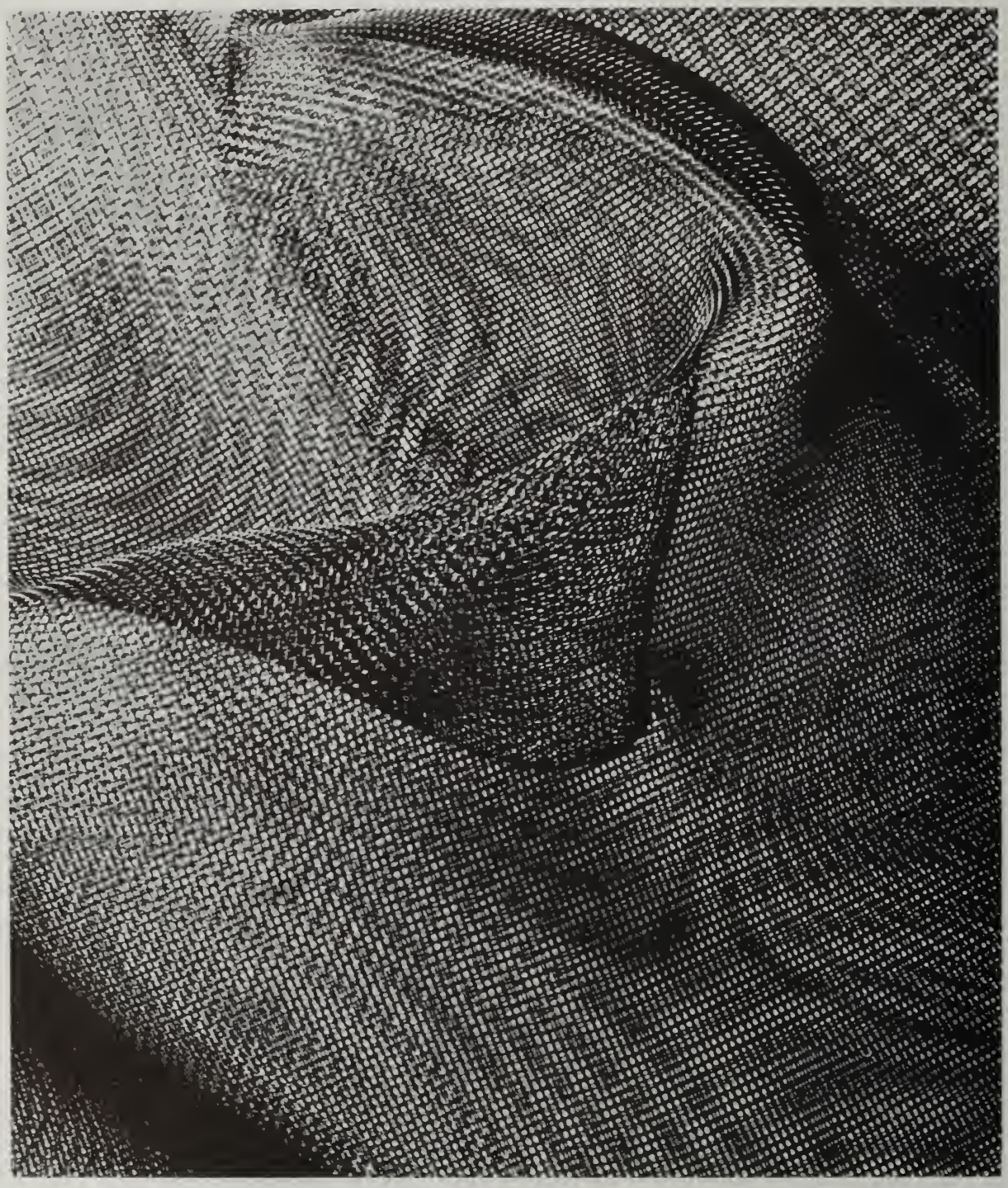
"Well, don't go giving him a lot of money. First see if you can change the ten at another counter."

"Look, just don't worry about it, *Just don't worry about it.*"

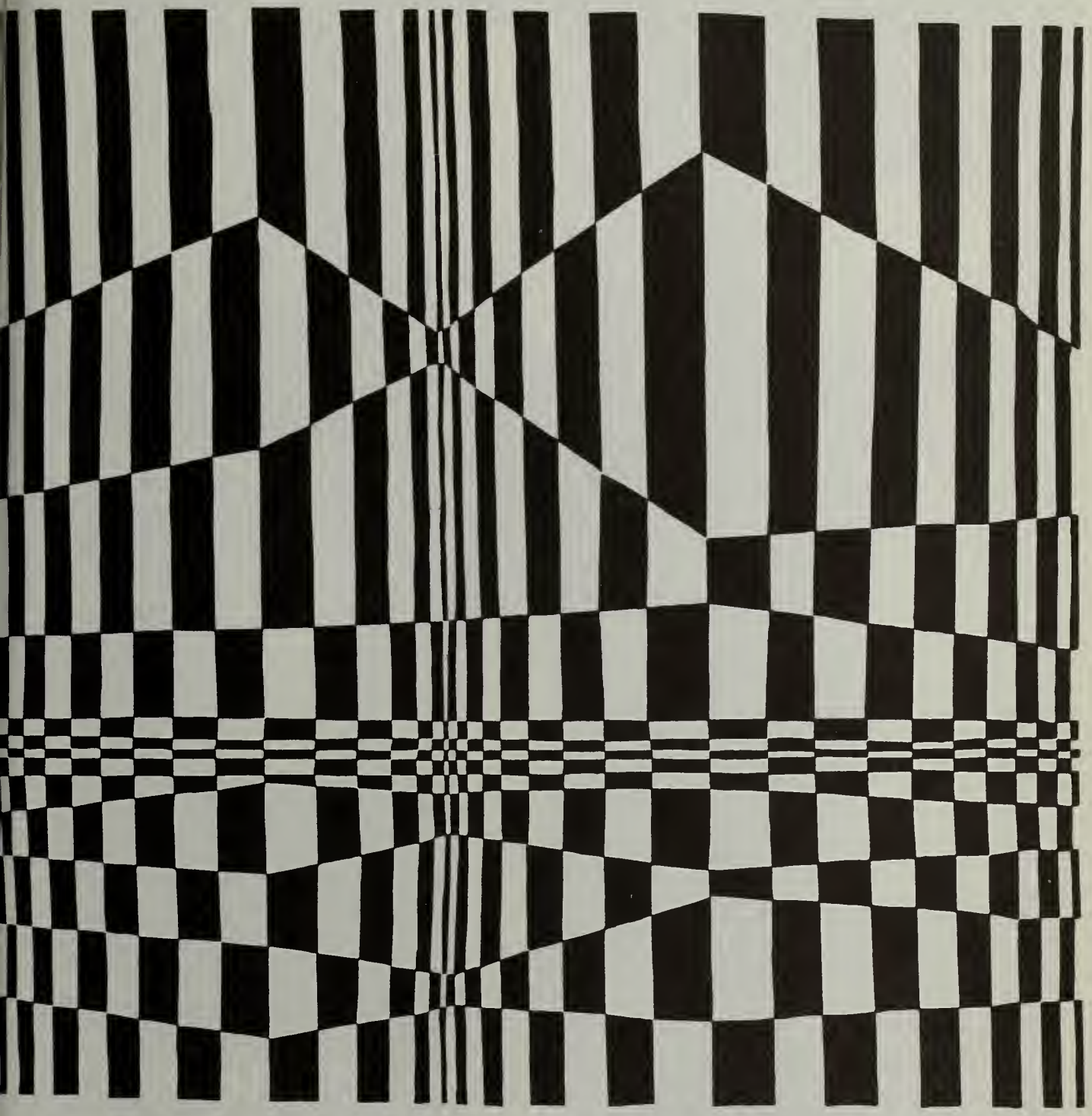
The man's mouth dropped open. The boy walked away quickly and got his ten changed at another counter. He went out to pay the driver. He held out a one to the swearing cabbie who grabbed it with a muttered oath and stalked away. The boy was about to indignantly request change and then decided it would be too much trouble. He sat down on a nearby bench. He wished he could have given him the fifty, "boy would he have changed his attitude *then!*" The thought that the man had lost forty-nine dollars because he was impolite drew a snort of derision and superiority from the boy. But he couldn't fool himself.

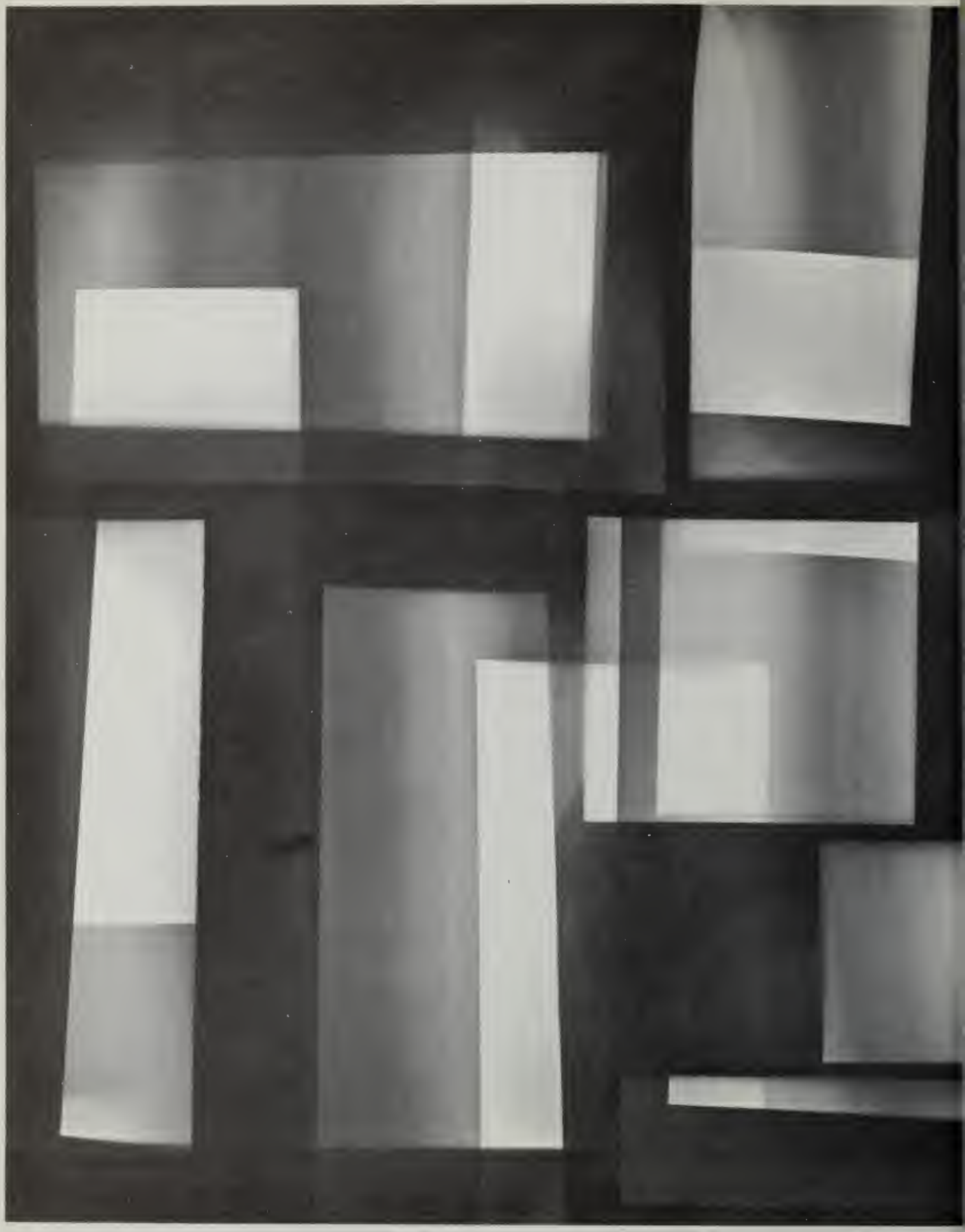
Held his face in his hand.
shame
shame

He repeated the word over and over again until it was meaningless.



/k. gass





/s. mydans

Sandra Hochman

Nouvelle Symboliste

/COLIN CAMPBELL

Of the many fascinating aspects of Sandra Hochman's poetry, perhaps the most fascinating is that her major themes are in many ways like the major themes in the poetry of Arthur Rimbaud, the great 19th century French symbolist. We might say, to summarize their similarities, that Sandra Hochman is a woman but often a girl, that Rimbaud is a man but often a boy: That their poetry demonstrates the duality of each. To know to what extent Miss Hochman and Rimbaud are simultaneously child and adult is to gain the deepest insight into the genius of poet and poetess. Biographer Wallace Fowlie has said that the poetry of Arthur Rimbaud contains three great myths: Childhood, Hell, and Voyage.[1] Much of Sandra Hochman's poetry deals with the same three themes.

The first myth, childhood, Sandra Hochman writes about occasionally with an obvious appreciation for children, happy on Avenue C,

> Where Puerto Ricans
> Squash seeds with ripe feet
> And baby Hebrews dance to school,
> Their curls
> Dangling from manly suède hats,[2]

Read it aloud, for Sandra Hochman's is a poetry that is meant to be heard. "Squash seeds" is the sound of squashing seeds. We can feel the dancing in the meter of "And baby Hebrews dance to school." "Manly suède hats" provides the slow, powerful contrast that the poet draws between the fragility of curls and the solidity and masculinity of what they wear on top of them. Rimbaud's poetry, as it expresses what he is trying to say about childhood with as much skill as Sandra Hochman, is meant to be heard, too. Even in translation, though, he thinks the same thoughts about a little boy:

> That idol, black eyes and yellow mop,
> without parents or court, nobler than
> Mexican and Flemish fables.[3]

But the theme of childhood goes deeper than a description of children. What both Sandra Hochman and Arthur Rimbaud seem to be looking for is the way children look at the world, the qualities they represent, the mind that is sometimes the poet's mind but is really the mind of childhood. The way childhood looks at the world is the first thing that strikes us about Sandra Hochman, her "delight in physical things," as Dudley Fitts has said in his forward to *Manhatten Pastures,* Miss Hochman's first book, "in textures and colors and odors, in the whole young experience of being alive."[4]

> One snowy owl
> Jogs down from Canada.
> Surely the Khan of Tartary once dwelt
> Beneath a tent of felt. O tent of felt![5]

Tired of society's artificialty and constraint, Miss Hochman sings a lyric for a life of freedom. Sandra Hochman named the poem from which these lines were taken "Freedom", until Mr. Fitts, very much an adult, suggested the name be changed to "Feltro Feltro", an allusion to Dante's *Inferno.* Consider the freedom any Khan must have had, especially the mythical Khan of Tartary. Feel the soft sensuouness of a tent made entirely of felt. And think of "One snowy owl" — a fresh, cold bird, more independent than most because he is one — "jogs down" — and probably enjoys it, for a jog is fast enough to be envigorating but easy enough not to be tiring — "from Canada" — a country that is really younger than ours and stretches miles north into vast plains of virgin snow — think of one snowy owl jogging down from Canada, and think of freedom. "Snow kisses the eyelids of the sea,"[6] wrote Rimbaud. He knew what snow meant; the significance is simple. Snow stands for virginity, purity, freshness, health, the beauty of them all: the good qualities of childhood. Rimbaud's image of the snow kissing the eyelids of the sea appears in "The Druken Boat", a long poem spoken by a ship that tosses out its crew and cargo and everything else that restricted its own, free movement and sails out to and over the sea. Sandra Hochman uses the same kind of childlike fantasy, as in Greenwhich, where

> Every object stares, stares at itself like
> an eye
> For sale. The Christmas Eye and the
> Hardware Eye
> And the God Eye, all spill
> Their pine needles threaded with snow.[7]

Neither Rimbaud nor Sandra Hochman dwells on a Wordsworthian picture of the innocence of childhood. For both realize, and dwell on the realization if they dwell on anything, that for every child there is a child's environment. They describe the child when he is too aware of his environment, the adult in whom childhood has been destroyed by the environment, and the environment itself with a sigh. There is always at least a touch of sadness in Sandra Hochman and Rimbaud. It is a sadness for a loss of innocence, for impurity, for an adult awareness, for a world that has little childlike about it. "The doctors say that we are doing well. We shall be cured of childhood,"[8] says Sandra Hochman, with the bitter satire of a woman, just of out Bennington, who feels she has lost too much of childhood. Rimbaud resented the world that corrupts, too, for he knew it had fashioned all the stifling masks he wore, masks that covered his childhood and his genius and that were fastened by his mother, whom he hated for herself and the narrow culture she represented.[9] We wonder what in the poets' backgrounds is the same. Rimbaud, apparently explaining part of why he is doomed, accuses his mother as the reason for the hell the poet goes through, once taken by society. He speaks symbolically:

> I have the white-blue eyes of my Gallic ancestors, their narrow skull and their clumsiness in fighting.[10]

Sandra Hochman knows, too, that the child will always end as every adult ends, for the world without purity wants to continue itself:

> My
> father
> dreams
> that I
> shall be
> a wife.

And she cries for the loss of childhood:

> Father, sleep
> in Jerusalem.
> I hate
> the plastic
> fixtures
> in this place
> where we
> erase
> my childhood. For
> a house
> is where
> deep
> purposes are
> broken
> off.[11]

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Rimbaud hated his mother. Sandra Hochman seems to pity her father.

> Standing like an old man
> Cemented in the window[12]

he represents everything for which Rimbaud hated his ancestors.

But even the sadness of childhood can mean. Baudelaire said he could not conceive of any kind of beauty without unhappiness.[13] Sadly, Rimbaud looks for God:

> Still but a child, I admired the intractable convict on whom the prison doors are always closing. I sought out the inns and the rooming houses he would have consecrated by his passing; *with his idea* I saw the blue sky, and the flowery labor of the country; in cities I sensed his fatality.[14]

Close to God, childhood is powerful in its purity:

> I, in childhood, pitied them.
> Salt tears cripple the wind.[15]

And so sadly, Sandra Hochman watches, in "Silence", the seagulls.

Childhood, then, for Miss Hochman and Rimbaud, is a time that is full of the pure gaiety of children, an age in which the wonders of nature, of freedom, of innocence are wonders and alive, an age that is sad and felt and for which to be bitter, and a state of mind receptive to the deepest perception, love, communion, and power. Childhood is Good. Childhood is Heaven.

Civilization is Evil. Civilization is Hell. The second great myth attributed to Rimbaud is Hell. Destroying gaiety and appreciation, sadness and perception, the Hell of civilization tells people what to do, eradicating childhood in the perverted pursuit of everything wrong in life. Sandra Hochman again cries bitterly over the past, bitterly but with an accepting sigh:

> On our wedding day we climbed the top
> Of Mount Carmel. To keep our promises
> We lay down in maize.
> Who can tell us how to lead our lives?[16]

"To keep our promises" to what? Sex introduces Rimbaud to a circle of Hell, too. He was a homosexual whose homosexuality, part of his childhood and purity, untouched by society, eventually led him into being hunted by the same society as something detestable.

> "You will always be a hyena . . ." etc.,
> protests the devil who crowned me with
> such pleasant poppies.[17]

The hunted hyena. Sometimes, usually, in fact, he is captured. Society gets him. Sandra Hochman describes what happens to him in "The Mammal in Captivity":

> He wishes to be remembered . . .
> Not as a poet,
> But as a husband. And when that failed,
> A lover. And when that failed
> A tourist with a glass shield in his eyes[18]

Civilization makes man want not to be a sacred human being, a poet who feels and sees like a child. It makes him want to be half of an institution. It makes him want to be a lover, a tool, someone else's property, a means instead of the end a person should be. It makes him want to be a stupid sightseer who just watches from far off, blinded by a device invented by civilization that should have made life more real.

Hell for Rimbaud and Sandra Hochman takes shape in another aspect of being told what to do:

> Science, the new nobility! Progress.
> The world marches on! Why shouldn't
> it turn?[19]

Sandra Hochman is nearly obsessed with the idea of hospitals, doctors, and medicine. They are typical of the sterile and useless forward march of our new age, an age advanced in years. She calls the Hospital

> Beastly Babel of sleeping pills —
> You, cast-iron men,
> Make cathedrals out of hospitals.
> Your women have made you will
> Open skulls, lost genitals,
> Broken spines, coated tongues —
> Hell is all pillows.[20]

"Hell is all pillows." But Hell is a more conventional Hell than that. It is a Hell much like Rimbaud's Hell in its separation from God, a separation caused by the irreconcilable in himself and society. Sandra Hochman feels the same:

> The Lord is my hospital.
> Birth — in silence. Odd that I should
> fear
> Green sheets and pillows everywhere . . .
> Kingdom of basinettes and bed, to
> The faithless I say *Be born and die.*
> And I returned.
> Sacred as a rabbit.[21]

Science removes the dignity of man by making science into God, the only thing greater than man.

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Civilization and progress constitute not only an unnatural Hell, but a conventionally violent one. Like Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell,* full of the screaming and the flames that reveal a man's inner soul —

I am hidden and I am not.[22]

Sandra Hochman's Hell is violent. The city, which she knows as New York, where she grew up, and Paris, which she "didn't like, but loved — a cold city"[23] is a violent place, filled with senseless construction and destruction:

Outside my window wreckers
Trapped in constructions: blond
And black men under the helmets of steel, caught in earth . . .
Killing earth. The earth is taken somewhere else.
Where does all the earth go?
Wreckers in uniforms of mesh ride
Jackhammers and dust-machines, gripping
Torches of fire.[24]

The city is a dirty and a torturous as well as a violent Hell. Sandra Hochman speaks of silverfish and people:

Manhattan's
Small beasts, engendered
In corruption,
Fear for their lives.[25]

The Inferno of Arthur Rimbaud and Sandra Hochman. The final myth that runs through both the French *Symboliste* and Miss Hochman is Voyage, the journey from Hell to Childhood. Perhaps we oversimplify to call what the two poets yearn for, childhood. Perhaps, though Rimbaud and Sandra Hochman seem to want to return to childhood, innocent of experience, they want just as much to transcend experience, to achieve that childhood and happiness beyond unhappiness, somewhere in the "inconnu".[26] *"I will go whoring with the Zodiac,"*[27] says Sandra Hochman. "I shall find it! Hunger, thirst, shouts, dance, dance, dance!"[28] says Arthur Rimbaud. In Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* there is a poem called "The Impossible" that speaks of the Garden of Eden and the impossibility of a successful return to innocence and the original purity of the East.[29] In Sandra Hochman's "Ivory and Horn" two lovers go to the Palladium in Harlem, like a beginning, to find the purity of their first romance, to watch

a dark brown woman shake in two.

I am well, I move my arms, she said,

Never-never dreams wake up the dead.[30]

And they do not find purity. Baudelaire said that virginity lies beyond experience. Rimbaud's life indicates that he agreed. Sandra Hochman, now married and divorced, seems to agree, too. At the end of "Ivory and Horn" something is resolved:

Then Angel Lucifer walked the wall
Past the living-room and down the halls
Into my bedroom. He rocked
Me to his fables.
I laid me down to sleep and blurred
My eyes upon his cackling bird. We flew
Into the underworld. My arms
Stuck to his bird's crest, fingers curled
Around his wings. And I was borne
Over the gates of Ivory and Horn.[31]

310298

[1]Wallace Fowlie, **Rimbaud** (New York, 1946), p. 125.
[2]Sandra Hochman, **Manhattan Pastures** (New Haven, 1963), p. 24.
[3]Arthur Rimbaud, **Illuminations**, trans. Louise Varese (New York, 1957), p. 7.
[4]Dudley Fitts, "Foreward," **Manhattan Pastures** (New Haven, 1963).
[5]Hochman, **Manhattan Pastures**, p. 3.
[6]Arthur Rimbaud, **A Season in Hell & The Druken Boat**, (New York, 1961), p. 97.
[7]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 22.
[8]**Ibid.**, p. 13.
[9]**Fowlie, Rimbaud**, p. 13.
[10]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p. 7.
[11]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 38.
[12]**Ibid.**, p. 26.
[13]Charles Baudelaire, **Intimate Journals** (Boston, 1949), p. 11.
[14]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p. 15.
[15]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 27.
[16]**Ibid.**, p. 13.
[17]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p. 5.
[18]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 28.
[19]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p., 11.
[20]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 20.
[21]**Ibid.**
[22]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p. 33.
[23]Sandra Hochman, Personal Interview, Andover, Massachusetts, February 6, 1963.
[24]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 16.
[25]**Ibid.**, p. 18.
[26]**Fowlie, Rimbaud**, p. 23.
[27]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 1.
[28]**Rimbaud, A Season in Hell**, p. 19.
[29]**Ibid.**, p. 71.
[30]**Hochman, Manhattan Pastures**, p. 6.
[31]**Ibid.**, p. 6.

sculpture/jim meyer

Disbelief

Swans swoop screaming that that day

That glittering day that twisted death

Into the knot of lightning gray

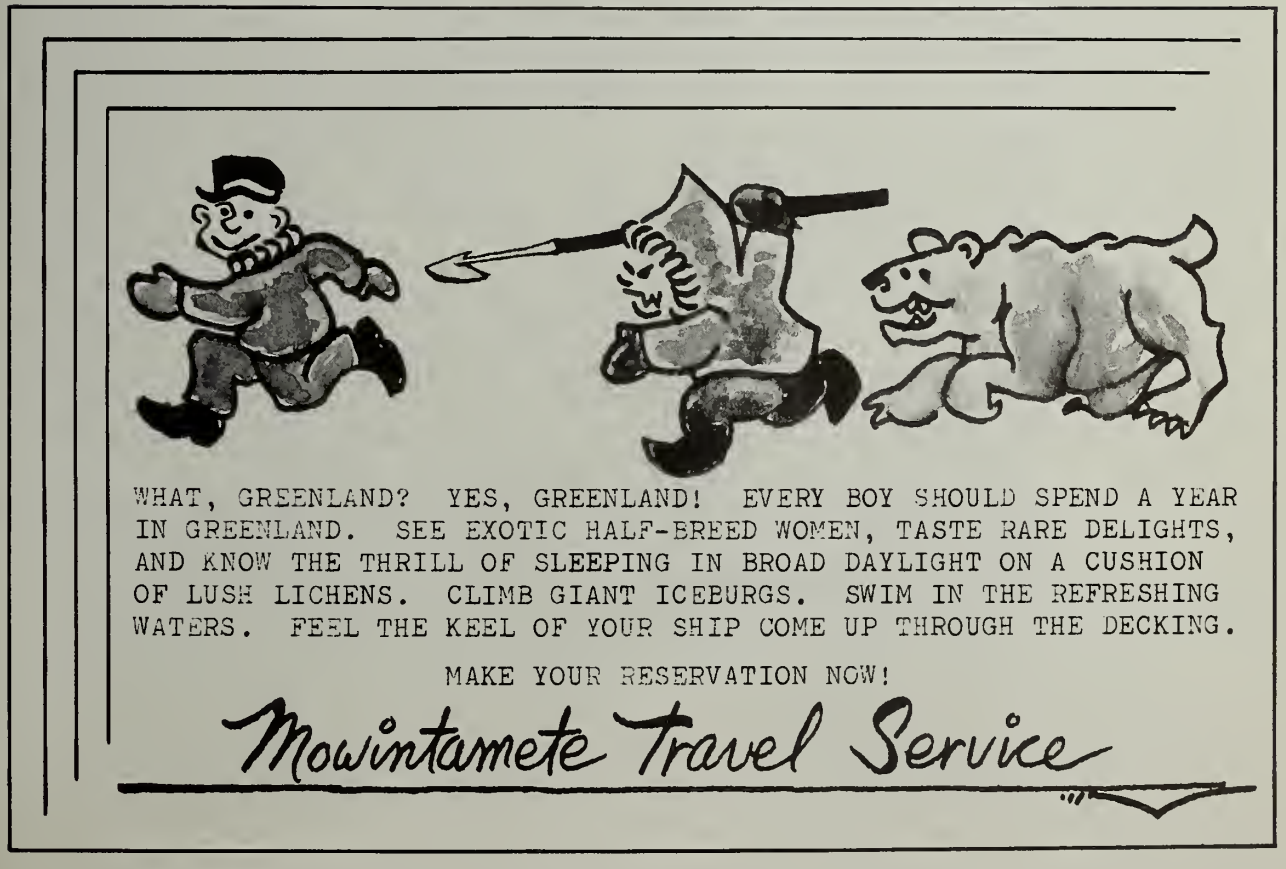
Was gone and they would stay

Choking on sadness but in the midst of brilliance

Floating, never rising, wishing they were deaf and gay

But seeing silvery sunrise with their sinking breath.

/MATT HALL



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The Bell

/FRANK HIGHT

Falling from the roof of the building on the corner, a slender column of water splashed on to the top of the news-stand. It had rained until five or five-thirty, and now taxicabs and busses with garish placards on their sides made hissing noises as they passed by. The grass in the park across the street glittered in the slanted, fading sunlight.

The old man pushed the door of the news-stand open and leaned against the jamb, gazing across the intersection and down the street. The next building on his side was a time-worn stone church, dwarfed by the buildings around it. The bells were ringing in the spire, and he stood motionless, unmindful of the water splashing on his neck, listening to the music float down.

He turned away from the door and glanced across the street just as a horse-drawn carriage full of sightseers drove by and scattered a flock of pigeons sitting on the curb. After a moment the birds re-grouped around the man on the bench who was throwing them crumbs. He stopped and listened again, more carefully this time. He started for the door, but looking up, he noticed a young woman in a raincoat at the front window of the stand.

"Hello, there," she said cheerfully.

"Good afternoon," replied the old man, not looking at her.

"How are you today?"

"I'm . . . getting along. And you?"

"I'm just *fine,*" she responded, laughing.

"Tell me now, what do you have that's good to read for fifty cents?"

"How about *Life?* That's only twenty cents."

"Uh. . . no, I don't think so. Hmm, could I have that paper there?"

"The *Post?*"

"No, the *Express.*"

"But that's a morning paper."

"I know, but it's so much easier to read."

"Well, I guess that's true." He took her fifty-cent piece and gave her back some change. She started to go and then changed her mind.

"It must be interesting, working here every day," she observed.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean sitting here in your little house, right in the middle of the stream of life. You know?"

"Yes, you learn a lot about people," said the old man, warming to the conversation. "I have to admit that."

"I'd almost be wiling to trade paces with you for a day or two — you know, for the experience."

"You can't really mean that. It's hardly an exciting life."

"How can you *say* that? What a perfect place to look at people. Really."

"People don't seem so interesting when you're trying to sell them newspapers."

"Well, it's not as if they didn't buy them."

"That's not what I meant. What bothers you at first is how worthless everyone thinks you are. But you get used to it, of course. I suppose it makes people feel better to compare themselves with me."

"Do you think that's what I'm thinking?"

"I can't tell."

"Well I'm not. I admire you. I honestly do. That's why I stopped by to talk with you."

"I've never heard anyone say that before."

"Yes, but you see . . . She broke off. "Just a minute." Two men men had come over to stand almost beside the girl. Both wore hats and belted raincoats, and both were quite large. One had a scar down his cheek, and the other looked as though he hadn't shaved in several days.

"I'll be right with you," she said to the men. They nodded, moved several paces away, and began talking to each other.

"Well then, why do you earn your living this way, if you dislike it so much?" she asked, turning to the old man.

"Do you hear those bells?" He motioned uncertainly toward the church.

"Yes. They're beautiful."

"Back before the first war. . ."

The man with the scar was snarling to his companion. "I'm telling you, that guy is a bastard!"

". . . I used to be the bell-ringer for that church. I was only a kid, but I was beginning to be somebody."

"Whatever happened?" asked the girl.

"Shut up, for Christ's sake!" snapped the scarred man's companion.

"I was gassed," said the old man," and when I came back I'd lost the coordination of my hands. I couldn't ring the bells anymore. But I wanted to be near them."

"How perfectly *awful,*" she said. The two men turned around and looked steadily at the newspaper vendor. The old man was suddenly afraid.

"I . . ." He stood still and stared blankly back.

"Let's go, Marda." The men started to leave. Marda turned and smiled over her shoulder as she walked away.

"Bye, now."

He tried to answer, but couldn't make a sound. *The bell sounds cracked,* he thought.

It was quite dark by that time, and the streetlights had come on. The old man emptied some coins from a topless cigar box into his coat pocket, locked the window and door of the news-stand, and headed toward the subway entrance. He faltered on his way down the steps to the tracks and leaned heavily on the railing. A momentary silence fell over his consciousness, a silence broken only by the pealing of the bell, and an expression of indescribable sadness come over his features. He knew that his soul could be now nothing more than an interminable graveyard, whose tombstones bore inscriptions not of people, but rather of every thought that had ever passed through his mind. Of that he was sure, absolutely sure. He went on down the stairs, not knowing whether he'd ever come back.

sculpture/craig moody
and jim mayer

HOOD

MILK

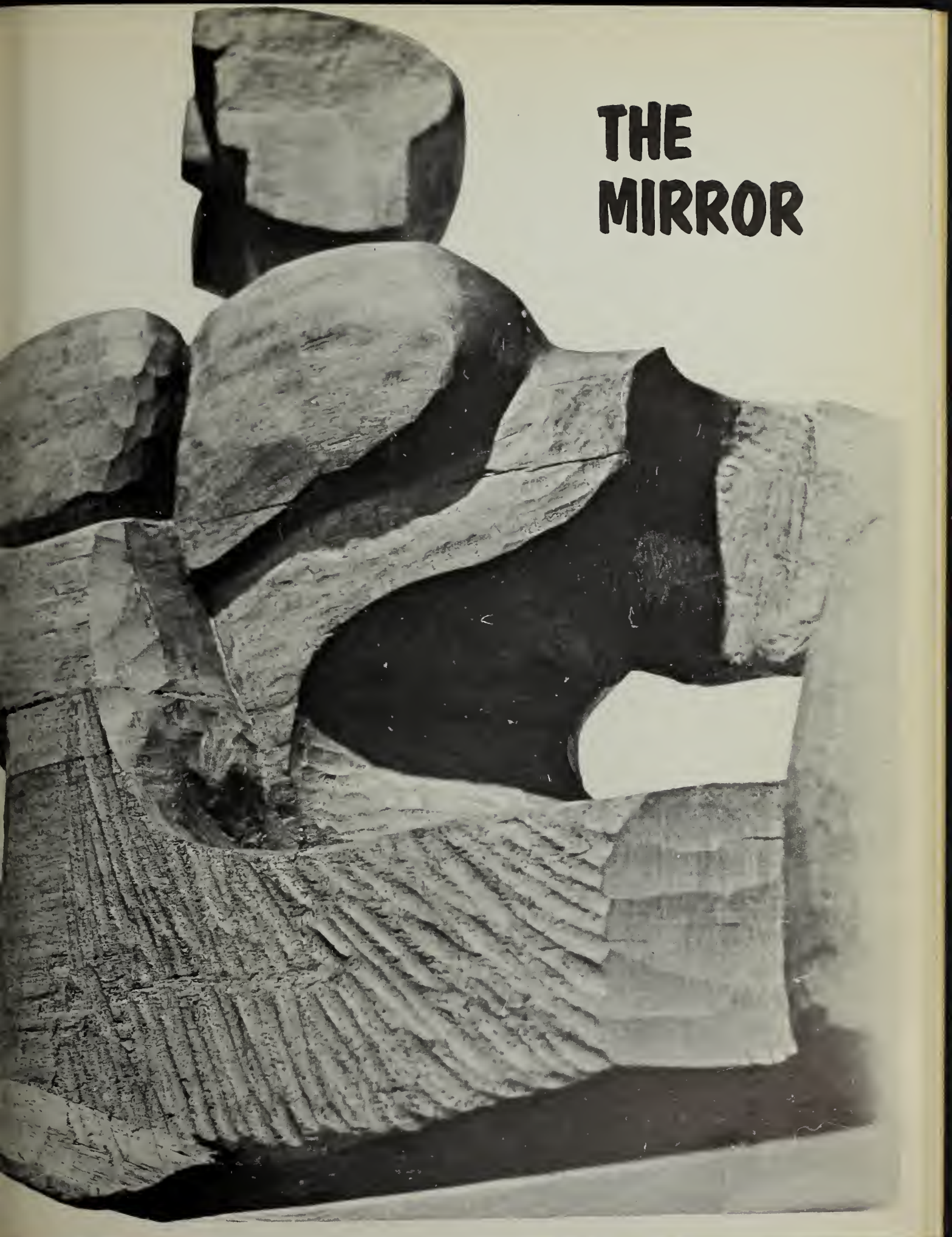
I Canti

What I have learned, I know from the old seer,
Who crouches in the cellar of the temple,
The thread of life and years wound in his eyes,
Whose arms form stout, immobile columns of flesh . . .
I have seen the ashen collonade,
With its choking ivies and dead roses,
Its statues cracked by the tyranny of age,
Its pools dried and floating in the heat
Of a sun that melts the frozen mud.
My secret comes from homes of contradiction,
And its "no" is more affirming than its "yes."
The thunder is my host, my private sibyl,
Who pours my wine, smiling incest with the night.
When I speak, let all men hold their ears.
He came in the beginning,
The starlight had not come.
His voice was harsh and scraping
(A lyre unstrung and burned).
It was the starling's welcome
That frightened him away
Into the sea-blue cavern
From the lesser light of morn.
His hands sunk in the dark pools,
His feet bathed by the black,
And nurtured by his blindness
He fell out onto the floor
Of the new and starving forest.
But he was blind, unknowing,
Never seeing beams
Of sunlight shafted downward.
For, blind, was ever clutching
At the sweet seed of a flame.
O my child my child! my child! Where is the breast
That shall welcome thy hungry, searching mouth?
O infant in the forest, on the ground!
The damp, ugly earth making roots of your feet;
Food for vultures and fires for man.
"We shall go seven miles to a more faithful city,
Where we may learn of men." But it was
The sparrow who was speaking, and
All poets are liars.

Towers bend in the wind, some bricks will fall,
The beams will split, but while we are here.
We have sanctuary, here in this corner of the spirit.
I am ready to listen to you — infants soon must speak.
It is your turn now. Hush! . . . the thunder!
It was not the thunder. That was the tower,
Swaying finally, announcing its own dirge,
And then crashing into the warm, green seas.
That's where we'll go, I say, that's where we'll live.
But coral is sharp, it tears the veins.
A child has grown, blind, hopelessly sightless,
Yet, he can sing.
Orpheus, through the ruins, gliding through the temples,
Guarding the moss-carpeted rocks, breathing life into snow flakes,
And picking daggers out of the hearts of men,
Has abandoned his mother, has slain his father,
Has wept at no graves but his own.
What is the sting of dying, the cold weight of the sepulchre
That we have not felt it? And we go seven more miles
To a more faithful city. And, to the sea, and to the coral:
The jewels of pain, burning the foot, but ignoring the heart.
When I was a child (and I never was),
I grew, and, still growing, I am a child,
Unheeded, unwanted, and given suck by the vultures
That do not heed, do not want me.
O for that flame, for my release!
For a throat that does not scrape
When thoughts become rivers on the tongue!
O for those still voices in my brain
(Those hushed sisters from the forest,
Who tell me that they do not exist)
To cry out!
But only if I hope, only if I speak,
Only if that river of music spills forth,
Gushing from its damned source
Will I grasp my torch,
And hold the germ of tranquility,
Foster-child of the sea.
My flowers are still in the temple.
I will take them back with me.
The muscles of the columns have hardened.
The temple will stand.
And I shall return to the light of the cave.

/terry baggs

THE MIRROR



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Editorial Reflections

A Sweet-Sour Note To End On

When Graduation Day comes, the Class of '63 will clasp its diplomas stiffly, and backpeddle down the podium steps into summer. It will then look ahead to Fall, representing variously college, the armed forces, and State Department work in the Middle East for various of its members. Very few of those members will soon look back.

For this class has been about as ill-treated by Phillips Academy as a class could be. Since the Fall term, vague but persistent complaints have come to our ears. "The Seniors have no leader!" "The Seniors have no class unity!" "The Seniors," in the words of Mr. Harrison, our Athletic Director, "have no *group guts!*" All cries against us have been jubilantly echoed by the three lower classes, like parental reprimands chanted by baby sisters. I, for one, am sick of them.

In potential repression of any such criticisms that this year's underclassmen may wish to make of my class, now or later, and in hopes of establishing firmer criteria than I feel we all have been judged on, I would like to offer a statement in defense of the class of '63.

Basically, I like this Senior class, and do not see why others don't. I feel that we have valued, on the whole, that which can help us to grow, and rejected, for the most part, distractions to growth.

I believe personally that the inferiority of our class is a myth propagated by a few faculty members and taught to credulous underclassmen. I trace the propagation of this myth to a distorted sense of perspective that I feel many faculty members enjoy. I have several times been told by Mr. James, Chairman of the History Department, "For you fellows, four years is the entire Andover experience. For us, it's just a drop in the bucket. We faculty members see things from a better perspective than you can." I readily concede Mr. James's point, but I would define carefully the degree of this perspective. It is not infinite. Perhaps many of our teachers are overly impressed with it. Perhaps they feel called upon to generalize, to spot and identify trends, to a greater extent than is accurately possible. Perhaps they are responsible for this vague injustice I feel has been perpetrated on me and on my classmates.

For what, indeed, have they reacted to? Signs point to a suspiciously high emphasis on *individual* and *athletic* failures. It is particularly insulting to our class, and uncomplimentary to faculty intelligence, if our supposed inferiority can be traced to a few expulsions and an unfortunate football season, — and to the pattern of declining athletic enthusiasm that inevitably accompanies such misfortune. This is a thought that one is tempted to dismiss hastily and quietly; but it is a persistent one, particularly when we ask ourselves how much the faculty *really* sees us outside of athletic contests, and particularly when we note that Mr. Harrison has been our loudest and most violent critic.

What can critics be ignoring when they say that our class has neither leadership nor unity? Possibly an extraordinarily high rate of individuality, a refusal to be led, or to compromise beliefs into any unified code. Possibly these critics see the absence of a familiar though thoroughly intangible virtue, — "class unity," — and ignore the presence of an un-

/jim mayer

familiar, but clearly fortunate, quality of mutual liking and respect that exists among us, one that seeks neither to organize nor to force compromise of individuality.

But most of all, I think the critics outside our class have ignored what they could not justly be expected to see: the valuable friendships and minor unities that have sprung up in our class, — possibly as a result of our common persecution. Look at the expanding circles of friendship around any given member of our class! Look at the Day South-Day North Underground-Overground Railroad! Look, even, at the "pigeon" rallies. Look, finally, at the logic of rejecting "group guts," or, more articulately, "school spirit". It is a logic, I think, whose essence most of my classmates have grasped.

Let me introduce it by recalling a grievance of Mr. Fitts, our faculty advisor on the *Mirror,* who insists that the statement "Honesty is the best policy" implies a hideous cynicism, the idea that one should be honest *because it pays!*

I feel that most tidy maxims condoning so-called "group spirit," are likewise cynical, whether it be nationalism, school-wide enthusiasm, or Stimson House "dorm spirit" that is being recommended. Just as the honesty maxim sacrifices honesty-for-the-sake-of-honesty in favor of a second-rate compromise, honesty-with-a-motive, so do these "minority spirit" campaigns sacrifice the ideal of general and indiscriminate love of one's fellow man in favor of the second-rate compromise, love for one's fellows *within a limited sphere.* This has been a compromising choice that I do not feel our class has been essentially cynical enough to make. I think that unconsciously we have pulled away from the forces urging us to draw lines among people, to love some and reject others, — which is what any kind of "minority spirit" boils down to; liking some people better and others less simply because they do or don't fall into one's classification as a human minority.

To stretch a point, I would conclude from the independence our class has demonstrated in its friendships and its unities an unconscious idealism, and a tendency toward recognizing the human need for loving generally and indiscriminately that so many people deny or repress when they concoct the familiar pragmatic myths of Stimson House spirit, P.A. spirit, and patriotism.

I repeat that I like this Senior class. My prejudice must be taken into account when I say it is the best one I have seen.

j.w.h.

Words Unspoken

/joel slotnikoff

When I was eight it happened the first time. I came home to tell my parents about Paul. "There's a boy at school named Paul," I said, "and he has a dead frog that he keeps in a box in his coat." "Ecch" said my mother, and my father said "What's so special about a dead toad?" I was going to tell him that it was a frog and not a toad, and that there was a difference, but when I thought about it, I couldn't really say what was so special about either. I left the table as soon as I could and went outside. There was more to it than a dead frog, and I knew there was something else I should have said, but I couldn't think of what it was. Even if they'd said "That's great!", I'd have felt that they didn't see that it was great at all, or at least not why it was great.

The next time it happened was in the ninth grade. There was this boy in one of the upper classes whom I idolized. I thought everything he did was great, and I tried to walk like he did, and I let my hair grow long and get messy like his, but it didn't work, because I was always consciously imitating him. I couldn't just be easy and graceful the way he was. He had a lovely girl as his date for the spring dance, and I imagined that they liked each other very much, that they talked without hesitating, and that when they kissed, neither was reluctant. I saw him the day after the dance but it was in a crowd, and all I could say was "Anne's nice," but I meant it to say much more. He answered "Thank you", but as I walked away, I felt unhappy that he hadn't seen what I'd meant. He probably doesn't really like her, I thought, he doesn't see how much I want him to. He certainly didn't see that I wanted so desperately to be the way he was, but all I'd said was "Anne's nice" and he wasn't the kind to look for hidden meanings.

When it happened again, rather than depression, I felt exhilaration, because I was acutely aware of just what had happened. I went back to my room afterwards and wrote out the conversation. Peter and John were roommates, and the three of us sat in their room late one night talking. John went out to borrow a record, and I was left alone with Peter. "I . . . I don't know where to begin" I began, "I don't know how to put it, but, well . . . how do you keep it up all the time?" He knew what I meant, and answered "Maybe it's easier that

/neal tonken

way." I asked him if we were thinking about the same thing, and he said yes, and didn't back out when he could have. "When does it stop?" I asked. "I figure I'll be at Yale in another year and things'll be different." "Do you really believe that?" I said, and realized it was too sharp only after I'd said it. He answered angrily, defensively, and I said "Forget it, forget I said anything." But communication was a rare indulgence for him, and he couldn't stop once he'd begun. I began to ask him whether it worked, how it was easier, but John's return cut me off. I waited a moment in false hope, then said "Good luck" and left. When I saw Peter the next day he smiled, but the smile was partly an entreaty not to expose what he'd told me.

One time it happened successfully, and of course it was the time you'd have thought it wouldn't. I was hitchhiking up through Maryland to Pennsylvania and I got a ride from a big trailor truck that was carrying six new cars. I fell asleep as soon as I was settled in the cab, even though it was still afternoon, and when I woke up it was dark, the lights of passing cars shone in my eyes, and I put my arm up in front of my face. The driver reached over and pulled down the visor, and that was what started things off. We were in the mountains and moving slowly, and we started talking. At first we talked about trivial, impersonal things like the scenery, and how many reverse gears the truck had, but then I started telling him how I was going to California, and how I had a girl out there I was going to see. And I was going to see all the small towns and wheatfields, and the Rockies, and the sun setting on the Pacific, and how when I got there, I knew she'd be waiting for me. I actually got a little carried away. It was partly because I felt so good about it all, and partly because I didn't think he'd see what I meant, like talking to a dog, partly because he'd been nice and pulled down the visor when the lights were in my eyes, but mainly because we were strangers, on the road, with the knowledge we'd never see each other again, with the feeling of freedom at being away from everything we knew. Maybe he felt this too, I don't know, but I do know that what I said awoke something within him, from when he was a boy, and he began to tell me his dreams. They had nothing to do with trucks; he wanted to be a ship's captain, but the way he said it gave it a magic that I can't recapture. It was between the two of us, far from home, and nobody else can understand; he probably didn't think I did. When he stopped speaking he gave me a cigarette, then reached over and turned on the radio. I could see he wanted to say more, to continue what he'd begun, but he didn't have the right words to express himself. That's why he turned on the radio, I think, but it was terribly important for him to go on, and he looked distressed. Maybe he felt he was taking out his dreams to look at for the last time, like rereading dusty love-letters before throwing them in the fire. He tried to speak again after a while, but his words faltered, and all he could say was "Good Luck" and "Write and tell me if you get your dreams." I asked him to let me out when we got to the next diner; I didn't get his address.

Among the Masses

/dave foster

There was the gray blackness that shut out the light, discolored what might have been beautiful; the smoky atmosphere that tried to choke out life and stifle good, an outward smokiness of cheap cigars, cigarettes and an inward one of hate, ignorance, disgust, and distrust; the general air of futile fatality that tended to catch in one's throat and give what could have been pure, sweet air a dead, stagnant taste. And that was all — simple depression lifted high by a multitude of murderers whose only purpose was to destroy every man's soul.

For what was life, he wondered. Here was a train station — in it were people, and it was they who made America, and yet he could not respect them. Instead, he loathed them and could not speak to them without fear of betraying his condescension. But why? Was it his cynicism?

The station was divided by a wall between the waiting room and the group of stores, and the stores were invisibly divided into sections — where the people were, mulling around the shops with a rather frightening aimlessness; and where they weren't, that empty foreign spot that seemed taboo because no one was ever there.

And directly between the two halves was the liquor store; of course, *it* wasn't prejudiced. Conformist and non-conformist alike could buy from this merchant. It didn't bother him. Anyway he had achieved harmony with others. He could not be criticized as long as he sold.

"Yes, of course. A train schedule? Right there. Help yourself. For Chicago? Of course, you can't use that one. Here. Why didn't you say so in the first place." The man turned back to the phone, to his outlet.

"May I have a Coke please?" "Large or small." "Uhh — large, I guess." . . . "Here you go. Twenty cents, please. Say, you know, you're a pretty cute little boy. How old are you? Sixteen?" The counter of the stand was damp from the recent wiping to remove spilled coffee and orange drink. A small handmade paper sign saying, "This counter closed" stood crookedly across from him. An 'out of order' tag was hung on one of the Coke machines. It seemed terribly contradictory since this was a restaurant.

A number of machines leaned with the cynical look of the intelligent man against one wall. He wandered over to them and inspected each with the scrutiny of a detective. Out of boredom he slipped a dime into one and waited for the colored lights to flash and the game to begin; but nothing happened. It was broken, an instigator of petty disappointment. He was disgusted with himself and tried the other machines, but they, too, had long ago stopped giving back anything for what they received. So finally, he ended up putting a quarter into an engraving machine where he started to write "damn society"; but while he was still working on the 'damn', he accidently pushed the button marked 'release', and the piece of plastic slipped out a small slot. He picked it up and snapped it in half, idly letting the fragments drop from his fingers to the stone floor.

As he turned away from the machines, he read the sign on the last one. "Stand on platform below. Deposit quarter. Platform will vibrate. These vibrations should be very relaxing to your body." He pondered dropping in a quarter and not getting on. Could the machine agitate itself? He doubted if it could. Anyway, it was people he wished to shake, not machines. He hoped there was a difference.

The three aging ladies stood inside the toy store feeling fully protected from the world passing by. They had established an outward appearance that could not be shattered by those who stopped to conduct business. At least, they thought so, but only the little child who couldn't find the toy he wanted knew otherwise, and everybody would think he was too young to really know. But outside those glass walls sat an old man with a small collection of Santa Clauses who could walk in circles and repeat the same song — if you wound them up. But

he was open to criticism since he did not have any self-protecting glass walls. He had to look for his customers, not wait for them. But he could satisfy the child who was turned away from the store. And that made him superior.

The odors of the bakery reached his nostrils as he approached. Inside the counters were five women attendants. Two were blonde, and three brunette. One of the blondes came and waited on him. As he turned away, he heard: "Get the hell out of here. We don't serve drunks. You've already caused too much trouble." He saw an old man who was too senile to understand what had just happened to him and didn't really care.

And then as usual he decided he'd had enough, and he turned away from the stores, the dirt, the people, and the machines, as if the latter two could really be distinguished. He walked slowly past the toys, the food, the train schedules, the alcohol, until nothing remained, and there he stayed.

And later there was Chicago, as he rode down Lakeshore Drive in the muggy heat of a premature spring, with the warm air blowing through the open cab window. The sky was dark, and the fluorescent lights glowed purple-white as they slipped by at even intervals. And back against the darkness, the neon signs flashed excitedly — a shocking contrast of red on green on blue, all sinking into an infinite black. Conrad Hilton Hotel. Shell. Coca-Cola Bottling Company. Standard Oil. Pepsi. Vivid color shimmered everywhere, and the refreshing wind brought the smells of industry now empty of most of their pungency. "Wheh now? Y'o want me te turn here?" "Of course." It didn't really matter now.

He walked up and down the platform of the LaSalle Street station while waiting for the train. Finally, he walked over to the old wooden building and entered. He went to the lunch counter, "Coke, please." "Large or small?" "Large, please." "Okay . . . sixteen cents . . . do you have a penny?" "No, I'm sorry I don't." She gave it to him for fifteen.

Outside, the train arrived, and he stepped on. There were only single seats left in the coach. He walked down the aisle to the rear, where he pushed his suitcase up on the rack and sat down next to a gaunt man whose clasped hands rested on a copy of the Chicago Tribune. The man sighed when he sat down.

"Can I have your ticket please?" The man was only going to Ashtabula. "Here, boy, would you like to look at the paper?" "Pard . . . Oh, yes, of course. Thank you." The man turned his face back to the window and watched a dull world slowly coming to life. At Ashtabula, when the man left, came the first sense of loss. Even if it had only been for a tired old man, it was still there.

Cleveland was deserted at 11:30, and the station was empty except for the wizened man behind the magazine counter, who clung to the thought of a few more sales before leaving. But his hopes were no longer something that appeared evil. His profit was his, and hate could not fall on him for that. But he seemed to be alone, and that was the sadness.

Then finally, it was back to the beginning with the same train station. Only now he rushed to embrace it, to inhale its smoke-filled air and rejoice in its outward dirtiness, and all the time know it was pure. He rushed to find the old man squatted on the floor with his musical toys. But the man was gone. Maybe it had been death or sickness or better profit. But his old spot was unoccupied save for the sadness that was there for those who searched it.

He left the toy shop and circled around the clustered stores. All the while he gazed intently into people's faces and was engrossed in what he saw — a hurried businessman, a drunk, a palsied old man, a young girl, a waitress with powdered cheeks. They were all people, individuals. They were alive; they had emotions. He stopped, suddenly, before that same engraving machine. He considered making a new plaque, without the damn, with a different word and, perhaps, humanity instead of society. But he didn't or rather couldn't. For it was a machine, and it couldn't understand. He wanted to communicate with people, not machines. And there was a difference, he knew. So he turned around and faced the masses of people with something new and universal, and he walked among them with a new serenity. No longer was man to be criticized, but loved.

Darwin's Mermaid

/paul monette

A little, void policeman scatters bullets into frothing, green directions, hoping he might snag a vandal; screaming wobbly threats, he babbles: "Life is fathomed in a whisper; shouted meanings, pebble ripples!"

Delighted priests assumed processions, dancing, singing, psalming, damning. Follow all the round policeman, barefoot, brilliant, silent preachers; let your goddess hymn to boredom: "Frugal Saviour, choke your meanings; Life remains the mystic barter!"

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, bang, bang, bang is murder. Thus the bloated temple's warning which defies the tearful traitor, running, gleaming, far and farther forward from the painful chase. The only cloak of blue is tattered by the angered patrons.

And soon the universe is flowing after any tyrant who would vouch that life arranged its own abortion in an eon of attempting. "Life is so mysterious that none should blare a loud description . . . quiet, quiet, quiet be, and there is no defining, bastard!" echoed all, and all repeated.

In a secret niche, she wondered if her wild divinings could be realized if quickly were accepted. No, 'tis better now to wait, she reasoned, piercing into awesome twilight, trying to caress a substance, straining, trying, hoping . . . can they know and can they know, she wheezes.

No; it must be vacuum, not a meaning, folded mystery . . .
Cold the water was; a school of quiet, orange tadpoles slowly drifted by.

Armies On A Weekday Afternoon

/a. m. nelson

When I was a boy,
I looked to the sky;
I saw clear and radiant blues
Covered by grey and misty cloud.

I could hear the chronic pitter-patter
Patter on the roofs and roads
on leaves and lakes
and other little things;
I could see the day's dust
Settle, subdued by the conquering,
small but numerous drops.

The armies grew into another
And little streams trickled by;
So here I knelt by new-formed creek
sticking there my finger
watching waters swirling by.

The rain spattered on my back,
And I looked up tall unto the face of God;
He talked to me
Dropping droplets on my cheek
Cascading down upon my breast
where God's word ought to lodge.

I'll Take It Easy

/bob cottle

I squirmed under the fence as low as I could, but my fish creel caught on a prong when I straightened up, and yanked me back against the wire. Twisting free, I turned and started across the meadow. The grass was early-season green, long and silky as hair, with little thistle tufts around some of the rocks, hoary and speckled and hunched like wet cats. There were big dew drops on the grass, and the webs of the field spiders were jeweled by the sunrise. Over to the left was the place the tractor got stuck, all brown and raw, and oozing a little ground water. Up ahead was the stream, grey and smooth, because there wasn't any wind this early. There never was down by the stream really, because of the aspens over on the other bank. They soaked it all up, I guess, quivering and shaking like they were going to fall apart, and the stream would hardly ever ripple.

As far as I know, there are only two kinds of fishermen, me and the rest. I mean that just about everyone I know who has ever drowned a worm doesn't go fishing because they just like to fish, but because they want to catch something they won't have to lie about, even to other fishermen. They want the biggest, the toughest, the most fantastic fish ever caught, and they keep at it forever because they're never satisfied. I'm different. I'm satisfied. I don't leap out of bed or cram a breakfast down my throat before I finish brushing my teeth. I don't foam at the mouth when I come near the stream and smell the dead leaves and mud. I don't even care if I catch anything. I like to fish, and fishing is the act, not what you catch. Sure, it's good to get a strike now and then, because at least then you can fool yourself into thinking you're smarter than the fish, but there is so much more to fishing, or "angling" if you read Issac Walton. Fishing has been used as a cure-all since before the Indians had Uncle John's Snakeroot. Just sitting on a rock watching your bobber drift or wading out into the stream for a free cast and getting your fly caught on the back of your hat takes away all pain. You can't worry while you're fishing. The stream gurgles or the pond laps, and wherever you are, the gnats keep you busy.

About ten kinds of bugs wanted to have a family reunion in my ears as I half-slid, half-stumbled down the bank to the little strip of sand and gravel along the stream edge. It was wide here, and there were a couple of holes, like two black eyes, out in the middle. There were always some trout in them, and they'd probably stay there. I stuck my rod under my arm and smeared some repellant around my neck. The stuff smelled so much that I had to keep moving or choke. I could almost see a green cloud trailing in back of me. The gnats loved it, and when one would land on me, he'd get his feet stuck, and buzzed and squirmed till he drowned in it. Finally the slime either evaporated or soaked in, and they stopped sticking, but the first few were cemented in to stay. I eased myself out into the stream, placing my feet very carefully on the stoney bed, and very expertly too, I thought, till I stepped up on a stone that wasn't there and got a boot-full of water. I stood there drinking in the beauty and peace of the place while the current swirled around my knees, and sucked the sand out from under

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my toes. Off by the edge of the nearest pool, a brown back swirled and sparkled. I casually tied on a yellow muddler, and stripped some line off the spool. With what even I will admit was a sloppy cast, I hit the spot exactly. Nothing happened. I really didn't care if I caught anything or not, and watched a flock of crows flap their silent way towards me. I called to them in my very best crow voice, Cargh, Cargh, not the ridiculous Caw, Caw that everyone else uses. It sounded perfect to me, but the crows gave a scream of horror and disappeared at once behind the aspens. I guess they didn't know how they were supposed to sound.

Some people go after fish with equipment that was made for dredging canals; big reels, big rods, gaffs and fish-grippers, electric finders and electric attractors. If I lower myself at all to actually catching something I use sporting tackle, or at least things that look that way. If I carry a net, it's one that folds so I can put it in my pocket and everyone will think I land them with my bare hands. The characters that use the steam equipment aren't even honest about it. They say they catch their fish with the ultralight tackle in the back seat, when they have everything but poison in the trunk. You'd think they could be truthful.

I made another cast out into a foamy ripple ahead of a boulder. The fly drifted back past the stone and into the eddy behind it, then stopped. I thought I'd snagged bottom, and pulled up on the rod tip, but the rock pulled back and took off upstream like he was there all the time. There was a splash and a tug, and the biggest brownie I'd ever seen did a cartwheel about ten feet away from a dead tree in the stream. I couldn't believe he was on my line, and maybe he wasn't, because the next thing I knew, I was landing a tree branch. He'd twisted the line around it and torn free. Just imagine, though, what everyone would have said if I'd caught him. I could have had him mounted over the fireplace in the den or in the front hall where everyone could see it. Maybe he would have been a record. Maybe I'll try to catch him when I'm home again. I'll have to hurry so I can get out even earlier, might not even have time for breakfast.

Dance Of The Shadows

/joel slotnikoff

The leaves blow in the vestibule.
The lamp-globe is split,
  light spills on the wall.
Here are doorways, a darkened hall,
  invisible names, a worn rug,
  and stair treads, silent.
Ascending one by one, the stairs,
  grasping the bannister weakly,
  for support as much as not to miss a step.
The light is dim above—the second landing,
  the second hall.

'The first turning of the stair—'
  locked doors, and trashcans
  in the corner, on the floor.
There are—a Mrs. Mahoney, and a name
  which cannot be read,
  and another with no name at all,
  but light underneath the door.

Around the corner at the second stair
  the light from a farther hall appears,
  the risers worn, and treads bare,
  at the start of the ascent.
Surmounting, stair by stair,
The shadows dance on the plaster,
  the austere laughter of the dark,
  suppressed gasps, shortness of breath,
  rest on the landing now attained,
To feel the hot air,
  and know fears.

Holding a match, the name can be read,
The years are dead, but
  do you remember the book of poems
we bought in a downtown store?
We rode uptown, and drank tea
  in the sculpture garden
  at the Modern Museum.
'She has immense buttocks, has she not?'
'Hasn't she.' I read them aloud to you,
And you listened, you listened
  to the cadences and feet I read so well,
  you remember, do you not?
'I cannot tell.'

Standing like that creates a silence,
that knocking is meant to fill.
That was it, hesitancy must be overcome
if the purpose of the trip
is to be recovered.
The blood flows fast in aged veins,
the head is light.
To grip the ballistrade, he thought,
will offer some support

The door made a noise when it opened;
he remembered that.
'Why hello, hello, it has been a long time.'
'So it would seem.'
'Have a seat, no, over by the lamp,
that's it, would you like a drink?
some tea? a beer? do you remember
the night we drank beer in the Hofgarten?
Do you remember the woman we encountered
lying naked in an alley,
with huge hips?
You choose tea? Amuse yourself!'
The door, he thought, it must lead
to the kitchen,
it made a noise.

Light spilled out, and a face appeared,
behind a chain,
as he had feared.
Cane firmly in hand, he silently turned
to the long descent,
stair after stair,
What should I care, he thought,
if he thinks me queer?
The face I do not know,
have never,
shall never.
Have I made myself clear?

Truth, Beauty, Etcetera

A Happening At P.A.

/steve mathes

I. Introduction: empty stage; fast loud folk music playing as if introducing a story in the country manner. (Music from "Folk Banjo Styles" on Electra recording or Earl Scruggs's "Breakdown".)

II. Music abruptly stops; two students conventionally dressed, one tall, the other short, enter from different sides of stage. They stare at each other—a cymbal crashes. Several teachers and one athletic coach hurry from the wings carrying bricks, mortar, and trowels. The two students proceed to erect a wall at right angles to audience. Occasionally they scowl at each other; no talking or brick throwing.

III. Music starts again (Thelonius Monk composition — Bemsha swing): Photographs of school flash on screen briefly (many shown sideways, upside down, and out of focus) last photograph is negative, and with it the music stops and this picture remains on screen for rest of performance. "Book-bag" students enter and throw clods of sod at picture. One student opens his book bag and scatters birdfood around yelling, "here turkey, here."

IV. Everyone freezes, many in odd positions. The masons, of course, continue their work, oblivious to everything else. A dramatic voice begins to read German poetry (Heine, if possible) but stops in middle of a word after about thirty seconds of reading. Another student beging reading a poem from Manhattan Pastures, "feltro e feltro," only he has started in the middle — at the end he repeats the line, "Oh tent of felt," at least ten times with new inflection each time (exhilaration, joy, grief, tiredness, depravity, understanding). Just as the poem is finished, a wild, agonized scream is heard from offstage; all except masons laugh in a distorted manner, rolling on the stage; after five seconds they continue the motions of laughing, but do not make a sound.

V. Everyone pairs off and begins to arm wrestle. As this is going on a set of drums is set up on the side of the stage. Pathétique is played over the loud speaker, next, and after ten seconds a hip looking student (dark glasses, beret, tight pants, etc.) begins to play drums in competition with pathétique. All stop arm wrestling and run from stage, holding ears.

VI. Lights are flashed on and off on stage in different colours. A student runs out on stage and prepares to polevault over brick wall, which is fairly high by now. Just as he is in his approach, he is dragged off stage violently by thin consumptive (destructive) finks.

VII. Bells (tapes of chapel bells) ring. Student (s) in conventional dress run(s) from one side of the stage, demolishing the wall. After they have gone and wall is a pile of rubble, the same banjo music as in the beginning begins to play; and the two masons look at each other, smile, and, approaching each other, shake hands. Lights suddenly go off.

Excerpts From "The American Myth"

/web phillips

I

From "A Change of Season"

May your days be merry and bright
And
may
all
your
Christ-
mases
be
white

Flakes swirled thickly over the church grounds; a spotlight focused on the crêche cut a silvery path through the falling snow. Bundled against the cold, people were arriving early. For this vespers service, the best attended of the year, the minister could expect a thousand or more of his congregation. Couples with children passed into the warmth of the sanctuary after parking their cars and walking up to the great stone structure, which loomed dark and imposing in the icy storm. An usher stationed in the main entrance, a carnation in the lapel of his dark suit, handed programs to the worshipers as they came in, redfaced, out of the cold.

The Union Church, in every sense of the word, was fashionable. The massive Gothic masonry and rich interior appointments — red velvet cushions and intricate stained-glass windows — had been paid for by few poor men. On this eve of our Savior's birth the most substantial families of the community were filing down the handsomely carpeted aisles, taking off their coats and seating themselves, quietly listening to the Bach chorale rippling from the great organ whose pipes spread above the choir. Soon the sanctuary was filled, and latecomers, if they wanted to hear the renowned Reverend Young preach his Christmas sermon, had to stand in the rear. The crashing finale of the prelude sounded over the massed congregation, which, hushed in the candlelit dimness, sat gazing at the flowers and evergreens that adorned the sanctuary.

Let me tell you, baseball's a lot different these days. Batters hit more home runs, runners steal more bases, pitchers chalk up more strikeouts, players make more money, baseball is "more" generally than it ever was in my day. Spectators by the tens of thousands watch the action in cement palaces patrolled by armies of beer salesmen. The more alcoholically inclined can watch in comfort from the stadium bar, and what about the millions who watch on television! The players are college graduates, signed for a hundred grand and more. After they become rookie-of-the-year or win the batting crown, they sign up for beer and shaving and cigarette commercials. My God, they're gentlemen! I mean, I had some education, but most of my teammates couldn't write their names. And I made big money, too, but the minimum salary today is two grand over what I made in my prime. Baseball is big business. Teams are traveling corporations controlled by powerful syndicates. Even coaches are names. Why, we had a couple of criminals calling signals for us.

I'll never forget the Series of '11. The New York stadium was pretty big, but they had to rope off half the outfield so as to let people sit on the grass. Our manager, Pop Nichols, got more than a hundred threatening letters while we were playing the first four games at our home park in St. Louis. All of them were postmarked New York, a town that was out for revenge.

Well, we were split two-two when we came into New York, and, let me tell you, excitement ran high. We dropped the opener 6-4 but came back to take the sixth game 9-0, on Walsh's two-hitter. The crowd for the seventh game would've filled two stadiums. Compson started for us; he only gave up two runs until the seventh, when the Knicks began to cut into our 6-2 lead. LeRoy doubled into the people in left; Kerr singled; Harrison homered; Compson was yanked. Then Pop thought he'd fool everybody; he sent in old Jenson. Jenson had won thirty-six games back in '98, but he was old now and hadn't been used much during the season. The crowd didn't boo Jenson; they just laughed. Well, he strolled in from right field, took off his maroon duster, folded it, put it on the grass behind the mound, and tossed a few warmups. He still had to face Larry Dermot and Fred Masters, the two best hitters in the league. He struck them out on seven pitches. We thought it should have been six, but Ump Bradley didn't agree.

We were held hitless in the eighth; and Jenson put the Knicks down in order again. He had a scare, though. Al Hotsun connected and it looked like the ball was going to fall into the people sitting on the grass in center, an automatic double, or maybe a home run, if it reached the stands. Our center fielder, Sam Fitzgerald, had a shot at it, but as soon as the ball left Hotsun's bat — it was a high pop — the crowd in center let loose with everything they could get their hands on. They sailed hats, threw pop bottles, purses, shoes at Sam, but when the air cleared, Sam was holding the ball.

Again we didn't score in the top of the ninth; and New York was up for the last time. Old Jenson began to wear out; he walked two, struck out one, one guy grounded out. Two out, two on, 6-5 ours, last of the ninth, and who should come up but Larry Dermot again: .378. Pop would've just as soon yanked old Jenson, but he just sat back and prayed for a miracle. The crowd was yelling and Jenson bore down: ball one. Dermot fouled the next one off: strike one. Jenson threw one by him: strike two. Dermot swung hard and batted breeze: strike three. I'll tell you, the crowd came for us and we ran like the devil for the clubhouse. There was a guy waving a gun by the clubhouse door and our left fielder had to land one on his nose. Inside we got word that the Knicks were crying over in their clubhouse. We also heard that the crowd was out for blood; so we left real fast by the side gate, under police guard, happy we won but eager as hell to get out of New York.

After her mother died, Jill got a job as secretary at the Thirty-ninth Street branch of the Household Loan Corporation. She had to commute every day from her home in Passaic, and the trip bothered her, — not only the money spent but the train ride itself. The train came in over the Jersey meadows, and the fumes from the rubber factories and pig farms and garbage heaps always left Jill feeling kind of sick, even walking the two blocks to her office. She began to feel better, though, after that first cup of coffee at ten, and after lunch, she really felt fine. All in all, it wasn't a bad life. She had a lot of girl friends who were also secretaries, and sometimes during lunch hour they strolled together along Fifth Avenue. They met boys sometimes, City College boys, and once in a while her boss, Mr. Thompson, took her out to lunch.

The work was easy, too. All day Mr. Thompson and his assistant, Fred Katz, talked to prospective debtors — sad-looking Italian women, Negro cleaning ladies, just-married delegates from the middle class — arranging terms for loans from ten to five hundred dollars at eight to thirty-three percent interest. They had an accountant who did the heavy work, and Jill only had to type a few letters and receive applicants in the dingy outer office.

One Monday afternoon Jill had just come in from lunch and was adjusting her eyebrows in the closet mirror, when the door opened and in walked a man dressed in a long white robe. His dark hair spilled over his shoulders, and he wore sandals. Jill was used to handling fanatics; every now and then she had to convince some bum that his credit rating would not stand up. But she had never seen anybody like this before. The man's cruel Semitic face was deeply tanned, and his eyes were dark points of light. He faced Jill and shouted,

"I shall cast you into a furnace of fire! There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

Raising his arms toward the ceiling, he roared, "Ye serpents, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!!"

As he finished he began to lay waste the office, his eyes flashing. He ripped the pic-

tures from the walls and trampled on them; he swept the lamps and magazines from the tables; he destroyed the switchboard; he overturned Jill's desk and was tearing up the rug when Jill's screams finally brought Fred Katz from the inner office. As Fred opened the door, the fanatic rushed past him to the inner office and began to demolish it. Fred rang up the police and tried to comfort Jill, who was hysterical by now. Within the office the visitor was hard at work. He swung a chair through the wide window, rifled the cash reserve, and started tossing handfulls of bills down into the street.

The police, when they came, had to push through a wild mob that was gathering on the street, and after they had cornered and handcuffed the madman, they called out the riot squad.

Later, Sergeant Comiskey, usually a calm man, sat fuming at the Eighth Precinct desk.

"You mean the guy threw away eight thousand dollars? What kind of Robbery is that?"

"Well, Patrolman Briggs replied, "we could hold him on Vandalism or Creating a Public Disturbance. He smashed the place up pretty good and caused a riot on Thirty-ninth Street."

"OK. OK. Is he in the padded cell?"

"Yeah. After he tried to show me the nail marks on his wrists, I figured he was a case for Dr. Spazzoni."

Sergeant Comiskey smiled: "I thought the nails went through the palms."

Briggs laughed and said, "Well, this guy had 'em on his wrists. Have you ever seen a guy dress up like that before?"

Sergeant Comiskey smiled again: "Funniest thing I ever saw."

That night, across town, a small, sparrow-like woman was holding forth on a street corner to a knot of bystanders. She was brandishing a Bible and wildly preaching about the way to Truth through Jesus, His Only Son, Who Took Upon Himself the World's Sins. Toward the back of the crowd a tall man of about thirty was laughing to himself and saying out loud from time to time,

"Come down! Come down! If you are He indeed, come down!" Then he would say "Amen!"

The woman seemed only encouraged the more by the heckler, and she preached and shouted as one in fierce combat, fighting against inevitable defeat, fighting aginst the knowledge that what she said never had been, never was, never could be.

II

From "Barriers"

On the small bandstand now, the drummer, Chico Hamilton, was starting on his first solo of the evening. The other members of his quintet had taken their solos and walked off to a table, leaving Chico alone in the spotlight. He was a beautiful drummer. His sticks at first played easily over the four skins and four cymbals spread before him; then he intensified his patterns, now slashing, now caressing, until he was deeply involved in complex rhythms and counter-rhythms, summoning all the resources of his art, his forehead glistening in the spotlight. The people in the audience clapped when he finished; they had stayed with him throughout the solo, held by his rare blend of technical perfection, originality, and showmanship — the mark of a great drummer.

Five of us from school had decided to visit the dimly lit, low-ceilinged room that was Birdland. The man at the door had steered us toward the Peanut Gallery, a section way in the back where minors were supposed to sit. But after Chico's solo I got up and walked over to the bar, — no one challenged me, — not to get a drink but to talk to Chico, because I was a drummer myself and I had some of his records. Chico, his set over, was making for the bar, pausing to greet various people at tables on the way. There was one white girl (she had long black hair) who was sitting with a Negro, and Chico kissed her on the forehead. Finally he was there, next to me, but as I was preparing to speak, he recognized a man standing at the bar, and they struck up a conversation. When after a while he turned from the man, I said,

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"Excuse me, Mr. Hamilton, could I talk to you a minute?"

He paused and looked at me, a little warily, I thought. I was wearing a blue blazer and a striped shirt and a fine red tie and dark slacks, and I looked like a professional nigger lover. I wanted to reassure him. He blinked and said,

"Sure."

'I've followed your work over the years -"

"Well, thank you."

"— and I have several of your records. I play drums myself; and I wondered, what drummers have influenced you?"

"Well, I listen to music; I play music, that's my life. I couldn't name any influences off hand."

I really didn't know what to say to Chico; he was kind of an exotic character. He had a languid manner; he seemed far away. His collar was wrinkled from sweat and his eyeballs bulged in their sockets. He might have been on the needle, but I gave him benefit of the doubt. As I asked him questions, he kept searching the faces at the bar, a little impatient with the white boy.

"Do you know anything about this Crow Jim movement, where white musicians are discriminated against by colored?"

"Can't say as I do; no, I don't," he answered vaguely. Suddenly he spotted a big Negro advancing toward him. I recognized the ample figure of George Jackson, one of the three best bassists in the country. Chico cried,

"Georgy, Porgy! How are you, baby?" And he threw his arms around Georgy's neck and gave him a kiss. Soon they were lost in talk about Georgy's coming gig out on the coast and Chico's new group.

"Care for a taste?" Chico's gesture encompassed the bar, and they walked away. I walked back to the Peanut Gallery.

III

From "The Business of Night"

I came home one sunny day in April, and after six years, the town hadn't changed much (suburbia). They don't sell to Negroes or Jews or even Catholics in my town, and, if you like white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, my town's for you. I mean, the houses are substantial, the country clubs green and peaceful, it's generally a nice place. Of course you won't find a more astonishing collection of snobs, bigots, prudes, and hypocrites anywhere in the world; but that's beside the point. This is a story about an old friend of mine — Tom Masters.

Tom had been in my class at prep school and we had worked two summers together as maintenance men at a swimming club. We had both gone to Princeton, but I hadn't seen him for five years. He had always planned to be a doctor, but when I got home, my father told me that he had decided to become a mortician and was now established as the most prosperous undertaker in town. I couldn't picture Tom as an embalmer, though his early success did not surprise me. At Princeton he had always told me that he wanted to make big money. Well, I was curious about him, and when I called him up, he invited me to come visit his establishment the next evening.

Masters Funeral Home, separated from the street by a broad lawn, was a vast white-columned mansion, built in the Georgian style, complete with an expansive white-gravel driveway and an ornamental Cadillac parked in front. I parked behind the Cadillac and Tom came out to greet me. He seemed glad to see me, and after showing me pictures of his two daughters, he started me the tour.

Tom was still as tough as I remembered him. Short and bull-necked, he was wearing a slightly rumpled gray suit, and I noticed how different he was from the lean and hungry-looking mortician of legend. Yet I saw that he was bothered. He radiated whiskey, and there were dark shadows under his eyes. His mild degeneracy, however, was balanced by a fine frankness about his work that kept him from trying to hide or apologize for any of the rather horrible details of the embalming business. On the tour he answered all my morbid

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questions. He explained how his handling of about three hundred bodies a year made him the most successful mortician around, and when I asked him would it be all right to bury my grandmother in the back yard, he told how "the funeral lobby" was agitating in the state legislature for laws that would require everybody to deal with professional embalmers. He showed me the casket room, a softly lit cellar comparable to an automobile showroom that was jammed with coffins of all kinds. The quoted price, he informed me, was all-inclusive: the embalming, the coffin, the viewing, the flowers and funeral were all taken care of. Prices ranged from $250. for a shiny wood case to $3000. for a copper-lined, hermetically-sealed creation in durable mahogany, equipped with gold-plated handles. I recoiled at the touch of soft silk linings and springy cushions and at the sight of the grave's grim uniforms: women's shrouds and men's backless suits.

From the casket room we went up to the preparation room, a small chamber containing a machine that appeared to be a combination bathtub, drying rack, and toilet. Here the main work was done: the blood drained out, flushed away and replaced by a preservative; the principal organs removed and discarded, the face repaired (if there had been an accident), and the body dressed and polished for presentation to relatives in an outer viewing room. On our way to the front door, Tom took me through one such viewing room. Rows of chairs were set before the raised coffin. Some were standing up at the coffin, gazing at Tom's handiwork; others were sitting in the chairs and dabbing at their eyes. Leaving the room, I caught sight of the corpse, pale and artificial in its elaborate box. At the front door I thanked Tom, wished him luck, and left. As I drove home, shrouded in the warm spring night, the image of Death kept appearing before my eyes. I would have to greet that face someday. I could never cancel that perpetual cold smile, and that glittering laughter.

Ultimate Civilization

/jerry heist

There is one illusion
I could live,
a triumph over confusion.
I would give
telephones, tall buildings, even plumbing,
(hideous is the terror I must dull,)
if I could rout this African drumming
scourging my skull.
For I would not bend steel girders
into towers; I would only bend
the human inclination that murders
fidelity, in the end;
and I would ask that love for me
show inhumanity.

dear mary ann

/frank hight

dear mary ann,
A very funny (no,
the *very funniest*)
Thing happened the other day.
i was on my way somewhere
the other day
and a man came up and said
"Son, meet the prophet"
and i said
my god you must be kidding.
But his every feature was
gun-metal blue. this
of course
was authenticity.
the sun, he said.
gaze steadfastly at it, my boy
i wouldn't (couldn't) think of it,
said i, wolf in sheep's clothing
not that, said he, smiling
— woman in man's clothing.
That's it, mary ann. i thought
i'd let you know i am a
changed man now.
your friend,
M.

The

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Graduation Graffiti:

Dan's Novel, Book I

/d. e. boxer

I sing of it, but I don't believe it.

What Buffoon meant by "it" was the giant church key extending from Andover cottage, up the vista, until the sharp end terminated on the steps of Sam Phil, impaling two full classes of Juniors, taking advantage of a laggard teacher to claim their inalienable right of a free cut. The blood and guts were nauseating, and for many days afterward the spot was to be known tearfully as "the altar."

But this is irrelevant. Our story consists of the search of a variety of misfits for the gigantic can of beer which lies hidden somewhere on this planet. But unfortunately those who set out in search of the brew weren't considering the possibility of interplanetary interference. Yes. Strange as it seems, the church key was put on the hill by the purple and orange pickle men from the banana-shaped planet, Mudge. Yes, placed to bring out the avarice and greed in those on "the hill," a device to set greek against greek, gaul against gaul, Grant against Fidelman, Marge against Ted. The pickle men were bent on the destruction of secondary school education.

You reading this don't know what happens to a boy when he gets rejected at Andover. The horrid truth lay dormant until the investigation by the E.C.C. and Blake. Here's the whole rotten story: when a boy gets his rejection slip, his first impulse is invariably suicide; but before this drastic action can be taken, there appears the gnarled old pea-picker, clad only in blue trunks, torso tea-shirt, athletic tape tubes on his feet, and a plastic bag on his head. She waves her thrice-broken arm, and immediately the boy is transformed into an ear-lobe. But fate doesn't stop here! No, far from it. After wandering the earth in the form of an errant ear-lobe for a period of not less than 1 nor more than 3 years, the lobe grows two tiny wings, a nose, and a toe.

At this stage, the lobe sets out to traverse the world, accompanied only by a light bulb and a radish. Soon the three are reduced to robbing from the rich to give to Mama Schwartz, the bookie. When, after forty-seven years of continent-hopping, the lobe has mastered the intricacies of French foot-fighting, it is then initiated into the sacred order of olives, or the apprentice group of purple and orange pickle-men.

We first encounter our starry-eyed heroes in the tiny town of Toothpick-on-the-Sea, in Western Omaha. There the six are engaged in robbing acorns from squirrel nests in order to pay for their room and board at the Y.M.C.A. Unfortunately our heroes are caught in the act by a fearsome constable, and two are immediately shot dead. The others escape by banging their heads against trees and pretending that they are woodpeckers. Night falls, and the four escape on a passing tramp steamer, which had no right being in Omaha that night at all.

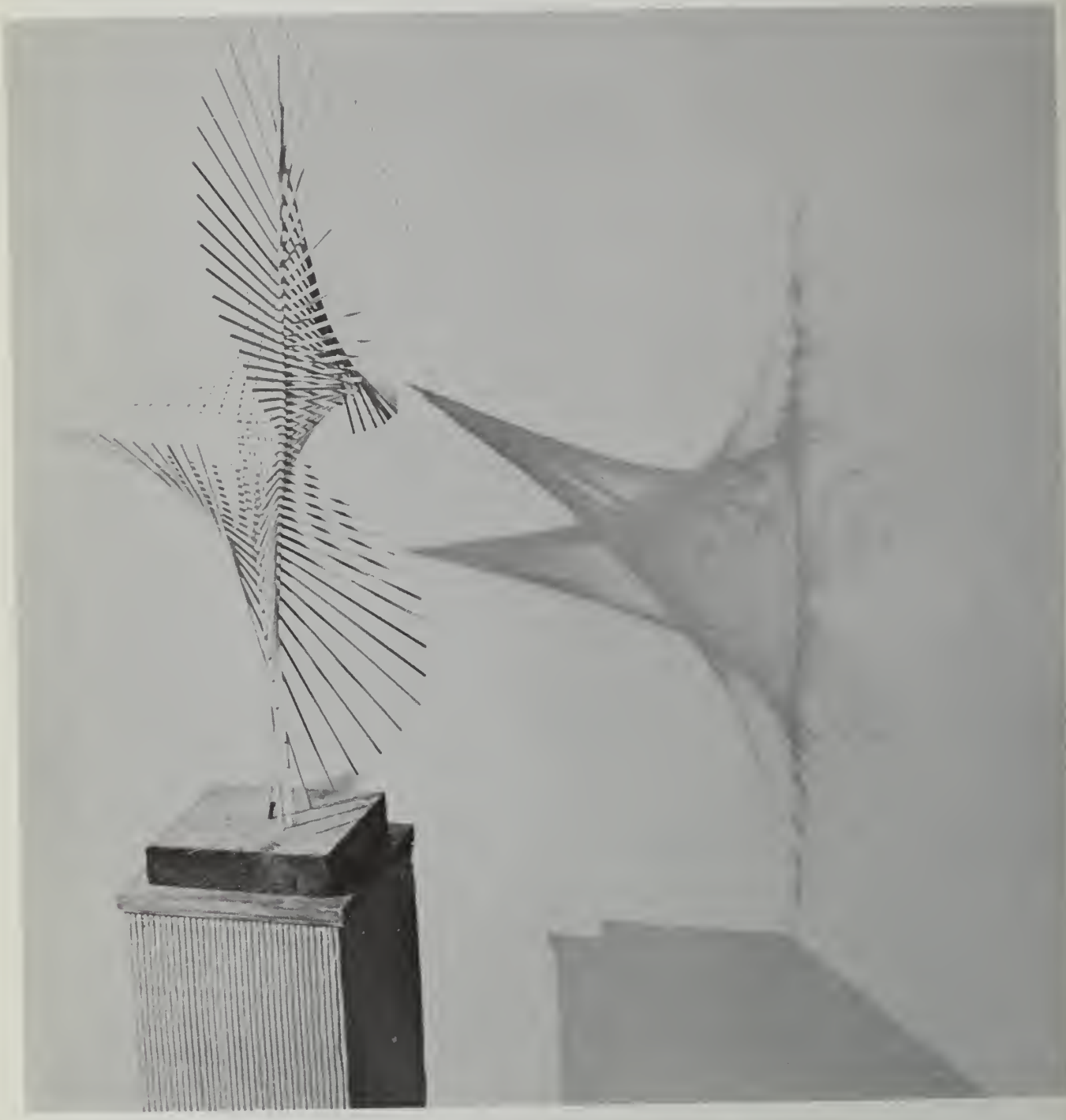
Meanwhile the pickle-men are busy planning a full-scale invasion of Fuess House, in order to liberate the white mice trapped in the refrigerator. The pickles, clad only in velvet Ace bandages and four-barrel carburators, are streaking down from the banana-shaped planet, Mudge. They land stealthily in the slop behind Commons, and there, gleefully cavorting, go nighty-night.

Night fell, dawn rose, and it was the second day. Rosy-fingered dawn cracked her toothless smile. The pickles, disguised as alarm clocks, and led by the greatest pickle of them all, Pickilles, are strolling nonchantly down the path towards poor, unsuspecting, Fuess House. Soon all is turmoil, and for beleaguered Fuessers the only consolation is the knowledge that they have no hope.

Student Art Exhibition

/bill kane

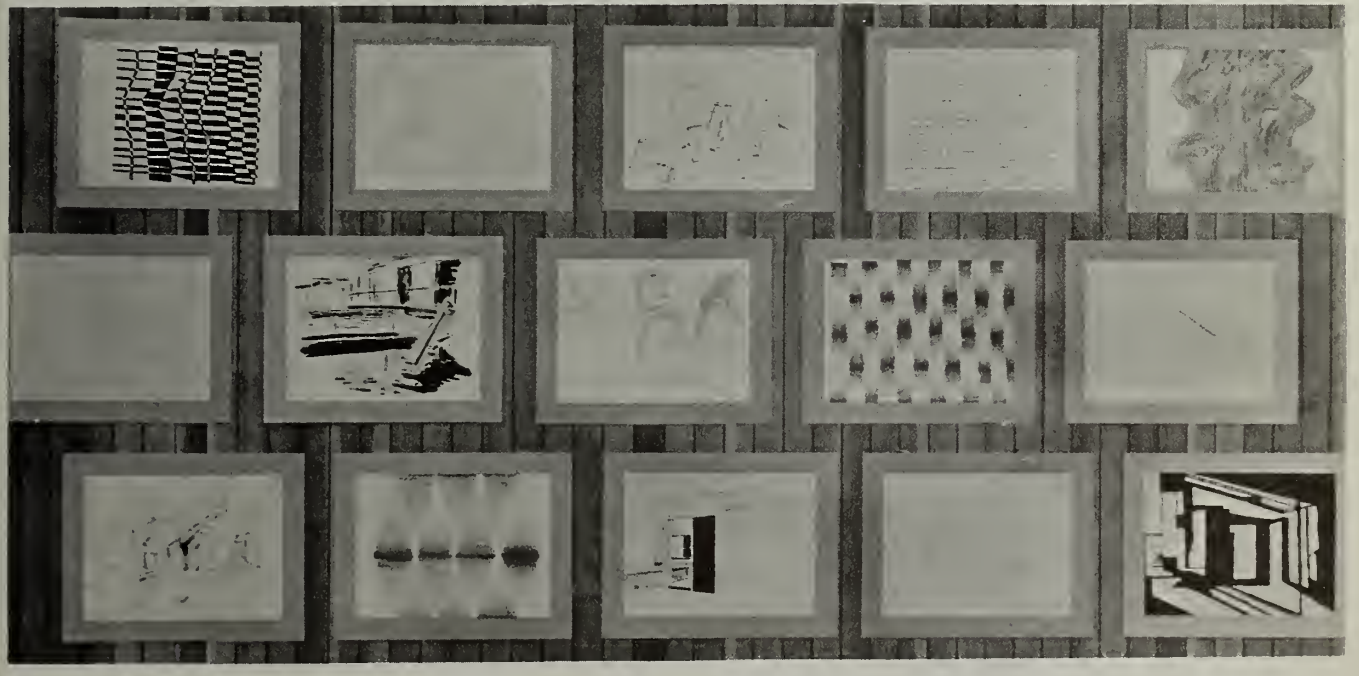
/bill hunt



/bob chessman

advanced art painting

advanced and studio art work



studio art work

The Charnel House Of Art

I

Ode To Ezra Pound's Canto LXXV And To Samuel Beckett's Secretarial Years

Anas Té Guhké
fat young woman (Ming L'i)
'(Babadadalgharaghtagaamminarronnk . . .)'
wearing hurried lobster claws
(where is the ship by the lake — and greetings to Senator Cooly)
in eyes of grace
of grass
of a mouldering Chrysostymos (good king wenchlessus)
help o look o help!
1354 post christum (mortus, mortus)
rends flames in threes
o god of the bedpost (chin l'ei)
1454 (vicus sum; aye me goody doublin
bye)
and sends them dancing in my bowels
(the goadass in vein — age cannot water her)
jake your shamey was mic or macked
he was ten or twins ten
and a god one two
(in g minius)
but he was too grate
(grapely he spoke Dionysus)
for the jugs
but you may bedda bod-dum dolour
theres an hundred malyoung authours
would that they were lest anemic (puny)
o gods of lamplights (liffing all the time)
and dogs bite at the spermatile butterfiles, poochin, eh?
and with box tea-hued and spatchelor
i lie here in the lakeofspekes
doing the boost i can to wake and swingagain
and call it le meean
and punning (the wooster runs and howths heith is moist heist)
tops stand on dewdrowned heads (s'io credesse — io pentito)
glasssnakes crawl in jars o doze passes!
wot can i do if it be doom in sanskrit
(no spikka de sans writ)
o fire of death o kenny patchen o surreal (subreal)
istic poemtree
you are all quite, quite fetido.
YES YES . . .

II

Yes I' m Cumming Cors
I'm Late

jesus!
i sure like them who come to talk
to be able to
think and speak o babykiddoll
correct
i
cant
even write uniformsoldierly and whatismore
o strain your eyes for dadameter
i like old
larry ferlinghetti
in
springs of fifty acrobats
and greg corso
and everyone else who got somethin against
themind
theenglishlanguage
and capital i e BIG letters
pretend that i can write
— poetry

/terry bagg

Further Away

/jack collins

With moldy shorts, no top on, and bare feet,
A little boy might amble a warm,
Long asphalt road whose many pebbles meet
And hurt his soles, but causing no more harm
Than his strange headache, or the hazy waves
of dirty heat, or than the ceaseless ebb
And flow of meaningless half-thought that caves
In his brain's sick attempt to flee its web.
One picture of the child was never seen;
Years, minutes, seconds past he idled just
Beneath a leafless tree enclosed by green
Fields, silence, and a light fog free of dust.
The torrent whose dark waters cut the ground
Between the two young minds will not be found.

Duet Of Love

/peter clapp

It isn't much fun
To see a pretty girl cry
In sneakers and shorts
On a rug.

No I won't sing a hymn with you
Or any other song.
For I must go and find a love
And sing to her of love and kiss
The tears out from her eyes.

Spring Nightfall

/bill kane

The sun set for two hours that night
in a red line above the road
between black banks
before granting the frightened elms
his brief audience,
and when he did appear,
he touched the new tree veils,
white and soft, weightless
in the wind as snowflakes
floating above the black-haired trees.
He made the brides a summer promise.
Steam from the power plant
curled purple in his light;
then night, and the mist
stole from the trees
and rode eastward like cavalry.

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Hegira

/tom harris

It was a summery sundown as he cruised into the little town in his battered car. He and his auto were quite similar, actually, to citizens who had the opportunity to observe them: dirty-well-worn, tired, yet not without an intangible quality of toughness and resiliency. The townsfolk did not pay very much attention to him; his general features were much like theirs, and anyway he didn't seem very interested in them. He slowed to a halt, sighed, massaged the corners of his eyes, as fatigued or nervous people do, looked out at the town through his smudged and bug-stained windshield.

He saw an average town — hardware-sporting goods store, grocery, five-and-ten, clothiers, laundromat, etc. He entered the "Hotel" in front of which he had parked, put his suitcase down, and rang the bell. He registered with a noisy fountain pen, went to his room, and sat down in the old, but comfortable, armchair. For lack of anything better to do he examined the chamber closely, perhaps hoping to see something interesting to start him thinking. But he didn't. The Gideon Bible was in place, as were rules and check-out schedule. Very slowly, he eased out of his clothes and drew a bath.

Why, why? What is there to do now? Where can I go? I KNOW I must change my life — carry on again. Get away, think, try to find some pattern. Money? Pack, gas, car, OK. Nobody has to know they don't know how I feel. Am I right? YES!! Don't want a drink — just get away. Goodbye, life. Goodbye, my love — hah! Yes, away for a while — to see a friend. No, I don't need to hear from ANYONE — this

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friend is in a pretty isolated spot. Oh, shut up — excuse me. See you . . . did I forget anything? No, I'll buy whatever I forget. Goodbye!

He stepped out of the "Hotel," clean-shaven, hair combed, clothes fresh, mind orderly. He walked down the sidewalk, not whistling, passing stores and people he had seen hundreds of times before. Music, laughter, lights — hunger, emptiness. He had two minute-steaks, milk, peas, corn, ice cream. Brriinggg! Thank you! He concentrated on his food while eating, pushing peas from one side of the plate to the other until he grew tired of this game and ate them. He wiped his mouth and slid away. Late that night he would ponder again, not feeling sorry for himself, but trying to shake off the numbness and futility he felt. He was completely alone against . . . what, the world? All the people who talked and laughed would not understand him — sympathy, yes, comprehension, no. A little boy sold him the evening paper. Soon he gave it to an old man in a wordless exchange of thought. Perhaps the old one felt his longing and sour aftertaste of misfortune and self-pity. Worn-out words for *him.*

He found himself watching a chess game which focused on a rook, a bishop, and another bishop. Kings and queens were ignored. Past the church — *from life to death, etc.* School, movie house, drug store, building. It was partly cloudy and warmer. He sat down on the sidewalk with his feet in the street, as he did occasionally. Two adolescent boys approached, looked at him, looked some more, and stopped.

"Well, er, — whatcha doin?"

No answer.

"Mister?"

"Good evening, gentlemen."

"Well . . . hi."

No answer.

"Are you looking for something."

"Something? Yes."

"Can we help, Mister?"

"As much as anyone, I guess."

"Huh?"

"Did the Yankees win today, boys?"

"Ha ha." Frown. "Is that what you wanted to know? Dave — did they win today?"

"Grlumph"

"Huh?"

"Dunno."

The man smiled.

"Sorry — we dunno."

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"That's all right, gentlemen — as you were."

"Yeah, sure. Take it easy."

Distant chuckles. Silence for awhile. The refrain from a song goes through his mind, along with advertising slogans. Cars pass.

Where are we going tonight? You don't know? WELL, OK. Anywhere you decide to go is all right with me, honey. Oh, THERE — do you really want to? No, I — oh, GOOD. We were there the other night, anyway. You're not MAD, are you? Hon? Good. That tie is stunning, really — yes, I KNOW, so is my left ear lobe. Har de har har. Are you ready? Of course I want you to put your pants on. Did you see Ward today? Ward. WARD! No, he's not my secret swain, I just wondered about him. Gone to Bermuda? Oh. How nice, Let's GO, dear.

Near the hotel a girl smiled at him. Was she perfect? Was she the most desirable, the best, in the country — in the world — for him? Or was there another superior model only ten miles away, whom he might never meet, coincidentally or not? Maybe. How could he be sure? Emotion? Bah! (What a funny word, "bah!" "The evil king said 'bah'"). Reason . . . reason? Feeling? He would do a lot of thinking tonight, he knew. He always did, when a girl-catalyst smiled at him.

He passed the desk. It was late now, and no signs of life could be seen except a smouldering cigarette butt in a rubber potted plant on the banister. The stairs creaked, which he didn't like. He felt self-conscious. Yes, he would do a lot of thinking tonight. Perhaps he would stay awhile in this town, to find out how the Yankees were doing and who the girl with the smile was. Perhaps . . .

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American Prairie

/bill kane

In the twilight of the katydids
steel jaws seize
the crystal evening
and bear it calipered in a bosom
of spinning cams
(black-grease ridges where they pass)
cutting the clear blue
to thin prisms,
the crampons to climb the stars.

Straight now the rhythmed metal marches
on the dust.
There are no tears,
for dust has forgotten how to cry.
The stars no longer live
in clear spheres on grass ends.
Onto shadowed mountains
that once curled the road
where oxen drew the conestoga,
Stars fall through their hollow eyes.

And to the east where people live,
survivors gather in an ancient yard
and inaugurate
A Graduate School of Philosophy
to contemplate a pear,
sitting cross-legged on the floor.
Outside, clear ice runs in sewer veins.

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